Outdoor America

AUGUST, 1928

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Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Ben Ames Williams - Earl Reed - Henry O'Malley

Growth

Members

IN 1922 the Walton League started out with 54 members. Today there are in excess of 3000 chapters, representing the cream of sportsmanship and conservation thought in the United States.

MEMBERSHIP in the League entitles the holder to the full service of the organization, and includes subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA. *It is an asset to every American.*

THE Walton League member gives as well as receives. It is his opportunity to take part in a vital work—affecting others as well as himself. In bettering his own sport he betters that of the nation. A note addressed to National Headquarters will bring all information. If you already are a member, help the magnificent growth of the League by getting others to join.

NO organization can grow in a few years from a group of fifty-four men to a great national power in the world of conservation affairs unless it has something to say, something to do, a mission to carry out. ¶ The progress made by the Izaak Walton League is outstanding because it has been a steady, well-rooted growth which has elevated Waltonism above the class of temporary expediency. ¶ No fad of the moment, no mushroom of the hour, the League will continue to expand, not only in the size and extent of its membership, but in its activities on the side of constructive conservation in America.

Chapters

THE chapter is the working unit of the League. It is in the front line trenches of conservation. The Walton League chapter is the clearing house of conservation affairs in its community.

IN 1922 there was one chapter of the Izaak Walton League. There now are nearly three thousand. The first one was in Chicago. There now are chapters in almost every state of the union. This chapter expansion indicates the growth of the power and influence of the League.

ALL real outdoor lovers either belong to Walton League chapters or want to. If there is no chapter in your town, start one. If there is one, join it. If you already belong, help make it grow—help it to keep pace with the progress of conservation in America.

Izaak Walton League of America

Clinton and Randolph Sts. Chicago, Ill.

For information about memberships, chapters,
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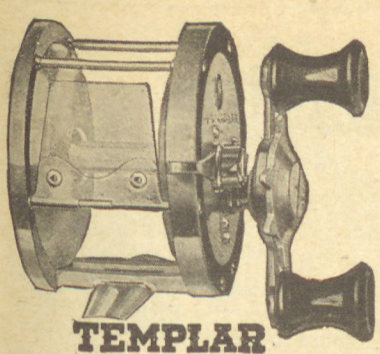

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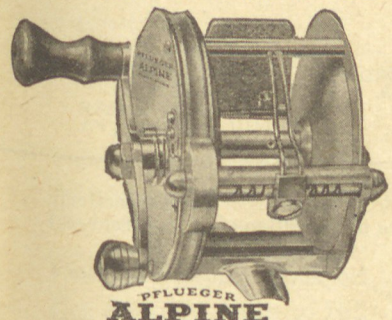

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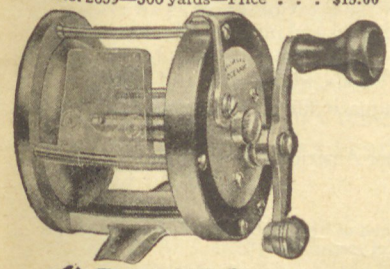

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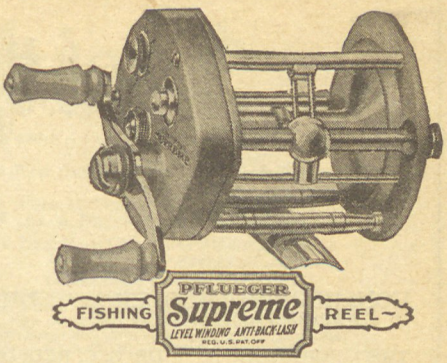

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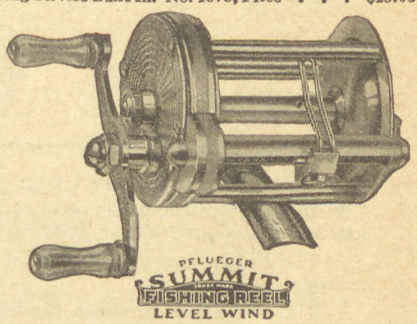

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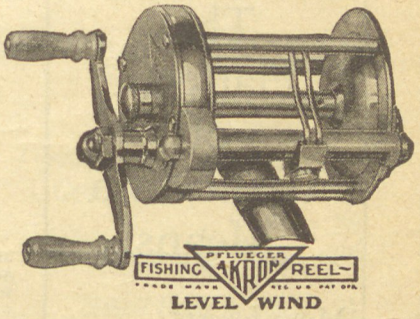

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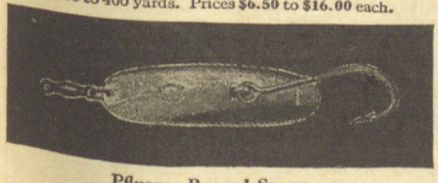

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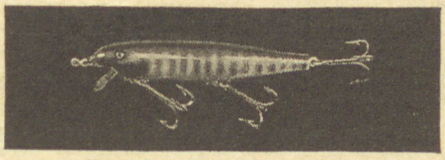

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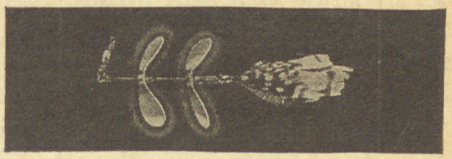

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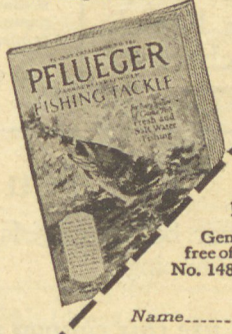

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

Will You Fight to Save Our Outdoors?

Do you want your boys and girls to enjoy hunting, fishing and camping?

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Outdoor America

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Our Birthright

By Frank G. Kane

HOW long since last you stood, bareheaded to the morning breeze, barefooted to the dewy grass, and heard the Bob White whistle in the stubble?

Or searched the scudding clouds above some inland lake, to see the "honkers" drive a mile-high wedge across the dawn?

Or stopped, heart-still, beside a silver birch, as suddenly some dappled patch of sunlight sprang to life and leaped away—a fawn in the spotted coat!

Or flattened yourself to drink deep of some liquid pool, and saw the brook trout dart all ways from the center of your cup?

Or pitched your tent on the bright carpet of a mountain flower field and looked out and up across endless terraces of pine and fir and hemlock, unslashed of woodman's ax, unscarred of fire?

The birds and streams, the lakes and woods, the heights and marshes, and all the lovely, harmless creatures that are native to them: these are Our Birthright.

Ours to see, to hear, to breathe, to explore—to have and to hold for ourselves and our children and our children's children: Our Country.

Is this only some fond rhapsody of fancy? Have these things not gone forever—vanished with the Redskin, the Pilgrim, and the Pioneer? Could this America ever be reality again?

It can be, and thousands of us are resolved it shall be. The ranks are open to all who would conserve all that is left of natural America, who would restore so much of what is gone. To every man who enters, the pledge is given of a new vision of his country: Our Country, of the fair, free beauteous Open, of "Thy woods and templed hills."

Photo by D. C. Ingraham

No living thing here. A part of the Yaquina Bay Fire of 1846, reburned in 1910 and 1919.

Fire in the Sanctuary

By
JOHN D. GUTHRIE

FOR days the skies to the east and all the air out to sea had been clogged with smoke and cinders. Along the narrow beach wandered a group of Indians, father, mother, an old toothless grandmother, and five children. Hemmed in on one side by a forest fire and on the other by the Pacific Ocean, they had been forced time and again into the surf to protect themselves from the heat and smoke, even from the licking flames.

Farther down the beach nosing among driftwood were three bears, farther on were several deer, and in between the two groups on some rocks lay stretched two mountain lions. Smaller animals, rabbits, raccoons, and a fox or two, wandered aimlessly but unharmed up and down the narrow strip of sand. No animal molested the other, none molested the man, the women or the children, each group seemed unconscious of the presence of the other, all almost driven into the sea by the fury of the burning forest which now for days had filled the air with its roar and the heavens with its blank blanket. Back in what had been impenetrable forest of spruce, cedar, hemlock and fir, many hundreds of both animal and human bodies had been caught, trapped, and crisped, and had paid tribute to the fire god. Only these few had had the speed, or instinct, or the wit, to go seaward. The Indians, by the merest chance, had been digging clams on the beach when the fury arose to the east.

This was the picture on an Oregon beach near Yaquina Bay in the year 1846, the year of the great Pacific Coast forest fire which burned over some 450,000 acres of what had been perhaps the finest forest in America, which burned and clouded the skies for weeks and weeks,—if the Indians who survived relate truly. This is, in substance, the story told by one of those Indian children, now a toothless relic of an earlier Oregon day.

The toll of forest fires in America has been terrific in timber, homes, machinery, and human life. This loss is more or less calculable, but the toll of wild life, the creatures of the forest, has been no less heavy proportionately, though only now and then is this loss realized. Since the coming of the white man to these shores forest fires have raged through what was once probably the most beautiful and varied forest flora on the face of the earth. "The forest must be pushed back," they said, "to make way for field and farm." Besides, within its dense shade lurked brown enemies and all the real and imagined foes of the animal world. And so fires were set out and recurring year after year they swept from Virginia to Oregon.

I am not here concerned with the staggering material loss from forest fires which may be annually set down against American shiftlessness, carelessness and thoughtlessness. This total mounts into millions, of merchantable timber burned, of young forest growth,—ten times more valuable than the mature trees, but for its untimely destruction it would come to the saw when we shall be needing it sorely; nor am I considering the machinery and equipment loss—such as logging tools, engines, loaders, railroads, bridges, camps, and other losses. Nor is the annual loss of human life considered here, large and unnecessary as that is. But only the destruction of the wild things of the forest by the red demon, whose coming into the green canopies and sanctuaries is through no fault of the wild things, but is brought in largely by man, who boasts of a far higher intelligence than the creatures of the forest.

It is true that lightning sets many fires; these are wholly unpreventable. And it has been rather the fashion of late for some writers to refer to the Indian's ancient custom of periodic burning over of the forest. This last is unsubstantiated; it would seem largely the white man's alibi for his own misdeeds. But for civilized man, whether deliberately, by carelessness, or through thoughtlessness, to set fire to forest wealth and let it burn unheeded, is noth-

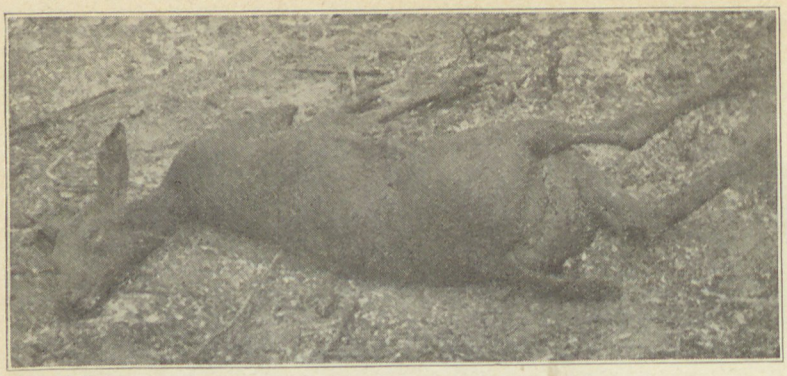


Photo by Fair

A remarkable photograph of deer overtaken by a forest fire.

ing short of criminal, and should be regarded only as such.

No need to hold our forests as virgin timber tracts, except of course our national and state parks, for forestry is the wise use of trees for human needs. No need to hold them as a howling wilderness, solely as retreats for wild animals, though that too should have its place in our plans of land use. But there is a world of difference between use and abuse, between forest management and forest destruction by fire. Forests may be and should be cut when mature for the needs of man; they may be so cut that the homes of game and the wild life will not be utterly destroyed, nor even seriously molested. European foresters hold their game animals and wild life as a major product of their forests; we could learn much from them in this regard. Game animals and wild life are an asset entirely aside from their value as food, and the item of food is tremendous. Pennsylvania, for example, produced in 1925, 5,500 tons of wild game for food, valued at something like $5,000,000. More than 525,000 hunting licenses were issued in that state in 1926.

Wild life has many enemies,—humans, their own kind, the elements, but none more terrible than forest fires. Some woodsmen claim that wild life can and does escape forest fires, being more fleet of foot or wing than the fastest flame. Forest rangers tell a different story. Too often have they, in the aftermath of a forest fire, come upon the crisped and blackened carcass of what had been a doe, with a smaller mass beside of a fawn, of the grouse roasted on its nest, of a bear cub caught in the limbs of a tree by the racing red demon.

The speed of fires has been known to be that almost of a hurricane, as was attested by forest rangers in the great Idaho fires of 1910. The roar and heat and smoke often confuse the wild creatures so that they will run back into the wall of flame. This is often true of birds. Deer will run ahead of a fire then circle back and wander through the hot ashes and burning logs until their feet are burned almost off and they finally fall amid the ruins of what had been their sanctuary. Many cases are of record where carcasses have been found, especially of the larger animals, but of the toll on the smaller life, fox, squirrel, chipmunk, rabbit, song birds, but little is known; they, too, have probably in countless thousands paid the price.

Photo by E. H. Morton

What chance has this fawn in a forest fire?

What is variously called the Yacolt, Lewis River, or Cowlitz fire of September, 1902, in the state of Washington, burned over some 600,000 acres, resulted in the death of 18 persons, and caused an estimated loss of twelve million dollars. Survivors of this fire tell of seeing many cases of wild life having been destroyed. Many carcasses of deer were found afterwards, while the loss of small game such as grouse, squirrels and rabbits was very large. In one wet meadow some settlers took refuge; there also were six bear, eight deer, and a lynx.

Foresters believe that a forest fire is just as serious to game and wild life as a city or dwelling on fire is to human life. They are both homes, and the game depends on the forest for its protection, its food and its comfort. Game will diminish to a large percent in proportion to the diminishing of our forest cover. Forest rangers, both in federal and state employment, are the best qualified men to give the facts of game and wild life destruction by forest fires. This is true for the reasons that they are trained to be close observers of things outdoors, they are constantly in the forests, and most of all, they are the ones who discover and fight forest fires, and are eye-witnesses of these forest tragedies. Their testimony is unbiased, clearly stated, unanswerable, and constitutes one of the strongest arguments for keeping uncontrolled fire out of American forests. Doubtless the records of thousands of actual cases of game and wild life being burned alive could be collected from the forest men, from woodsmen, and stockmen of the West. The instances mentioned below are but a few, but let these forest men be heard:—

Ranger W. I. White says of the Lost Johnny Creek fire, which burned some 31,000 acres on the Flathead National Forest, Montana, in 1926,—"Two white-tail deer, one a doe and the other a buck, were found dead near the Riverside camp. The legs had been completely burned off the doe. An old whitetail doe that had her feet burned hung around camp the entire time." Supervisor Humphrey, speaking of this same Lost Johnny Creek fire, says: "I found two whitetail deer on the creek below the fire fighters' camp that were burned

Photo by Olivier

Foxes swift of foot but not faster than fire.

to a crisp. Two others—one a large buck and one a yearling—died near the Riverside Station pasture gate. Another old buck, with the hair over his hind quarters badly singed, and his feet so badly burned he could hardly walk, was seen by the entire crew a number of times between Riverside and Murray Creeks. I also saw a fawn in the vicinity of Spring Meadows that had evidently lost its mother. The feet of this fawn had been badly burned."

Elers Koch, of the Forest Service at Missoula, says, "Last year, while working on the Tamarack Creek fire on the Lolo Forest, one

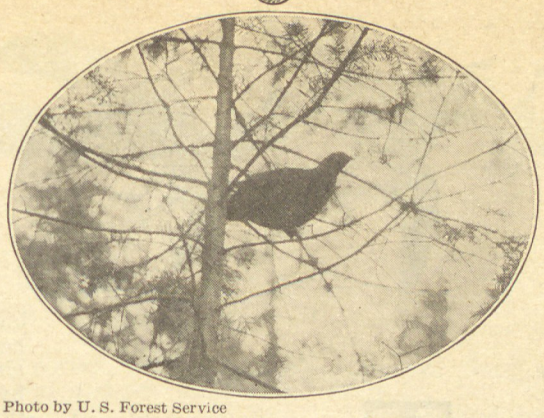


Photo by U. S. Forest Service

"A mother grouse flew back through the flames to her brood."

From the Kootenai Forest, Ranger H. R. Mathews reports finding a doe and a fawn burned in the Seventeen-Mile fire. On the same fire Ranger C. D. Sousley found a fawn killed by a falling snag, and on the Garver Creek fire a young deer burned to death.

Arthur Potter reports that "during the Banks fire of 1924, I saw a couple of fawns which hung around the fire, and ran into the burned area as it cooled. I believe their mothers were killed in the fire." In September, 1924, William Hooten, Association Fire Warden in Idaho, reported finding a large buck deer which had been struck

Photo by Jaenicke

Little playboys of the forest wilds.

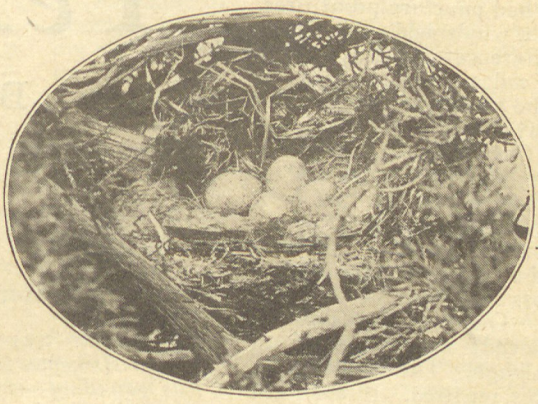


Photo by Douglas Johnson

Whether on the ground or in trees, a bird's eggs are fragile things.

of the foremen told me of seeing three or four deer very badly burned. Most of their hair was burned off, and their feet burned, and they were so bewildered by the fire that he was able to get right in amongst them."

Forest Ranger Stock reports that while on the Loon Creek fire on the Challis Forest, Idaho, he found the carcasses of two buck deer which had been killed by the fire. Supervisor Ryan mentions a yearling deer found near the edge of the Bowen fire, which evidently had made it through the fire but its feet and legs were burned to such an extent that it could not travel. Also on the Hay Creek fire, a fire fighter reported to Supervisor Taylor the bodies of two deer burned to death during one of the bad blow-ups which characterized this fire.

After the Seventeen-Mile fire of the Kootenai Forest in 1925, Rangers Jefferson and Baldwin, while crossing through the area which covered some 20,000 acres, jumped eleven deer at a lick near the center of the burned area. These deer were in such poor condition that they could probably not have wintered. They saw many deer outside the burn, all of which were sleek and fat. On this same trip within the burned area, they found the bones of two dead animals, probably deer.

Ranger J. C. DeGroat, reporting his experiences on the Hannah fire which burned on the Kaniksu Forest, in Washington and Idaho, in 1926, says,—"I had occasion to be considerably in advance of the crew. The fire, although not traveling particularly fast at this time, was very hot. A large doe with a fawn came through the fire at high speed. Both animals were badly burned, the hair being entirely off one side of the doe. The animals were so bewildered that both of them made a large circle and the fawn ran back into the fire with the doe after it. It is evident that both animals perished, for they were badly burned when they first came out of the fire."

Assistant Supervisor I. T. Anderson, speaking of the 1926 fires on the above Kaniksu Forest, says,—"Time after time when the fires were at their height in July and August, does without fawns were seen just in advance of the fire. Most of them acted as though reluctant to leave the vicinity of the fire because of some attraction, which was undoubtedly the lost fawn. Prompted by the maternal instinct, I believe these does, along with hundreds of others, went back into the fire as soon as the ashes were cool, in quest of their young."

by lightning and burned in a forest fire on the ridge east of Idaho City. Logging Engineer U. S. Schwartz, now of the Forest Service, Ogden, Utah, says that "after the fires of 1894, known in history as the Hinkley fire, I spent three months in northern Minnesota estimating damage to timber. Hundreds, and I dare say thousands of heaps of charred bones bore mute evidence to the destruction of wild life by fire. Most of these charred heaps of bones were those of rabbits and pheasants, but many were those of deer and bear."

Elers Koch, of Missoula, says that after the 1910 fires in northern Idaho he saw the carcass of a black bear that had apparently been smothered by the smoke. Supervisor Charles Simpson, while on the Kaniksu Forest in 1926, met a bear in the fire trench with his feet so badly burned that he was in an ugly mood and had to be given the right of way. Ranger L. M. Beard, while walking along the fire trench, met a bear that had just walked out of the smoke. Its eyes seemed to be troubling it a great deal, and as it fled he noticed that there was a spot on its rump about the size of a dinner plate that had been badly scorched.

Forest Supervisor L. B. Pagter tells of a fire on the Colville Forest, in Washington, in 1926, in which he saw a bear cub sacrificed to the flames. He was working on the flank of the fire, on the edge of an opening, when he saw a mother bear with a cub hurrying across the open, just ahead of the flames, but looking back every few seconds. Soon Pagter heard cries from the direction of the fire which sounded nothing so much as like those of a little child in the greatest pain. Looking towards the burning forest, he saw a bear cub, at the tiptop of a small lodgepole pine tree, looking wildly all around, and crying for all it was worth. The smoke and the flame intermittently hid it from his view. Soon the cries ceased, and at the next clearing away of the flames, the top of the tree was empty,—the body had been sacrificed to the Moloch of the forest.

Adult birds probably in most cases escape fires. The egg-filled nests, and the young, too small to fly, are destroyed undoubtedly in large quantities each year by forest conflagrations. Supervisor J. B. Taylor who was on the big Hay Creek fire on the Blackfeet Forest in 1926, reports seeing several ruffed and blue grouse so badly burned that it is doubtful if they survived. It is his belief that few grouse survive a large forest fire.

Ranger John T. Marsh, while *(Continued on page 29)*

Texas

By

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Drawings by Donald Hough

The Story So Far

THE air was full of geese—my wrists began to pound—my throat was pounding—my pulse by estimate was a hundred and ten—an army of snow geese passed over me—we stayed 'til sunset to watch the tremendous spectacle—we agreed we had seen a million geese—my pulse touched two hundred and twelve—we would come again next day—which leads naturally to Chapter Two.

Chapter Two

THREE cars grew where one had grown before. Three cars, twelve men. The three cars were alike save in two respects. One had puncture proof tires, and one had a windshield. The latter point of difference vanished within the first five miles. The road was so rough that the glass was shattered by the vibration!

Later, at Chesley's, the three cars became four; the twelve men, thirteen. By that time there had been one leaky tire valve and one blow out. Four cars and thirteen men presently left the road at Chesley's bidding and struck across the prairie. Three miles to go. One mile saw one car mired, retrieved; and a detour to avoid that slough. The second mile, two punctures repaired. In the third mile, a buck deer was seen to spring into cover; and we halted while the cover was surrounded and searched. But the deer was gone, and thirteen guns loaded with ounce balls and aimed during a tense five minutes at thirteen gunners were reduced to a harmless state again.

Half a mile to go, another puncture; a quarter of a mile, and a broken valve, and Jimmy weeping for that he must miss five minutes of the prospective gunning. But he pumped the tire and it served for this last quarter mile.

The lake was there, unchanged. A few blackbirds and Mexican curlew and mallards, and a black duck or two circling; mudhens diving among the reeds. Yesterday, at a gun shot the blackbirds had risen in so vast and dense a flock that it was literally impossible to see through them; they were an ink blot against the prairie beyond, against the sky. . . . I was to see the same this day again, and other matters, too.

We spread a net of gunners about the pond. I had brought thirty shells. Unk had twenty-five; Harry had as many; Ben—another Ben—jeered Harry and took only twenty. The others distributed themselves, and Harry elected a post on the prairie a quarter mile from the water. I chose, at random, a spot where I might by wading to my shins be hidden among the bushes along the shore. Unk was a hundred yards beyond me; Ben as far beyond him.

And I cautioned them wisely to hold their fire.

"Don't shoot at high ones," I urged. "Wait. You'll get plenty of easy shots before sunset. Wait till you can see their eyes."

Five minutes later, hidden and ready, not a goose in sight, I began to think the birds would not come today. . . . . Yesterday had been a dream; such things did not happen twice to any man. But ten minutes later, there was a shot across the pond, and a bird, like a bit of rag, floated sharply down to earth. The flight had begun.

Four went over me, a hundred yards high, and I remembered my vow and held my hand. Then six came over Unk, half as high again, and he fired five shots. I groaned, decided to caution him again, and with this in mind set out that way. But four more geese were coming. I estimated they were a hundred and twenty yards in the air. They flew directly over him, and he fired, and one bird came down.

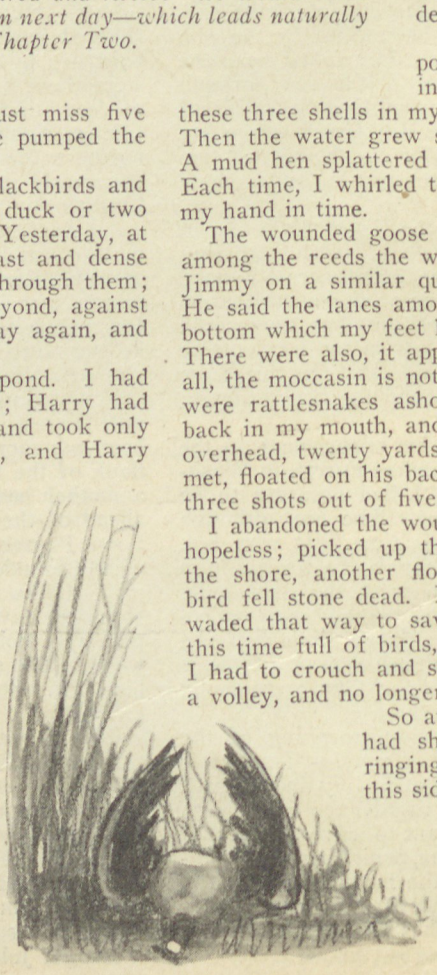
The old trouble with my pulse returned. Twelve came over me. They were no higher than the one he had killed; if he could do it, so could I. I decided to risk one shot; and the leading goose scaled down toward open water, hit. My other four shots went by instinct, and harmlessly.

That wounded goose must have landed fifty yards off shore; but the bushes intervened so that I could not see him. Yet I meant to have him, and I waded through the bushes—in boots just above my knees—and emerged beyond them. He was not in sight; but there were reeds forty yards away, an island of them in midlake. He must be there. I pushed on. The water was warm; but it grew deeper. Thigh-deep and deeper still.

There were shells in my trouser pockets. I shifted them to the pockets in my shirt, had three left over, held these three shells in my teeth, and waded on. Waist deep. Then the water grew shallower and I came to the reeds. A mud hen splattered away, so did another and another. Each time, I whirled to fire at the splash, each time held my hand in time.

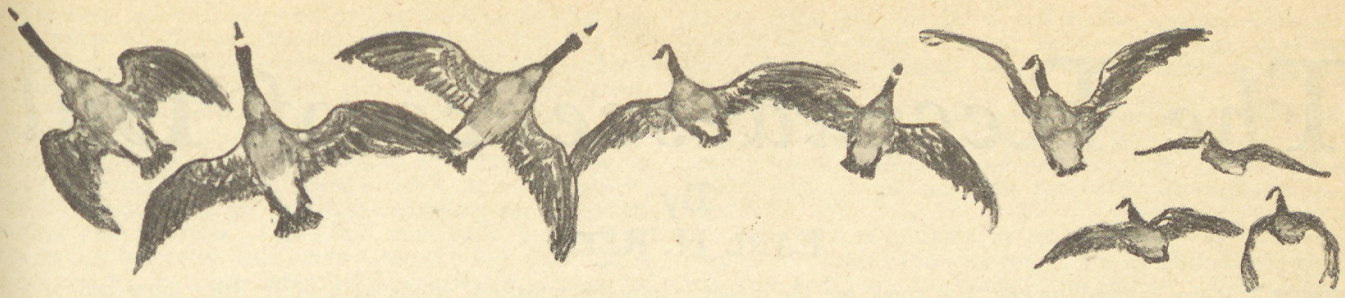
The wounded goose was well hidden; and in the lanes among the reeds the water was above my waist. I found Jimmy on a similar quest at the other side of the reeds. He said the lanes among them, with deep trenches in the bottom which my feet had found, were made by alligators. There were also, it appeared, water moccasins. But after all, the moccasin is not as deadly as the rattler; and there were rattlesnakes ashore. I told him so, put the shells back in my mouth, and crouched as a flock came winging overhead, twenty yards high. The leader fell like a plummet, floated on his back; the others towered, and I saved three shots out of five.

I abandoned the wounded bird, when the search proved hopeless; picked up the dead one. A hundred yards up the shore, another flock came over, and Unk fired. A bird fell stone dead. No one moved to retrieve him, so I waded that way to save Unk a wetting. The air was by this time full of birds, as it had been the day before; and I had to crouch and stay still as they went by. I missed a volley, and no longer had to carry shells in my teeth.



So at last I picked up the dead bird Unk had shot, and made ashore. Guns were ringing; and out of a flock here and there this side the pond, that side, in every direction, a single bird now and then came tumbling down. Everyone, I judged, was shooting at high ones—and getting them.

I shot at high ones and missed them, till some instinct of caution led me to count my shells. There



were five in the gun, three in my pocket; so I put on the curb. I had two geese, one my own and one which Unk had killed. I meant to have three more, to fill my own limit. Three with eight shells was possible; nay, certain, if a man were wise. So I waited.

Two geese came, by and by, from far over the prairie, toward my stand. I decided they would pass fifty yards to my left, and moved that way to be before them. A moment later, Rob joined me there. Rob was one of the guides, a tall, hickory tree of a man, strong as wire, tireless, afire now with such an eager zeal that his eyes were shining. He bade me take these two geese that were approaching.

"I'll fire two shots," I said. "After that, you can have them."

I fired two and missed; and Rob did not fire. "Too wide," he said. "I've got just three shells left, and I want three birds."

Here, I thought, was an efficient gunner; it would be a pleasure to watch him in action. A bird was already approaching; a lone goose, flying low, bound to pass within twenty yards of us. He whispered:

"Let me take him," and I nodded.

At the fit moment he was up. His gun blazed three times, and the goose looked back in mild surprise and went serenely on. Rob, without a word, ran at a leaping bound back toward the car. There was a sour disgust in the very fit of his pants.

I had six shells, needed three geese. Ten minutes' gunning time remained. Unk came along the shore carrying two birds; and I spoke with him. His shells were gone. I divided mine with him, and reported the goose I had retrieved from his shot. He declined it, was positive he had killed no bird but these two he bore, and one other, wounded, lost. I insisted, he persisted; and the disputed goose stayed with me. I heard his three shots, presently, but no goose fell.

Five minutes to gun. Three shells left; and two more birds would serve me, since Unk's, which I had retrieved, might on a "finders keepers" basis go as mine. A hundred yards away, gunners already satisfied or out of ammunition were gathering by the car. Ben came along the shore with his quota of four. He passed me and went on. He, too, was out of shells.

Then geese honked, and I saw them coming; a string of a dozen, low, a quarter of a mile away, headed toward me. They swerved off the line, returned to it again; they bunched and passed me, forty yards away, thirty yards high.

Here were my geese! I took a careful aim, and fired; and nothing happened. My second shot was a little hurried, but still well aimed. No birds. My third shot was a random one, flung in desperation after those towering geese. . . .

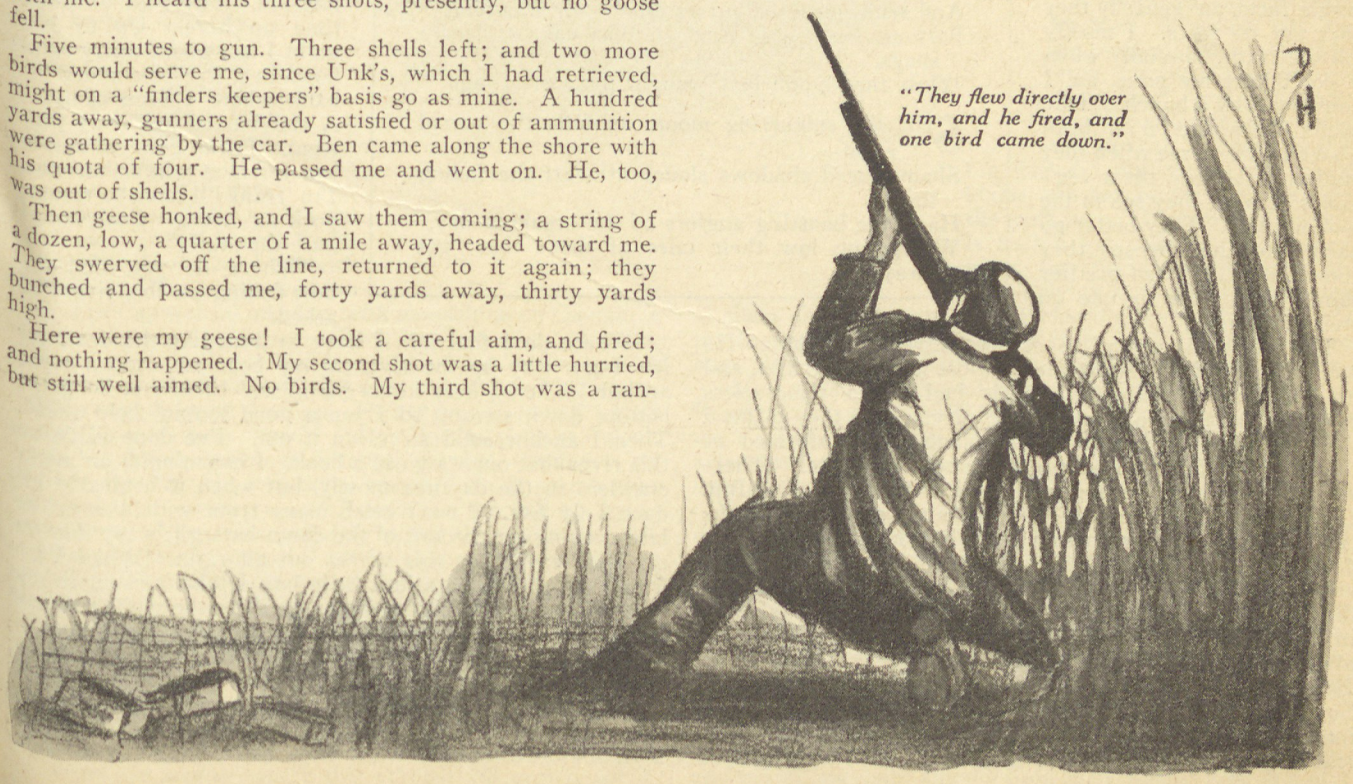
And one bird dropped like a stone; and one scaled down toward the water's edge.

The stone-like bird was dead, high and dry on the prairie; but the other would reach the water. I dropped my gun and raced that way, boots and all. I had no shells left for cripples.

The goose landed in the water, ten feet from the shore; he was twenty feet away when I came to the water. He swam at top speed, and I ran like a high-stepping elephant, through water knee deep, in water-logged boots, after him. Back by the car, there was hilarious applause; but I was past hearing it. I gained, the goose put on speed; I still gained, till he was scarce an arm's length away.

He dived, and I dived after him with one hand, to the shoulder; touched him without gripping. He came up a dozen feet off, in the thigh-deep water, and I went after him like a two-legged crocodile. He dived again, came up six feet away. I plunged once more, he dived the third time, and my groping hand gripped a wing. A moment later I had him safe and splashed away toward shore. . . .

By the time the dead geese were tied in clumps of three or four, and flung like saddle bags across the hoods of the cars, it was dusk. We set off across the prairie toward the road. Chesley went first, Jimmy and his car second, J. H. third, and our car, with Harry at the wheel, was last. Quick darkness caught us in the first slow mile. Chesley had to grope his way. When he came to a cul de sac, it was necessary that we all turn back and wait while he found a feasible passage. Live oaks stopped us, sloughs stopped us; between whiles we bounded over the rough, hard-baked prairie. Radiators boiled cheerfully, and low gear was the rule. There were stars for *(Continued on page 59)*



"They flew directly over him, and he fired, and one bird came down."

The Recrudescence of Bill

By
EARL H. REED

WE were camped among big trees on the upper reaches of Ghost River. A dreary drizzle saturated the night air and humidity permeated our belongings. Under the shelter of a big hemlock in front of the tent our fitful fire struggled with its natural enemy. An owl somewhere out in the murk contributed mournful hoots to our rather depressive environment.

We had tried to play cards but the deck was damp and refused to function. When some of us found we were betting on six or seven cards instead of five the poker game stopped with mixed comment. We had begun to tell stories most of us had heard before as is usual around camp fires, when a loud voice came out of the surrounding gloom.

"Hey, you fellers, what goes on here?"

Our old friend Bill strode into camp—dripping wet outside but arid within.

There is little use in trying to describe Bill. He is simply Bill—a species by himself.

I have tried to cover the salient points in his history in another story, but his advent into our camp suggests addenda. Like the rest of us, he has many troubles, and is never averse to telling them, but his happy realms of fancy are a balm that seldom fails him. He has often been the target of profanity, and charges of unlimited mendacity, more or less justified, but he claims he has been much misunderstood, and has borne these things with cheerful martyrdom.

"They's lots o' bigger liars than me up in this country," he once observed. "They tangle facts, an' gener'ly they ain't got no facts. I mostly tell the truth, 'specially when it don't hurt me none, an' I don't see why a bunch o' fake saints keeps trainin' bean shooters on me when they oughta be blowin' them veg'tables at what they see in the lookin' glass. They better go back into the cheeses they come out of. I seen prettier things than them people on sticky fly paper."

The Volstead act had never been agreeable to him. He had pitted his feeble strategies against it from the first, and its ruthless enforcement officials had pitted remorseless power against him and an alleged private still they claimed to have discovered from an airplane. He informed us that a cat could not find one he knew about later. There was no tremor in the finger of justice that pointed at Bill. Convenient departures had sometimes thwarted a thirst he claimed had abided with him from babyhood, and that his declining years had failed to subdue. These brief intervals of diplomatic absence were always considered when he thought it safe to return. Possibly a little "moon factory" in the woods was then refired. He required little food, but always expected his stomach to do an honest day's work. His necessary calories were mostly generated by alcohol. Some sarcastic doctor once told him that his stomach was intended by nature for a digestive organ and not a chemical retort, but this dull wit might as well have been sprayed into the whistling winds as against Bill's ingrained prejudice. After the exchange of the compliments of a wet night the old man, with evident anxiety, surveyed our surroundings, his roving glances obviously questing.

"They's an' awful lot o' loose water in the air tonight. I 'spose you ain't got nuth'n wet 'round 'ere 'cept that," he observed sadly.

He looked tired and worn.

His gray eyes gleamed, and expressed things that would be crippled by words, as about a third of a prescription pint was removed from a duffle bag and handed to him. With something like a song of a rippling rill our remnant gurgled into Bill.

"Lo, there goes a dead one," he exclaimed as he sailed the erstwhile container into the mist that enshrouded the river.

The impact of the impoverished glassware on the dark waters echoed sadly, as in case of sudden acute illness in camp our medical supplies would be restricted. We secretly resolved that in the future we would administer any necessary doses to Bill with a spoon.

During the banalities, lingual rubbish, and churning of the obvious, usually indulged in where two or three or more are gathered together in this world, we asked our guest what good fairy had brought about this happy visit.

"Fairy, hell!" he replied. "I come up here fishin' two weeks ago. I seen your firelight, an' thought I'd just float in. I've had a rotten time up here. Up to last night I had about thirty rainbows in a live box under the bank where I been campin'. A slat busted an' away they went. I was goin' to smoke 'em fer next winter, an' now I'm 'fraid I'll have to resume pork an' beans. Gosh how I hate the stuff!"

"Where do you find the best fishing on this river?" I asked.

"Where do I find it? I have to hunt like the devil fer it. I go 'way up the river in my boat an' drop a stone anchor. Then I keep kinda pullin' an' bobbin' it 'long the bottom down stream 'til I see a good lookin' hole ahead. Then I anchor solid an' clean it out. I've done fish'n on this river that oughta go in a book. I use minnies an' night crawlers in the daytime mostly, but when it begins to git dark I fly fish. I can't cetch many trout with flies in the late evening on account o' the damn bats gitt'n my flies on my back casts, but this works out all right. When I git fifteen er twenty bats in a little box I take 'em out in my boat an' put 'em on big hooks an' go after the night jumpers that resorts in them holes. That's the way I git most o' the whoppers that passin' dolled up sports that learnt cast'n in some park is gener'ly willin' to pay good money fer.

"If you set out on the bank at night, an' they's a moon, you c'n see 'em leapin' out fer bats that's flitt'n by, an' a rainbow c'n do fast work on a bat. They git 'em sub-

ANGLERS' LYRIC

By VINCENT JONES

FISHY was the morn upon the first of May,
Fishy were the prayers I heard those Waltons pray:
"Send me, Lord, a monster, beautiful and bright—
Just a huge old rainbow—one that's full of fight!"

WHEN they started out fond hope was running high;
Some would stick to worms while others tried a fly.
Crowded were the creeks—the fog was clammy cold.
Skulking? Say, the half has never yet been told!

SQUIRRELS sought the topmost boughs, when leaders flew,
And with muttered curses all the air was blue.
Bottoms sure were dredged that day, of bushy snags,
While the "liquid bait" caught piscatorial jags.

SEE the snickering moon, as falls the vernal night—
Shame-faced shadows slouch athwart the fading light.
Hail! the boasting anglers of the breaking day,
Whispering low their tales of those that "got away"!

merged an' bite the wings off'en 'em, an' then swaller 'em. I've opened rainbows that had eight er ten bats in 'em without wings. I've caught big ones by hangin' a batted hook out over a little branch about two feet above the current. If the bat's hooked through the skin o' the back just right he keeps floppin' an' the first thing y'know the branch busts an' down 'e goes with a big rainbow, an' I have 'im on my line an' I wind 'im in. This kind o' fish'n beats fly throwin', fer flies cost a lot an' you lose too many on snags an' bushes 'long the river. I git lots o' mine out o' bushes 'long the banks, but ev'ry little while I have to buy some, an' I don't like it. Bats are cheap, an' if you lose a bat you c'n always git more out o' the air with a fly. Bats are blessin's to them that knows how to use 'em. Another awful good bait is live mice. You hook 'em careful through the skin of the back an' just let 'em swim down over the deep places. The big rainbows that pervades them pools is famous mousers, an' sometimes they weigh twenty pounds. They nip mice off'en the banks when they come down to squench their thirst in the dark.

"Most ev'ry wild mouse in the woods thinks he'd like to swim the river sometime, but most of 'em never git across."

By this time we began to suspect that our plundered medicine was proving a good investment, and we wished we had more fuel for Bill.

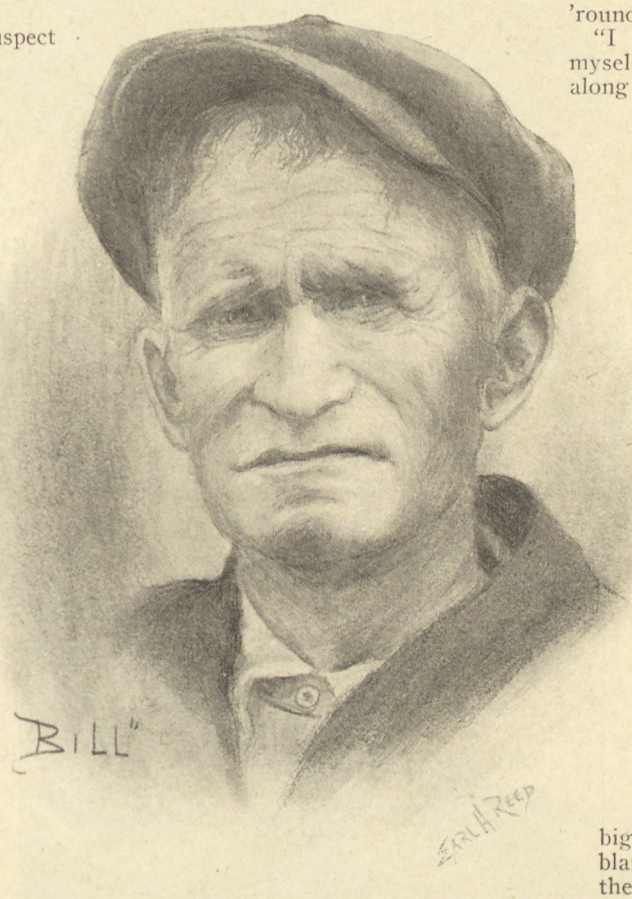
"They's lots o' things up here that you city fellers that tote up them midget flasks an' canned vituals don't know 'bout," he continued. "Fer instance 'bout the private habits o' muskies. When they git up to about fifty pounds they c'mit suicide, an' that's one o' the reasons they're so seldom caught 'round that figger. They's one in some shallow backwater about twenty miles up. I waded out 'mong the splatterdocks an' found 'im one day. I've paid 'im sev'ral calls. He's keepin' 'is belly warm in the soft mud, an' 'is back is stickin' out o' water all dried up in the sun. He's been tryin' fer a week to swaller sump'n bigger'n he is. I've named 'im Ol' Pete. He's too old to fight, an 'e's too big to carry in, an' 'e's too tough to eat. I took ol' Cap Inglebuck up there one day an' showed 'im Pete. The Cap was all inked up with moonshine an' thought 'e was seein' things, an' 'e was. That fish is cert'nly an adult. Next time I'm up that way I'm goin' to shoot 'im an' put 'im out of 'is misery if 'e don't git sunstruck 'fore I git there.

"You oughta know the Cap. He's a grand old owl. He's always blowin' 'bout 'imself an' 'is doin's, sump'n I don't do, an' 'is doin's is always different from all the times 'e's told 'em before. He tells some snappin' turtle stories that 'ud break light crockery, an' I ain't got the gall to try to shove some of 'em over you fellers, but they's one I'd hate to have you miss. Snappin' turtles is unpopular as skunks up here. They come up under the young ducks puddlin' in the marshes an' pull 'em below, an' they swipe all the fish spawn they can find.

"The Cap told me 'bout some kind of explodin' chemical that goes off when it touches water. He said 'e got some an' put it in one o' them gelatin capsells. Then 'e stuffed the capsell in a weenie. He knew where a snapper was that would weigh pretty near as much as a keg o' nails, an' 'e put the weenie where this ol' cuss 'ud prob'ly git it. The Cap was watchin' an' seen 'im swaller it, an' when the chemical got wet in 'is inside, the snapper exploded with a loud report. It 'ud be a good thing to keep the Cap amusin' 'imself like that with snappers all the time.

"The Cap cetches perch that weigh four pounds, an' croppies that weigh six an' tells me about 'em. Some day he'll prob'ly tell of a ten-pound sunfish, but it'll be caught somewhere 'way off, an' sometime ago, with all witnesses deceased.

"Gitt'n back to muskies, he told me about one that was harpooned through the ice over on Unclecolucky Lake that was five feet long an' thick in proportion. They found about a dozen spoon hooks in 'is stummick, an' one with a date on it that showed it was prob'ly swallered durin' the Civil War. They found a lot of other hardware 'long 'is jaws that 'e'd took on durin' 'is busy life, but the most important was the things inside 'im. They was a little watch in 'is stummick with a piece o' chain on it. It mebbe belonged to somebody long since dead, an' the Cap said the funny part 'bout it all was that the watch was runnin' when it was took out, an' it was prob'ly kep' wound up by the stuff the musky et that kep' millin' 'round 'mong 'is stummick juices.



"I didn't hardly b'lieve the story myself, but I'm pass'n the time piece along to you at its face value. Mebbe a musky has to have a lot of rough stuff in 'im to help mangle up the boney things 'e swallers like a chicken has to have gravel in its crop.

"I ain't never goin' to use no more spoon hooks. I hate 'em. Sometimes my ignorance 'bout some things is so bad it gripes me, but I know 'bout spoon hooks. They cetch on ev'rything 'cept fish an' you c'n take it they're no good. A sim'lar evil is them big nests o' gang hooks hangin' 'long on them six inch speckled wooden ware plugs that terrifies the fish an' little mudturtles when fellers come along an' heave them freckled dinguses out on the water like they was tryin' to swat fish instead o' hookin' 'em. Nobody never seen a minnie dressed up like that, an' none o' the big fish did either, an' you can't blame 'em fer beat'n it fer under the sunk logs. Them swatt'n plugs is nuth'n but missiles an' if they hit a fish accidental it's murder. The only time a fish'll chase one o' them things is when 'e thinks it's an enemy. They's thousan's of 'em swayin' in the trees 'long the river where bum throwers got 'em stuck an' the birds are scar't of 'em.

"Me an' the Cap towed most o' the float'n grass out o' Round Lake with spoon hooks an' plugs one summer, so we c'd have more open water to fish in. That was just after the armistice, the year the Cap took a bath, an' it was pretty damn near fatal. He got off with a hell of a cold. They gave me a bath in the hospital last spring an' it was a grand experience. That was after the old girl died. While she was sick I busted sump'n inside when I was carryin' 'er 'round. I told the Doc that was goin' to operate, to pull out anything that didn't look good to 'im, an' I lost a lot of innards on account o' that remark."

Bill paused to stream copious tobacco juice at a large moth circling near the fire, missing the wandering insect by a foot.

"Of late years I find I'm losin' my sense o' distance," he observed sadly. "I don't hold far enough ahead of 'em any more, 'specially since I been usin' plug. Fine cut was always more cert'n. When a *(Continued on page 33)*

Giving the Fish a Lift

By
HENRY O'MALLEY
U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries

THE fishways question is another of those perplexing conservation problems requiring careful study and planning in each case before unwise expenditures are made.

The public is thoroughly aroused over the destruction of valuable fish resources through the erection of impassable barricades on streams that are essential to the migration of valuable food or game fishes. The demand for workable fishways is growing more and more insistent.

Owners of large water impounding projects on the other hand are evidencing a more tolerant attitude toward this public demand and are showing a willingness to co-operate by either installing suitable fishways or elevators, or by maintaining hatcheries and rearing ponds, or contributing funds for that purpose to compensate for losses incurred through the presence of their dams.

This article from the pen of Hon. Henry O'Malley, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, is both timely and helpful.

EDITOR.

"OH, those good old days; how I long for them again," is often heard. The speaker is usually one of those pessimists who imagines that the present order of things is all wrong, and that the world is going to the dogs.

The "good old days" booster would go back; yes probably back to the days when grandmother did the cooking over the open fire; made the tallow candles to light the humble home; used a wooden broom; carded the wool, spun the yarn and knitted the socks and mittens; wove the cloth and made garments for herself and her family; and in many other ways made the family comfortable even though it meant sixteen hours a day of weary drudgery.

Probably he would go back to the days when grandfather labored from daylight to dark felling the forest and clearing the land; tilling the soil or harvesting the crop with homemade implements; threshing the grain with a flail, or if fortunate, with a horsepower driven threshing machine.

Our pessimistic friend can see nothing good come out of a little electric switch which controls the energy to cook the dinner, does the family washing and ironing, drives the sewing machine, cleans the floors, and many other things to relieve the modern housewife of most of the drudgery of yesteryear. He can see no advantage in throwing that same little switch to light the home or the entire community; or to set in motion modern labor-saving machinery and devices on the farm, in the shop and in the large factory to supply a multitude of necessities for the modern home, thereby relieving the manhood of the world of much of the toil and sweat of bygone days.

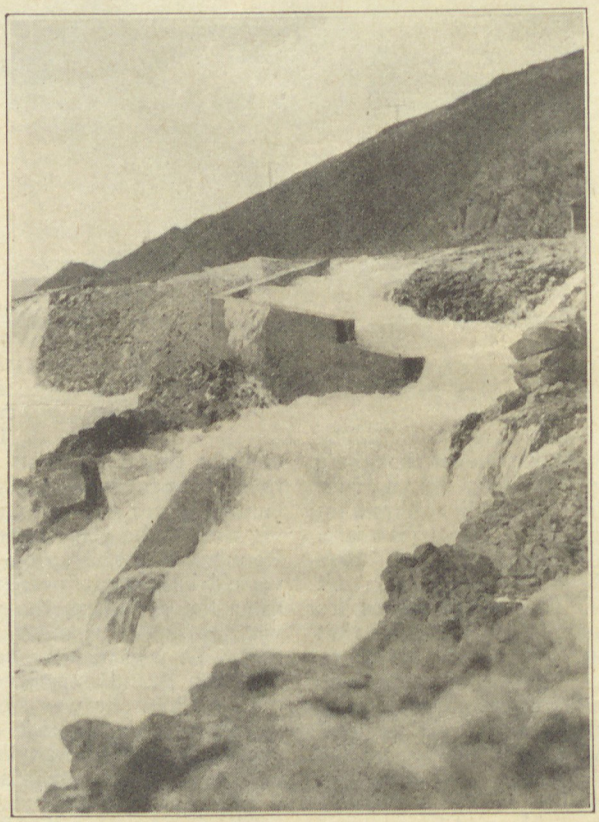
None of us really wants to go back to "those good old days." The burning question is how to keep on enjoying and utilizing the forces of nature, the elements which surround us, and still not destroy them as well as ourselves.

Economic and industrial development often clash seriously with the perpetuation of our natural resources. Man's ingenuity may bring a multitude of blessings to humanity, and at the same time become humanity's greatest curse.

Nature has a way all her own of evening up the score and restoring the balance of things. In man's mad rush after dollars he is prone to ignore many of her inexorable laws. It does not profit a nation at large to destroy a valuable food, raiment or recreational resource in order to gain a few immediate dollars *unless it is clearly evident that the amount put into the new pocket is distinctly larger than that taken out of the old.*

One phase whereby conflict has frequently arisen is in the erection of power dams on watercourses whereby impassable barriers prevent the unrestricted passage of fish which supply an important food resource as well as a source of invaluable recreational facilities. While the power company may gain, the people of the nation at large will lose, and in some cases this loss greatly exceeds the gain to the power company.

It may be asked wherein a barrier to the migration of fishes may be of serious moment, and a fair reply would be that in many cases no harm would result. Almost all species of fish are migratory to some extent, but many of them, particularly the so-called game fish, can be confined in a restricted area by artificial barriers and still thrive. In fact, many instances can be pointed out where the impounding of water by dams has proven beneficial through providing wider range, an increased food supply, and more satisfactory conditions generally.

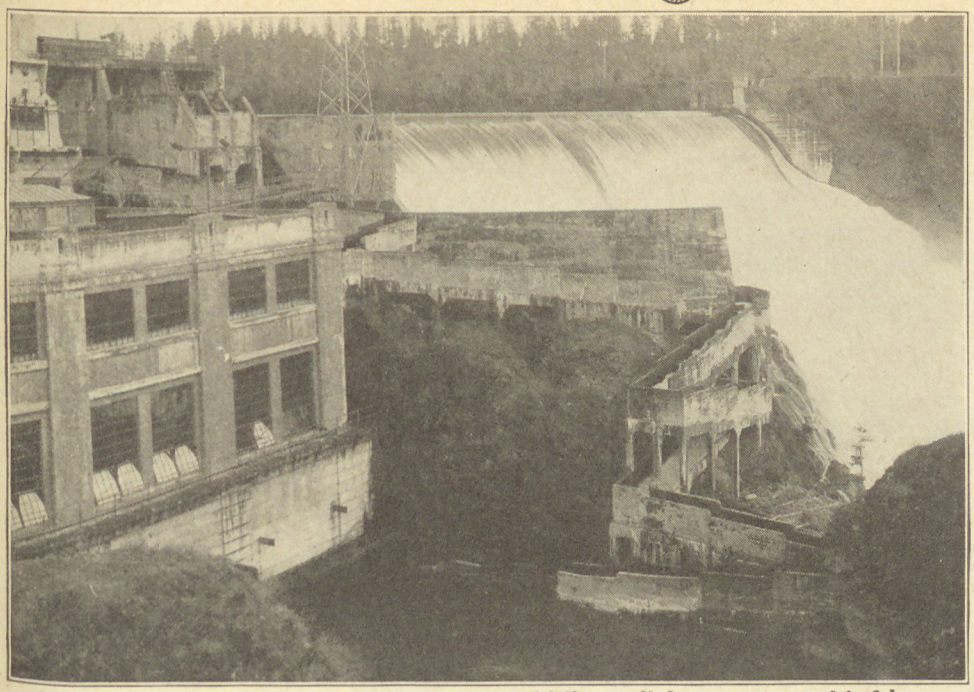


A type of "fish ladder" quite commonly used. Installed at Sherars Falls, Deschutes River, Oregon. Its efficiency depends greatly upon the location of the entrance and the water flow.

But another class of fishes, the anadromous forms (those fishes which live a certain portion of their lives in the sea and return to fresh water streams to spawn), which include the salmons, shad, striped bass, river herring, smelt, etc., are dependent upon free access to their spawning grounds for future perpetuation of the runs, and experience has shown that dams constructed without adequate provision for the passage of fish will cause the destruction of important and valuable commercial fisheries.

Granted the desirability and in some cases the necessity for incorporating fish ladders in dams obstructing important streams the question arises as to what form they shall take. This question has aroused unending controversy and it still remains for solution.

Historically, the matter has been under consideration for over half a century, and the result has been a flood of designs,



A good sample of an elaborate and intricate system of falls installed in an effort to lift fish over the 90 foot dam in the Clackamas River, River Mill, Oregon. Elevators are being tried at dams like this.

suggestions, and nebulous theories most of which are heatedly proclaimed by their sponsors as having solved the problem for good and all. But the recent development of so-called super-power projects with dams rising hundreds of feet or transecting some of the largest rivers of the country has obligated a review of the question in a new light. Briefly we must consider facilitating the movements of fish by (1) fishways or fish ladders and (2) fish elevators. The latter group is the one which we must consider in reference to dams reaching a great height and impounding a tremendous volume of water.

Returning to the discussion of the conventional type of "fish ladder," there appears in Bureau of Fisheries Document No. 707, written in 1908, an outline of 19 different types of fishways. These come under the general heading of (a) the inclined plane system, wherein the passage of water through a chute is broken by baffles; (b) the pool and fall system with the water spilling over the rims of a series of resting pools, and (c) the lock system, wherein a chamber into which the fish have entered becomes filled with water and they are enabled to leave it via the upstream side of the dam. The majority of the plans call for the employment of the inclined plane system.

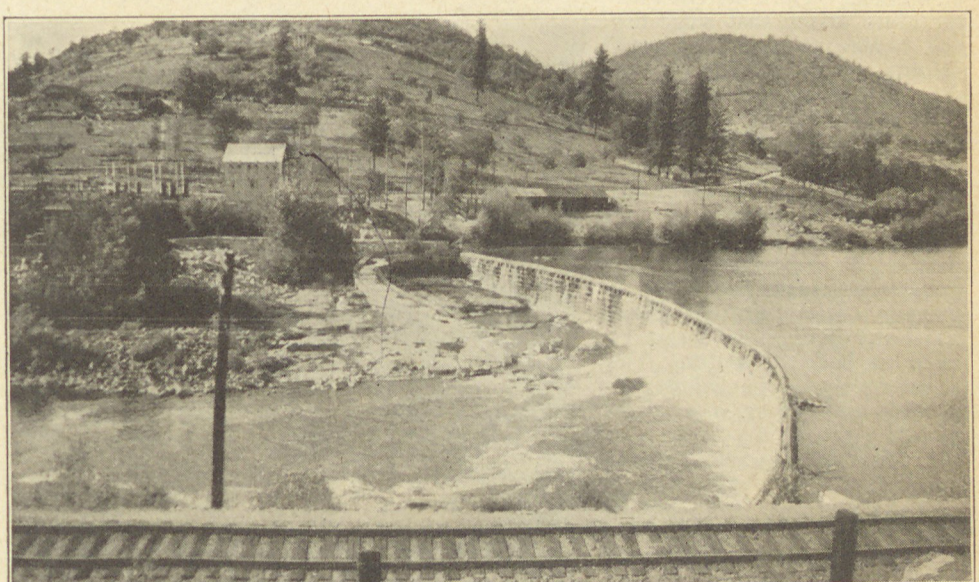
Since 1908 much further thought has been given to the question, as a review of the fishway patents in the U. S. Patent Office will attest. It will be seen that a multitude of variations in the arrangement of baffles, pools, overflow, and drainage passages, intakes and outlets, etc., can be imposed upon the fundamental principles, and such has been freely done. These improvements have carried sufficient innovations and modifications to justify the issuance of patents and we consequently have a long list of chutes, ladders, etc., in which the fish must work its way gradually upward against a current retarded by various obstructing elements.

The Bureau has not and does not advocate any particular form or patent for a fishway; the Bureau does maintain, however, that the principle embodied in the Modified Cail type, comprising a series of pools or pockets with the flow of water discharged by both an overflow and underflow has been most successful to date. Modifications upon this principle such as the Metzlaar form, which conducts water to the outlet by means of a pipe in order to induce entrance of the fish into an increased flow of water, or the Landau, which has a variable intake for adjustment to different water levels, may impart greater efficiency, but to date there seems to be no justification for specifically indorsing any individual design in its entirety. To put it briefly, it is probable that almost all of these proposed installations will be practicable under some conditions, but it is probably equally true that few or none of them will be practicable under all conditions.

After all, in the majority of designs the mechanical principles are sound in that it would be physically possible for fish to ascend them, but the reactions of the fish are the pivotal point upon which the success or failure of a fishway rests. Instances are known where costly installations have been useless because fish could not be induced to enter them.

The natural instinct of fish is to crowd as close as possible to the apron of the dam where the maximum flowage arises, and it is a difficult matter to induce them to enter the narrow entrance to a fishway which may be discharging a considerable distance downstream. While the migratory instincts of some fish, particularly the salmons, are strong, many other species need but little interference to direct them from their passage to the spawning grounds. An example may be mentioned in the practice of tying a shingle at the apex of fishways installed to facilitate the passage of shad up the Susquehanna River. This device was resorted to in earlier days to prevent the passage of the fish upstream, so that they might be easily caught in pools at the foot of the dam. The revolution of the shingle in the current is said to have deterred most of the fish from attempting the ascent.

There has been much criticism because the Federal or



A simple fishway over the Gold Ray Dam, Rogue River, Oregon. Such an entrance is not ordinarily inviting to fish because too far away from base of dam and too little flow.

Fish should easily find the entrance to this fishway at the base of the Savage Rapids Dam.

State governments have not installed or compelled the installation of various new types of fishways as they have come upon the market. This viewpoint appears rather unique when we consider that it is tantamount to demanding that public funds be spent upon the development of an invention which may exist only in blueprints or as a model. And until we can provide "model fish" which will react as the real article no model of a fishway can give a satisfactory idea as to how it will operate in actual use. The burden of proof as to the efficiency of any fishway rests upon the inventor.

When we concede that there are a number of devices on the market which permit the passage of fish over dams of 20 or 25 feet in height we are left facing a most serious problem presented by the increasing number of dams of great height, towering upward for a hundred feet or more. There are available no records showing that the usual "fish ladder" or "fish chute" is adequate to enable fish to surmount such an obstacle. The conviction has therefore arisen that since fish are unable to ascend such heights by their own efforts they should receive a helping hand and be carried over. This belief has been the genesis of the recent development of elevators based upon the theory of mechanical elevation of fish with minimum of effort on their part.

Let us assume, then, that there is a strong sentiment that a fishway is urgently necessary in some body of water. The situation should be calmly reviewed with these aspects in mind:

1. Is a fishway actually necessary?
2. Is a fishway economically necessary?
3. What form of fishway offers the greatest prospect of accomplishing its purpose?

Amplifying these questions, under (1) it may be said that in general the game fishes of smaller interior waters are not sufficiently migratory in their habits so that their existence will be imperiled by restrictions on their movements. Bass, perch, crappie, etc., can and do spawn in basins of very limited area and will not migrate far to seek more desirable spawning grounds. Trout have a more pronounced movement in response to their breeding impulses but they also are adaptable in their choice of spawning grounds and the fact that they may be cut off from some traditional ground does not signify that eggs can not be deposited or hatched within the area in which they are confined. Trout confined in small hatchery pools will breed and a fair proportion of fry will be produced.

We are accustomed to view our drainage basins as units with the whole area accessible to the fish fauna; but just as there are extreme variations in the natural extent of the different systems so can any one of them be subdivided into smaller independent units by artificial barriers without particular detriment. Frequently, particularly in dams in lake outlets, a screen will be just as satisfactory as a fishway and much cheaper.

In these days of generous stocking by hatcheries the fish can be concentrated where they are wanted and where conditions are best suited to them, and the small mill-dam or the minor power dams have little real influence in the abundance or scarcity of game fish. If fishing has declined contemporaneously with the construction of dams in your lakes and streams consider carefully whether or not other influences may not be at fault before you demand fishways which may be of no avail.

Question 2 is intended to indicate that there may be times when the benefit to be gained by a dam might far overbalance the detriment to a fishery. Unquestionably certain species such as alewives, *(Continued on page 43)*

A flow like this at the Oregon City Falls dam is more likely to invite fish to use the fishway.

"Mr. Forbes Bags a Bear"

By

HELEN R. BARTON

Drawings by Dell Coleman

THREE hundred and fifty-one days of the year, Louis Rodney allowed his charming blonde wife to play all the tunes to which he danced in the process of living and making a thriving automobile business pay good dividends; the other fourteen he spent at "Walton's Willa," his remote hunting and fishing camp in the wilds of Stoddard on the shore of Long Pond. And altho he would have cheerfully suffered the tortures of the rack, the wheel and the Spanish Inquisition rather than divulge this fact, those fourteen days were the only absolutely right down to nature happy hours of his otherwise well ordered life! In secret he planned for them; in public he joked about them and in memory, he treasured each golden hour after it was spent, as tho it were a priceless heirloom. For nobody at Walton's Willa ever shaved or dressed up or picked up after themselves; nobody paid any attention to social niceties and if an occasion demanded, one might cheerfully thumb his nose at a fellow Willain and be none the worse for the action. Here, one kept poisonous old pipes that reeked of age and if one so elected, one even might store a treasured bottle of old gin in the cellar and not be pitied by any feminine judges. Here were the greasy, worn old hunting duds that were guiltless of creases or other tailor's marks and in the big roomy recesses on either side of the great stone fireplace, there were boots of all descriptions, most of them bearing still, the lingering traces of clay or mud that fastidious wives are prone to object to with such abandon. Here, if one so chose, one might get up in the middle of the night and wander about in pajamas sans other raiment, and enjoy the luxury of a pipe without anyone yelling fretfully: "For Heaven's sake, Louis, are you crazy? Going around without your slippers or bathrobe! Sometimes I think you *want* to get sick. . . ." Here in fact, was a bachelor's paradise. Clothes just where one left them, and therefore never lost; books undisturbed and things that are dear to a masculine heart ruling supreme, sans feminine "touches." Small wonder, then, that Louis dreamed of his haven of refuge in private and endured the other days of the year calmly that he might know the surcease of this single glimpse of Heaven yearly!

So, as Louis looked at the signs of war-ravage on his old schoolmate's face, he thought but for a second and then said: "Steve, old bean, the only place on earth for you is Walton's Willa! I'll run you up myself and get a lot of grub together and you can have Fah Wong to cook you up something to eat every day; rest, read, hunt and fish and you'll come out a new man! Why . . . . it's more than medicine, Steve" . . . . and he plunged into a rabid description of the wonders and beauties and unsurpassed joys of Walton's Willa.

MISS BARTON, whose stories appear in many of the popular magazines, states that this is a true story and says, "if any skeptics question the incident refer them to me and I can show them in my Adirondack camp a magnificent bear skin with a single bullet hole."

EDITOR.

Steve Forbes smiled a weary smile that somehow wasn't a smile either—but was more a grimace and said: "All right, Lou; anything to get away from men and machinery and this madness of civilization that's sending my brain around in strange circles. . . . ."

In May, Louis packed up his bag and with an old friend, Doctor "Bob" as he was lovingly known to his colleagues, and with another rabid nature lover, Chester Grandon, he pointed the nose of a big black car toward Stoddard and the wilds of Pitcher Mountain.

The leaves were just beginning to show lacy green etchings against a flawless spring sky, when Lou and his two pals unloaded at Walton's Willa. It was dusk and the tantalizing aroma of coffee, omelet and some sort of broiled game assailed them as they got out of the car stiffly and smiled a welcome to Steve Forbes, who had come up six weeks before, as he looked up from the intricate business of cleaning a rifle. Fah Wong bustled happily about and muttered guttural Oriental things signifying extreme joy as he carried bags into the living room, replenished the fire and then bustled back to his stove in the kitchen. Later the four men sat down to a feast such as they were convinced never graced the board of any woman-presided home. Trout fried a golden brown in butter; grouse broiled over hard wood coals. . . . .

After dinner, when everyone was sated and serenely pulling on his own special pet pipe, and the clatter and rattle of pans in the kitchen mingled with the thin reedy song of the Celestial, Lou cast a surreptitious glance about the half circle before the fire and allowed his eyes to come to rest on Steve's face.

"You look discontented, Lou;" jeered Steve gently, "are you disappointed not to find me a robust Jack Dempsey this early in your prescribed cure?"

"Great Scot, no. Think you're looking great —better than I expected . . . ." replied Lou uncomfortably.

"Um. That Chink has a fine Oriental disregard of game laws and such . . . . and the way he cooks his food is beyond any hospital dietitian or anyone else, either, excepting a magician!" mused Steve as he thoughtfully pulled on his worn old briar and studied the glowing apple-log fire that flung a sweet, soft scent of mingled apple and smoke about the dimly lit room.

"I haven't done any shooting yet . . . ." he continued and then: "But the fishing was grand . . . . never knew 'em to bite so." He laughed a low chuckle of supreme content and Lou joining the laugh, drew a folded can-label from his jacket. Smiling he handed it to Doctor Bob, who reading it passed it on to Chet and thence to Steve. Steve read: "Most honorable and respectful master: Never have there been so many fish in all my

". . . pointed the nose of a big black car toward the wilds of Pitcher Mountain."

life and all the same at once such hungry ones. They bite, oh master, more likee hellee evley day." And it was signed with about seventeen adjectives plus Fah Wong's own name written in both Chinese and American.

Steve rose with a yawn and said: "If this meeting were presided over by a hostess instead of you, Lou, I'd have to stick it out till nine; as it is, I'm dog tired. . . . Good night everyone . . . ." and he disappeared in the direction of his room.

After silence had descended upon the camp, Doctor Bob and Chet spent a few minutes before dropping off to sleep, discussing the strange story Lou had told them of Steve Forbes, the most brilliant scientist his age had produced, and the tragic wreck the war had made of him, body and soul. Lou had told them that Steve was suffering from some sort of neurotic complex and believed it physically impossible for him to shoot off a gun, as a result of war shock. His nerves had been completely shot and he had been gradually forced to desert his affairs and seek utter solitude far from the annoyances of civil life. His physician hoped . . . . believed that the rest would cure his nerves and he might eventually be able to conquer his morbid terror whenever he heard a rifle shot.

So it had been somewhat of a surprise to see his old friend cleaning his rifle, when Lou jumped out of his car that dusky May night; surprised and amazed for Lou's eyes had traveled slowly from the brown lean hands upward to the set face and then amazement possessed him at sight of the torture in Steve's eyes. Then Lou understood. Steve was forcing himself to become familiar with guns; and he was restless and uneasy. He believed it to be sheer folly to attempt to fight something as intangible as a psychological aversion to anything . . . . especially when that aversion was coupled with fear and nausea.

Golden sun-splashed Spring days melted into soft, dusky Spring nights and a week sped by ere the foursome had done half the things they had planned. Forgotten were all the cares of town. Each man lived for the day he awoke to and it did not hint or remotely suggest the business each had deserted for the restful serenity of Walton's Willa.

Nobody but Lou dreamed that a being existed this side of Stoddard which lay fourteen miles due south of the camp. Nobody except Lou and his estimable Chinaman, Fah Wong. It was Fah who beamed an ecstatic Celestial smile upon the freckled, sun-burned, red-haired youth of thirteen who brought eggs, butter, cream and milk from the Bardell farm, two miles south.

And of course it was Fah who waited by the damp stone spring house to chide the youngster for the box of broken eggs; an amazed Fah, when the red-headed kid scornfully denied breaking any eggs and then pointed with guileless wonder at the great squat tracks in the soft mud of the spring. "B'ar tracks," he said briefly and departed, leaving a puzzled and then angry Celestial in possession of the spring house.

Then one day, Lou, Chet and Bob departed to fish the long branch of Beaver Brook and since they planned to make a day of it, they carried lunch and decided not to return home until dark, it being a perfect day for the followers of Izaak Walton's pet avocation.

Steve left alone, after a brief walk, decided to sleep a while; it was a drowsy day. So, armed with a book, he occupied the porch hammock until slumber carried him away into strange haunts.

He was awakened to the low murmur of voices and he lay half awake for a few moments listening.

"It was a pretty dumb move, Doc, you've got to admit," spoke Lou's joshing tenor.

"I admit it. I didn't dream it was a cub; thought it was regular small bear . . . . you know like those you see in the Adirondacks." Doctor Bob's voice was low; disgusted.

"And you just bet your last appendix fee, Doc, that that old mother bear will lead us a dance when she discovers her infant has been killed and trails its corpse here. . . . ." Chet Grandon was expressing his knowledge of the genus bear.

Suddenly these observations were interrupted by a shrill scream of terror and the crashing sound of breaking under-

"He reached for his rifle as his eyes swiftly took in the scene of a lithe young girl running for dear life pursued by a rumbling, growling bear."

brush coupled with a low snarling grumble. Steve leaped to his feet, his hands reaching automatically for his rifle as his eyes swiftly took in the scene of a lithe young girl running for dear life, pursued by a rumbling, growling bear. A thousand—fifteen hundred feet away and the deadly arm of the bear crashed with sickening force upon the rusty-haired girl's shoulder and with a sobbing moan she fell to a crumpled heap as Steve's rifle spat flame and fire.

For a bewildered moment the bear stood . . . . then turning slowly, it emitted a slow groaning sort of sigh and fell to the earth a hundred feet beyond the prostrate girl. Bob, Chet, and Lou rushed from the cabin in time to see Steve kneel beside the girl, then picking her up, stagger to the cabin, her ashen face a strange contrast against his black and red plaid wool jacket; her rust-colored hair a shimmering halo over his arm.

Tenderly he laid the still unconscious girl, who looked more like a slim boy in her khaki breeches and open pongee shirt, upon the cot by the fireplace in the living room. He turned haggard eyes to Bob who was ordering Fah to bring hot water and towels; ordering Chet to dig out his kit from his duffle bag and briskly brushing Steve aside as he tore open the pongee shirt and revealed a great red and purple welt on the creamy shoulder.

Efficiently, Bob dressed the wound, felt for broken bones and finding none, applied restoratives to the still unconscious girl. Dizzily she struggled to sit up and then lay back with a gasp, her hand touching the mutilated shoulder. Steve went down on his knees beside her and as Bob and Lou realized the intimacy of the gesture, they drew Chet with them and left the room.

Together, they went out to inspect the dead bear and Lou whistled appreciatively as he noted the point back of the bear's left eye where the bullet had entered and also took account of the manner in which the shot had traveled clear through the bear's brain and come out below the animal's right ear. It was a miraculous shot taken at fifteen hundred feet and nobody short of a wizard at shooting could have done it.

Lou walked back to the house and as the low murmur of voices still came from the living room, he went into the kitchen and looked reprovingly at Fah Wong.

"Fah . . . . how long has this been going on?" he asked sternly. And looking extremely guilty Fah tried to evade his master's eye and then stammered that he did not know . . . . mebbe three, four weeks . . . . mebbe more. "Led haired girl allee same dam fine . . . . dam smart. Like stories . . . . oh big books . . . . play violin to Mistuh Forbes . . . . she love him lots and he love her allee same . . . ." and shrugging wisely disarming shoulders Fah continued to pay strict attention to the sauce tartare he was creating. Baffled, Lou went outdoors and found Chet and Bob dragging the huge mother bear to the porch, excitedly arguing the while, as became professional men, especially men of the medical and legal professions. Lou grinned and cast a weather eye toward the living room and heard, still, the low tender murmur of voices.

Coughing exaggeratedly, Louis opened the living room door and saw a cloud of rust-gold hair against a stalwart shoulder and felt a silence more eloquent than shouting to assure him that the goose hung higher than The Spirit of St. Louis and he was further embarrassed by the dazed action of the estimable professor of sciences and ex-war hero. Surely this wasn't Steve . . . . good old Steve who wouldn't look at a woman for love or money . . . . whose life ambition was to escape the wiles of a man hunting feminine population . . . . who had hidden away in the wilds to lure back his old sang-froid and scientific prowess . . . . and get over the ravages of shell-shock, and now . . . . now he had fallen into a fate far worse, in the estimation of Lou, for love and matrimony are a far hail from the bachelor delights of a hunting camp. So Lou coughed and sighed lustily and opened the door noisily and Steve came to earth to announce that he had to take Miss Saunders home; it was not safe for her to walk with that mutilated shoulder. . . . .

So a strangely disturbed trio of mighty fishermen fretted and fumed about the house awaiting the return of their scientific member and when finally an hour had passed and Steve had not yet put in an appearance Fah called them to dinner exclaiming in shrill Oriental disgust that the dinner would be quite utterly unspeakable, etc.

"Well," grumbled Chet in his best courtroom manner; "Well . . . . maybe old Steve has conquered his nerves, but he's lost control of his freedom forever. . . . ."

"That," remarked Doctor Bob, "isn't the half of it. Nerves, now, only bother certain emotions; wimmin—" he paused to stuff a whole buttered muffin into his large mouth—"Wimmin just naturally torment a body, mind, body and soul forever and ever, amen!" by which one might divulge Bob was a married man . . . . past the bridegroom age!

"You give me tonsilitis and pains in other regions besides the neck," remarked Lou as he made a wild grab for the last morsel of omelet remaining on the platter: "And," he continued as Fah appeared with a platter heaped high with crisp browned trout, "And . . . . if anybody mentions anything like a feminine name until these fish are beyond danger of defiling I'll . . . . I'll shut up camp and go home!"

The next morning was the last day of vacation for Louis, Chet and Bob. They were to fish the branch back of Pitcher Mountain until three in the afternoon and then return for a last dinner and quiet evening at Walton's Willa.

Steve was outside slowly packing tobacco into a poisonous old briar. Fah returned from the spring house with milk and eggs and a smile wreathed his face beyond that found on angels and virgins: "You ketchum one dam fine bear, huh, Mister Forbes, huh? Allee samee Missee Led Hed ketchum dam fine man, too, huh? You be happy . . . . uh huh, Fah Wong hope vellee muchee," and bowing to the grave endangerment of the eggs and milk, Fah Wong departed kitchenwards.

Thoughtfully, Steve wandered over to inspect the bear he had shot and absently, he picked up the rifle and began automatically to clean it. Louis came out and jokingly asked him if he was joining them for a last fish and Steve remarked slowly:

"Sorry . . . . going to get a brace of birds for Ruth . . . . sorry. She will need some broth, you know, and birds. . . . ."

"Huh? You're going to shoot . . . . birds?" demanded Louis, refusing to believe his ears.

"Of course," replied Steve in a matter-of-fact tone. "Of course I'm going to shoot them . . . . did you think I was going to put salt on their tails? Or possibly hypnotize them into the kettle?" Amusement flickered for a brief instant in Steve's eyes and then he said gently: "I always was a crack shot, you know, Louis. . . . ."

And Louis stumbled away to collect his reeling senses. Steve—Steve who wanted nothing in all the world so much as to forget guns and shooting and warfare; Steve who cringed if anyone recalled a past that suggested warfare and shooting, calmly reminding him that he had always been a crack shot! Well, he for one, would jolly well believe in miracles hereafter . . . . especially miracles that included long nerve-soothing vacations at Walton's Willa and—rusty-haired girls.

With mingled disgust and joy Louis dragged on his hip boots and paid attention to lines, hooks and flies.

"Last day," grumbled Bob and Chet as they set forth gloomily, and perhaps their regret was slightly tinged with envy . . . . envy of Steve and his rusty-haired lady . . . . and the marvelous bear skin trophy with a single bullet hole!

Coming in September

Article by
STRUTHERS BURT

Memories of a Quail Hunter

By
OZARK RIPLEY

OZARK RIPLEY has a thorough and practical knowledge of the quail, its habits, its needs and its dangers. For many years he has studied them, hunted them, delighted in them and mourned their decrease. This series of articles will be of value and interest to all those who, like Ozark Ripley, love the quail for the great little American game bird he is. EDITOR.

ACT ONE; up goes the curtain on my first play, myself, for the time being, playing the leading part. The scene, a little potato patch on a hill farm. The questionable hero, a small boy carrying an over-large muzzle loading shotgun and peering down between the rows where the spuds had progressed pretty vigorously in growth. A cock and a hen quail dusting indolently between the flanking dark green vegetation. Register surprise, eagerness and alertness on the part of the young scattergun toter. Down on his knees suddenly in aiming position, the deafening roar and consequent clouding of black powder. Two quail fluttering between potato runs, almost instantly seized with the cold rigors of death.

Second act. The old homestead with the doting father and trimmings. The return of the proud hunter. Failure of fond parent, as he observed the two quail, to express gratification at the achievement. Registers anger. Takes gun and quails from the hunter and indulges in grieved expression and vehement oratory. Withdraws hickory ramrod from gun, forces boy's trousers to drop. Let the curtain fall gently on the balance of the act!

This introduction, painful as it was, exerted a strange influence over me, especially because it made me appreciate game birds, as well as at the same time immediately come to understand that quails killed during the mating season were unable to reproduce their kind. It is a pity that at present the vogue for hickory ramrods has passed into oblivion. If sometimes the Divine Hand exercised His privilege of mastery by transmitting a command for its thorough application to everyone who transgressed a sane conservation measure, in the future fewer violations would be reported and the practical side of game increase would obtain a remarkable impetus.

A number of years of quail hunting activities elapsed before I began to realize that every once in a while Nature imposes great hardships on her undomesticated creatures. Of many of her enemies, even as a boy, I had knowledge, but the devastating havoc of winter remained unknown to me until one, unusually violent, fell on us in a country where its visitations are ordinarily of a mild character. That quails ever suffered from cold and ultimate starvation was certainly extraneous to my experience until then. That cold spell was of longer duration and greater severity than any of the old timers had ever seen. It came during the latter part of January and lasted two weeks. At that time where I resided quails were very abundant. Old style farming was pursued. If the land showed signs of having had its fertility depleted the farmer merely cleared new acreage, gave it the attention of the plow, while the old land was left to grow into a rioting cover of sedge, lespedeza, ragweed and all-protecting, as well as ubiquitous dewberry and green briar vines that would painfully deflect the attacks of the most daring and vicious hawks. To give the man who hunts or saunters over modern farms where no vestige of growth that would help support the life of a quail exists, an idea of the abundance of quail in those days, it is pardonable to cite that often I saw the native children hunting the eggs of the Bob White and returning with their baskets completely filled. Nevertheless, despite the persistent egg hunting, the plenitude of winged and fur pirates, and the incessant shooting, no evidence of a diminishing supply of birds was discovered until present-day farming methods became the vogue.

But to return to that unexpected cold spell. First came a deep snow, then followed on its heels a heavy sleet, that in turn was covered with snow. Then, Nature not having even then spent her icy anger on the surroundings, the last snow was covered with sleet, after which, for many days, the thermometer hovered very close to the zero mark. I had been confined indoors too long for my comfort and inclinations as a nimrod. I decided to hunt a few quail with an aged pointer which was a good retriever and still retained a good bit of its big going qualities.

I noted during my gruellingly difficult walking in the fields that there were no birds about in their customary haunts. The underfooting was everywhere hard, with a thick coating of ice. All weeds, all brush, everything, in fact, was covered in the same way and yet, for many moments, I did not understand what effect such conditions would have on bird life. Here and there I observed dead sparrows and a few wintering feathered creatures. After a time a dead rabbit, frozen stiff, confronted me. But that starvation held sway over the country still did not enter my mind. Presently, however, with the accumulated evidence before me, I understood.

The old dog, on account of the slippery going, swung close to a wooded area and began drawing near a clump of sumacs bordering an old road. Usually he smashed right into point, but this time he was drawing gingerly and stopping like a plug dog, apparently none too confident. The instant I came close to him I saw the cause of his uncertain deportment. A bevy of quail rose, flew ten or fifteen feet and dropped flutteringly on the frozen snow. Again Duke drew, started to point, but immediately seemed deserted by his usual aplomb and broke to wing as he saw the quail drop one by one with a lethargic fluttering a rod or so in advance. Whereupon, he immediately brought one to me in his mouth. Somehow instinctively no thought of firing had entered my mind. The obvious weakness and helplessness of the birds withheld me. I could not have pulled a trigger had I wished, so strange a compulsion for the time being had precedence.

When I took the first bird from the toothless mouth of my old short-haired companion of many hunts, a sense of dismay penetrated my entire being. The quail was so light that its actual weight was unappreciable, conveying the impression that I had in my hands only a parcel of animated feathers somehow arranged by the Divine One in the semblance of one of my favorite game birds. Suddenly all desire to hunt vanished and I felt a great welling of pity, a real, tangible sense of what the wild creatures were suffering from the fangs of hunger which man could partly alleviate if only his sportsmanship urged him in the right direction.

I realized the whole stark and tragic story. The wintry environment unfolded a tale of hunger and suffering, and sad evidence of man's dearth of devotion to the wild creatures that provided him his favorite sport.

The snow covering the fields and the food, too! The wanderings of the quail in search of feed and the impossibility of obtaining it in the icy armor of sleet. Further wanderings of the birds in a weakened state, and nothing to supply them with the needed warmth! Then the huddling still closer together at nights to produce animal heat for their support, then finally, the last sleep which the rigors of winter launched upon the unaided wild creatures!

Though ignorant before of such possibilities, nothing

could have so enlightened me as the throbbing, almost weightless bird in my hand, and the unrewarded pressure of my thumb on its long unfilled little craw. I was actually enraged at myself, and I futilely cursed the elements which had so deliberately refused mercy to my favorite game bird.

Then I was galvanized into action. The old dog and I sped to gather up weak and helpless birds. These I placed in my spacious hunting coat and bore home to an old barn where food and water were to be obtained. With the help of a neighboring farm hand, in two days I had caught eighteen bevies, allotting 24 birds to a bevy, in all 443 starving quail. The barn in which I placed them fortunately was well filled with unthreshed cowpea hay. So I needed to accord no further attention to food, though ofttimes I was an interested spectator, peering through the cracks in the barn and observing with unstinted pleasure the way the sagacious little brown birds scratched in the hay and vigorously attacked the pods for the precious peas.

A few days later the news of the winter's wrath spread all around the county and the adjacent towns. Numbers of boys appeared in the villages with sacks full of quail which they offered for sale. They had found them in their roosting places frozen to death after failing to find sufficient food to supply them with warmth to withstand the cold. County after county witnessed all this, and later from many states the same havoc from weather conditions was reported.

I kept my birds confined about three days. Then I left the barn doors wide open so that they could come or go at will. But I maintained a sedulous guard over them against the approach of dogs or cats, or anything that would disturb their new found serenity and refuge. Ten days later winter had passed away. The cardinal grosbeaks and larks sang with all their liquid tunefulness. Migratory birds appeared and soon spring was upon us and nothing of winter remained except the memory of its destructiveness.

As my birds began to exhibit an inclination to wander away I trapped many of them, and liberated them in pairs soon after as widely separated as was feasible. The following fall I was greeted with a splendid supply of quail, though most everywhere else sportsmen complained of their scarcity. That winter, right now, is as fresh in my memory as ever. And, as fresh, too, is the irrefutable fact that the same sort of weather every so often kills more quail than the aggregate shooting of all the quail hunters, particularly where intensive farming is pursued.

In this initiate article on the great game bird, the quail, I feel sure I would be a slacker to the deference, which is the just tribute to reminiscence, if I fail to include a personal recital of an incident which was a great factor in causing me to study the quail meticulously, and also had the effect of making me realize that the little care I had given them during a certain winter was not to be maintained as a reason for unnecessary slaughter. In other words, the real meaning of conservation up to this period was a stranger to me and I measured everything in sportdom by what pleased me and not by what were the vital exigencies having vast influence on the supply or the scarcity of game.

I will not even excuse my actions with the plea of thoughtlessness, but rather condemn them because the motives behind them were vanity, selfishness and disregard for the feelings of others. When you pile up the thing of your own predilection against the will and sanely conceived opinions of others something out of the ordinary has to occur to alter a fancied state of exaltedness. And, strangely, this occurred in a way that I least expected, granting that I wanted such a condition to invade my realm of self-centered egotism.

Hardly a hunter in America but has precious memories of days afield hunting quail over a good dog.

Came the time when real constructive game laws appeared on the statute books of my state. Isolated as I was, from their official dispensation at first they had no effect on me. No wardens were appointed in my district and all the enforcement was left to the putative activities of the sheriff who would no more have arrested an offender than he would have dared disclaim the votes offered to elect him in the next campaign. So, momentarily, I felt no concern; a little later I began to study the game laws pertinently, the reason for their being enacted and their possible, ultimate effects. Queerly, I arrived at the conclusion that they were mighty good things for the other fellow to observe but, as for myself, I would serenely follow in my old ways, hunting when I wished and killing as many birds as I cared for. To my credit, I never molested quail in the breeding or nesting periods, and seldom hunted them until a month after the open season arrived, because in our parts so many of the bevies were not fully matured and too many of the birds were still supplied with an abundance of pin feathers. At that, I lost no shooting time. I extended the season a month longer, sometimes more than the law permitted, and I diligently ignored what I considered such unnecessary things as the bag limit.

When I look back at this state of my sportsmanship I have to laugh at my conceits, my egregious egotistical deportment. If any sense of wrongdoing asserted itself I quickly salved my conscience by say-

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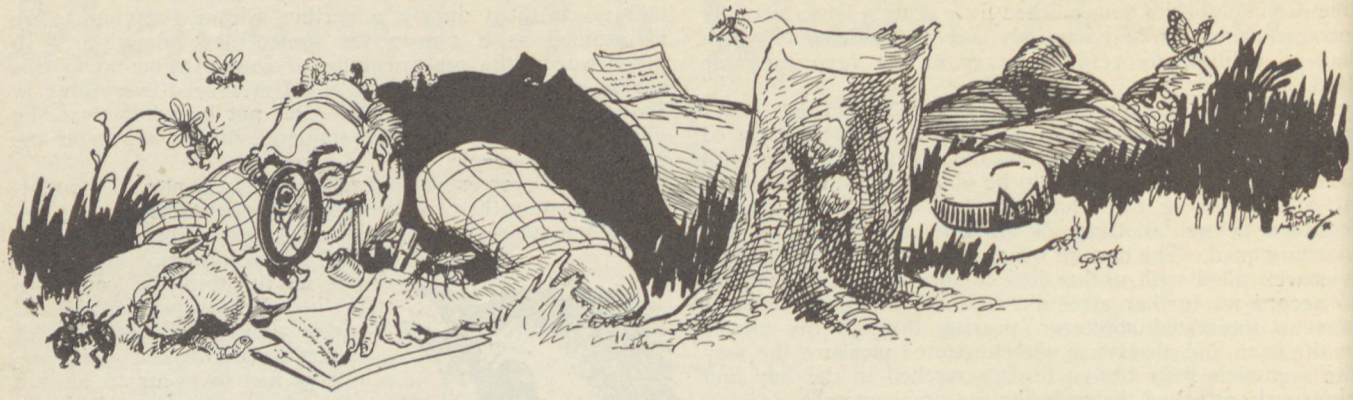


The Super-Lure and the Big Fish

Ramblings of an old amateur fisherman

By

A. B. CHAMPLAIN

(Entomologist by profession, Fisherman by inclination)

Drawings by Ferd Himme

NO matter who it was that first insidiously propagated the idea that live bait fishing was unsportsmanlike or unethical or something—the reaction has at last reached me. I am now ashamed to admit that I ever presumed to hunt night crawlers or impale a hellgrammite. I don't mind confessing that respectable laziness is partially responsible for my change of heart—and have a sneaking idea that the instigator of the artificial lure fad was in the same boat. When I realize that I can carry so compactly and with so little trouble all of the paraphernalia needed; artificial flies and "what not," I am just the one to fall for it. No bait boxes, cans, dip-nets, or other useless encumbrances!

The astonishing thing about it all to me, however, is that any intelligent fish would be fooled by the imitation "bugs" that are presented to it as resemblances of insect life—especially fish that have been instinctive entomologists for ages, and connoisseurs, consumers and epicures in their taste for these creepy, crawly, fluttering morsels. I have another private conviction about fish in general that may be entirely wrong. I think that they are stupid, ignorant and grasping, in spite of the peppy, alert front that they pretend to present. Or perhaps they are resentful and have a mean disposition, taking a crack at any small foreign object that falls into their domain, which they feel big enough to "lick," even if they don't want to eat it.

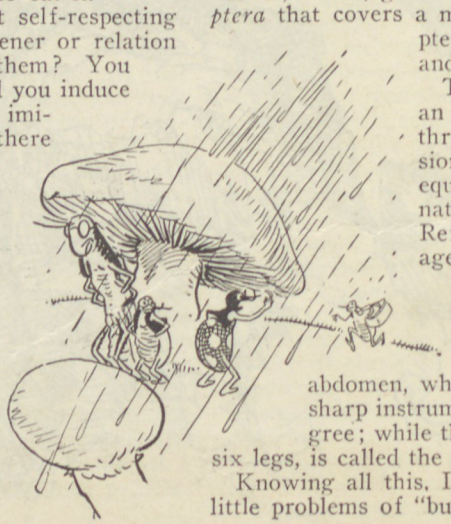
Ignoring for a time the poor fish, what self-respecting insect, may I ask, would accept as a congener or relation any of the so-called flies tied to resemble them? You might fool a fish, but not on your life could you induce any "bug" to fall for these adulterations or imitations. Now if this is the case, where is there any ethical difference between live and artificial bait? Why not try to make an artificial lure look enough like a fly to fool an insect; and the echoes answer—because most fishermen don't know what an insect really looks like any more than a fish does. So there you are.

When is an insect an insect? As question number one in an intelligence test this is a humdinger. It is just as bad or worse than question number two: When is an insect not a bug? Many honest persons candidly state that they do not know. Well, I do! In fact, although only an ordinary fisherman and without any superstitious training or college misinformation, I feel that I know as many scientific names and as much technical gossip about "bugs," and am able to tell you about them just as incomprehensibly, as if I were scientifically inclined and had a big B. S. after my name (whatever that means). It took a long breath to say all that, but this weighty matter, considered by many to be an open secret, should be of interest to modern or fundamental fishermen.

It was a very puzzling problem to a celebrated after-dinner fisherman and speaker, who asked me to straighten him out on the matter. He knew the lair of the proverbial "big fish"—that nobody could catch with live or artificial lures—that hung in the deep, dark waters, under the overhanging cliffs of Sherman's Creek.

He always insisted that all insects were bugs and even didn't know when an insect was an insect. So while putting a "bug in his ear," so that he would know the true story in the hereafter and could make a real try for the "big fish," all of you fishermen can tune in and get the straight dope. Then you can take your choice—go back to bait fishing or make your flies look real enough to fool other "bugs."

All insects are not bugs—any dictionary will tell you that—but don't depend on dictionaries for all your information; look for yourself like I do. In addition to bugs, there are beetles, moths, grasshoppers and a lot of other something-*ptera* that covers a multitude of insects and sins. Hemiptera are bugs; Lepidoptera are moths and butterflies; and Diptera are flies.



To begin with, a topographical map of an insect shows that it is divided into three distinct parts. Sometimes the divisions are more or less imaginary like the equator, or indistinct like an editor's signature, and sometimes they are evident. Referring to a mature insect of voting age, with all faculties intact, we find: the front region called the head, adorned with feelers and supplied with two kinds, and a great number of eyes; the tail region that is nicknamed the abdomen, which in some cases is provided with a sharp instrument that may be impressive in any degree; while the middle area, bearing the wings and six legs, is called the thorax. Now isn't this simple?

Knowing all this, I then looked inside of some of these little problems of "bugdom," to see what made the wheels

go round. I found a-plenty. It was their clever Waterbury movement and the jumping tricks that decided me on how to proceed. I resolved to go into the far places and commune in person with these six-legged denizens of the insect world and compile the dope for my friend who wanted to catch the "big fish" of Sherman's Creek. I located a likely territory so far out that it was miles away from itself, and tried to feel and act like an entomologist with a big problem to solve. In addition I felt the germs of spring fever and the call of the wild for the place was ideal.

Remember the big woods out back of "Round Top" where the white polished chestnut skeletons, or their snag-like remains, dot the distant hills like an enormous cemetery; where the old oaks and a hickory or two, missed by the less discriminating woodsmen, stand out and give a primeval touch to the landscape—and the stingy brook that hunts the changing levels, to haunt the bottomlands before it helps to feed the creek? It ripples and gurgles through the ferns and moss covered rocks, sometimes lost or hidden by skunk cabbage or old leaf-drift. You know the place I mean—where the gray squirrels were thick in the old days; where the fox tracks were found in the snow, the rabbit fur and the crimson stain, all fitting in with a thrilling tragedy that was an easy problem for our imagination. Where you missed your first turkey and shot your first grouse—the place where the bear came over the mountain. That's the place—where you step charily in the narrow, summer sun-lit trail because copperheads are thick and hate to move. Where you had the thrill when the buck and does crashed away from right under your nose—where it smells like the unbottled "essence of ozone" and "attar of woodlands"—where the refreshing draught from the almost hidden spring reminds you of the story of the fountain of youth—that's the place I mean.

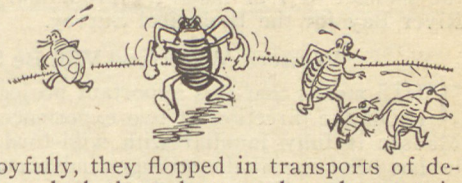
Here I studied bugs and other insects, and although you may think it unrefined and personal, I noted their hops, their crawls and their wriggles. Sized up the monoplane and biplane varieties, investigated the fat ones to the last calory and discarded the skinny ones; and with it all looked into their most intimate peculiarities, their pastimes and etiquette. It took a lot of patience and endurance but in this way I discovered the very best that pertained to each in their qualifications for good fish bait. Then I made up my mind to apply these selected characteristics with a few imaginative additions to the scientific matter of fooling not only the fish, but the insects themselves. In other words, to originate an insect lure that would solve the problem of the wise old "big fish" of Sherman's Creek. I would manufacture and tie a super-lure whose purpose it would be to act and look more real than any insect now extant.

Well, I went into retirement and all of my time was devoted to the sport of preparing the artificial insect lure that would fool anything. I must admit that if anyone had informed me that it was work, I might have been saved a lot of energy, and desisted; but I emerged filled with triumph and in my wallet reposed the results of deep study and prolonged thought, the masterpiece of a creative imagination. You would think that the "bug" stork had flown wild or that nature had made a mistake, for what it was I could not say. Something like an orthopteron in regard to hops and jumps, but with coleopterous features and dipterous tendencies, it had the qualifications of an aquatic hemipteron, to boot. Best of all and thanks to an old "Ingersoll" and the alarm clock, it would wriggle, crawl, squirm and fly—it would even squeak, if it wasn't oiled. Glittering with all the colors of the rainbow, a replica in miniature of Jacob's coat, it also had a "doo-dad" on its head that was not quite centered, but it looked well and answered for the feelers. It was the very last word in eight-cylinder "bug" models, and, although having no sex-appeal, it had a way about it—so I called it "It."

Tenderly and carefully we (for my friend had joined me at this psychological moment) conveyed our prize to the lovely shores of Sherman's Creek. With the special rod all rigged and set, I removed "It" from the case and hitched it to the line. Then I let It loose. Did It perform? Well, I guess It did! First It played around on the grassy shore, beneath the beautiful overhanging trees. We watched its antics. Other curious eyes were watching, too. Soon the astounding phenomenon of its unique position in the world became manifest. Insect heads peered over ledge and knoll and hillock! Curious questioning faces, filled with wonder, puzzled, yet interested. Flutterers of the air hovered—stopped, looked, listened and soon we were surrounded by crawling, creeping, flying hordes of observing denizens of the insect world. This freak of mine had done its stuff on land. Now for the grand throw!

"It" took off in a graceful swoop—It circled, detoured and looped the loop, while after It sailed the insect mob. With complete control I caused the "lure" to volplane toward the creek and then with a tailspin and a nose dive it gracefully plunged into the water; right into Sherman's Creek where the towering cliffs cast their shadows over the deep pool in which the "big fish" held sway.

Strange to relate, all of the other bugs, beetles, flies and "what not," accepting the challenge, did likewise. In a second the placid waters were in a whirl. Up came fish—fish by the dozens, hundreds, thou— at any rate, a lot of them, splashing joyfully, they flopped in transports of delight. Never before had there been such a banquet in Sherman's Creek.



My super-lure, after hitting the water in its own graceful and delightfully scientific manner, that was equal to the cast of the most experienced angler, stood out for a fraction of a moment in bold relief among the churning throngs.

While up from the depths came the "big fish"!

I hesitate to state its size and bulk and breadth, but believe me or believe me not, never before had there been such a fish as this seen in Sherman's Creek.

As it struck, I struck, and the reel sang—the waters boiled and then—alas; I am mortified to say, folks, that in my eager hopes for the success of my lure in relation to insects—I had forgotten to include a hook in "Its" anatomy.

What's Happening i

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Madsen Directs Bear River Project

HON. DAVID H. MADSEN, for years the State Fish and Game Commissioner of Utah, and one of the outstanding conservation officials in America, severed his official connection with the State of Utah on July 1 and accepted the position of Superintendent of the new Bear River Bay Migratory Bird Refuge now being created by the Biological Survey under the provisions of the recently signed King-Colton Bill, one of the big national projects of the Izaak Walton League in the recent session of Congress.

The construction work necessary for the reflooding of the Bear River marshes will be performed under the direction of L. M. Winsor, Bureau of Public Roads engineer stationed at Logan, Utah, who has been engaged for a number of years on irrigation projects in the West and is well fitted for the work. Mr. Winsor during the summer of 1927 made the preliminary surveys at Bear River Bay for the Biological Survey.

Western Waterfowl Will Be Saved

THIS means that this important project will go forward under the direction of two experienced Utah men. Mr. Madsen is fully familiar with wild-fowl conditions there; he has been one of the strongest advocates for the reflooding of the Bear River marshes and the creation of a refuge there as a means of preventing the appalling annual mortality of birds in that region. The officials of the Walton League are highly pleased with his appointment and the dispatch with which the work is being taken up.

The building of dikes and other improvements to store fresh water now flowing into Salt Lake will not only eliminate the death areas which killed millions of birds in the past, but will afford a feeding and breeding ground for great numbers of the birds. Instead of a death trap, the area will become a supply point for western North America.

Superior Lands Withdrawn

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE and the Quetico Superior Council are jointly pushing the Shipstead-Newton bill now pending in Congress to protect the unique Superior National Forest region in northern Minnesota.

When it became apparent that time would not permit full consideration of this measure in both the Senate and House before adjournment this spring, the sponsors made an appeal to President Coolidge to withdraw the remaining 20,000 acres of public lands in that region pending disposition of this legislation. The President took the necessary action, and professional claim filers will now be unable to gobble up choice islands in that region belonging to the public domain.

Horseshoe Lake and Ouachita River Rescued

TWO great conservation victories, glowing examples of organized teamwork, have just been announced in Arkansas. About a year ago the Forrest City Waltonians called upon National Headquarters for help to stop drainage promoters from destroying Horseshoe Lake, a body of water ten miles long and almost a mile wide, one of the most important recreational areas in Arkansas. Judge Dickinson, then National President, at once made an appeal for immediate action to Attorney General Applegate, to the Game and Fish Commission, and to all the Arkansas chapters. Suit was brought and upon agreement not to drain the lake the case was dismissed. However, this spring the ogre of greed again raised its ugly head.

The people of Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee have for years enjoyed a mutual understanding of inestimable value. This tri-state cooperative spirit has been much intensified by the Walton League movement, and when this fight came to a head they cooperated in splendid fashion.

Attorneys Volunteer Services

JUDGE CHARLES FRIERSON of Jonesboro, Arkansas, an active official of the Arkansas Walton League Division, and one of that state's most able attorneys, was in charge of the case. When the crisis came the Memphis Waltonians, under the leadership of President Dan Wolf, went to the aid of their neighbors. Two of Memphis' best attorneys, Lovick P. Miles and Henry Livingston, both enthusiastic Waltonians, volunteered their services.

The outcome was obvious! On May 18 the court issued an order commanding the greedy landowners to dam the ditch within a week, and Horseshoe Lake, the mecca for thousands of people every year and *one of the finest bass fishing and waterfowl lakes in the country has been saved.*

Public Health Menace Removed

The second victory was won by the Arkansas Waltonians and Chambers of Commerce cooperating. Again volunteer legal aid came to the rescue. The Ouachita River was being badly polluted by one of the mills of the International Paper Company at Camden, destroying fish life and seriously endangering public health. At the conclusion of the case, which attracted statewide attention, the court issued a restraining order. Representatives of the company, in an effort to cooperate, announced that while the case was pending plans had been completed to establish a twenty acre sump until a $75,000 filter plant, which will remedy the condition permanently, can be completed. *The beautiful Ouachita River has been snatched from becoming an open sewer and public health menace.*

Two great victories! The rights of the public have again been protected through statewide and interstate organized Walton League effort. No single local group could have done it. The only sure way to stop the destruction of our outdoor heritage is to organize and mold public sentiment so strong *that the rights of the public will be respected at all times.*

in Conservation

Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nation-wide. Read his answers to queries concerning conservation problems on page 36

—Editor

Leopold Makes Game Survey

ON July 1, Aldo Leopold of Madison, Wisconsin, for a number of years an outstanding attache on the staff of the United States Forest Service, was engaged by the Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute to make the first American game resources survey. Mr. Leopold has studied game matters for many years, is well known as a writer on conservation subjects, and is one of the best equipped men in America to make such a survey.

"The purpose of the survey," says the Institute in its announcement, "is to collect the experience and ideas of sportsmen and other conservation agencies as to the best ways and means for inducing the sustained production of game crops. It will constitute a search for dependable basic facts. By assembling the facts and making them available to the sportsmen, the sponsors of the survey hope to stimulate the formulation of an effective program of game restoration."

Sponsors Recognize Common Ground

The survey is premised upon the idea that the sportsman, the landowner, the manufacturer of sporting equipment and the public all have a share in the maintenance of a permanent game supply, and that this combined interest can be made the basis for effective joint action when all the underlying facts are correlated and made available. The sponsors hope for the cooperation of all interested in game as a potential by-product of forestry, farming and grazing operations.

The expressed purpose of the survey is most commendable, and Mr. Leopold's past experience will be invaluable in mapping a course over an uncharted route. He is a graduate of the Yale Forest School and has acquired a wide experience in conservation research. Since 1924 he has been Associate Director of the research work of the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison.

Fisheries Program Delayed

The five-year construction and development program for the Federal Bureau of Fisheries, affecting thirty-three states, sponsored by Congressman White (H. R. 13383) and passed during the final days of the session was given a "pocket veto" by President Coolidge.

This is most unfortunate, but is no reflection upon the merits of the plan. The bill was introduced so late in the session that it was impossible to obtain the Budget Director's approval or have proper appropriations made to cover the needs for the first year.

The bill will be reconsidered next December, when it should pass promptly and finances necessary for the first year should be supplied through a deficiency appropriation.

Ontario Sets Example

UPON the recommendation of the Department of Game and Fisheries for Ontario, the Canadian Government on May 7, 1928, amended the Special Fishery Regulations in that Province. Anglers are permitted to take minnows *for their personal use* by means of dip-nets having a diameter of not more than twenty-seven inches, and no one may fish for, catch or kill *any* small-mouthed or large-mouthed black bass from the first day of October to the thirtieth day of June next following, both days inclusive, except in the St. Lawrence River and the Ottawa River where the season opens on June 16th.

The limit in one day is six large-mouthed or small-mouthed black bass, and no one may take away or have in possession more than two days' legal catch. The muscallunge season is the same as the season for bass, the limit is two per day, with two days' catch in possession. The limit on pickerel is eight per day.

It wouldn't be a bad idea for a number of states to compare their seasons and limits with these. Many of them wouldn't look so good. In this as well as other conservation matters our Canadian brothers are setting a mighty good example for us in the States.

Potomac Falls Safe

THE Great Falls of the Potomac have been saved for the present. Public Resolution 67, signed by President Coolidge, restrains the Federal Power Commission from issuing a permit to flood these beautiful Falls, situated only twelve miles from the dome of our National Capitol.

Power interests which would gladly turn the only scenic asset of its kind in that region into dollars and cents for the benefit of a large power monopoly, last year made application for such a permit. Washington was never intended to be an industrial city. The dollar mark has no place on any of our national shrines!

Should Be Park System Unit

The Izaak Walton League at once joined hands with the National Capitol Park and Planning Commission in protesting most vigorously against the issuance of the coveted permit, the League taking the position that the great Falls of the Potomac and their environs should become a part of the park system of our National Capitol, and should be saved for the edification and enjoyment of all the people forever.

Pending Bill Very Important

Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and Congressman F. N. Zihlman, of Maryland, introduced in the Seventieth Congress companion bills to appropriate $4,000,000 for the preservation of the Great Falls and their environs as part of the Capitol's park system. These bills (Senate 1280 and H. R. 5760) failed to receive favorable action in the Seventieth Session of Congress and had to be deferred until next December, when it is hoped favorable action on the plan will be taken without delay.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Feathered Friends at Limberlost Cabin

By
LORENE MILLER WALLACE

THIS intimate glimpse of Gene Stratton-Porter will charm the countless lovers of her incomparable outdoor books. For seven years Mrs. Wallace was Mrs. Porter's secretary, and for many years they spent annual vacations together at the famous Limberlost Cabin. Efforts are now being made by the Izaak Walton League to reclaim Limberlost Swamp as a lake.

EDITOR

BEFORE the first spadeful of earth was upturned for the foundation of Limberlost Cabin which Gene Stratton-Porter had planned to build upon the shore of Sylvan Lake in the northern part of Indiana, she assembled the various workmen and told them her plans and purposes for building this workshop, as she liked to call her new home, asking them to proceed as silently as was consistent with good construction. Since she hoped to establish an unprecedented friendship with all the feathered folk in Wildflower Woods surrounding the Cabin, she also requested the men not to use firearms in the woods; and she told them if they would be so kind as to scatter crumbs from their lunches, she felt sure that before the cold fall winds began to blow, the good word of abundant food would have been passed around among all the birds.

By the time the cedar logs of the Cabin began to assume a house-like appearance, the cool, crisp winds of fall were sweeping seed pods from the bushes, and the clouds daily threatened to cover the weed seeds with snow and make food scarcer. The large number of birds now circling the building activities attested that the good word had indeed been passed around. The workmen eagerly helping Mrs. Porter in making friendly overtures to the birds were still scattering crumbs from their noon lunches around the blazing campfire which they had built back of the Cabin; and now they were feeding snowbirds, winter wrens, nuthatches, downy woodpeckers, titmice and cardinals.

Suspicious of the big, blazing fire with its crumb-scattered border they at first gathered in the surrounding tree tops; and, from the incessant chatter and constant reconnoitering one knew that a council was being held to discuss the advisability of accepting the proffered feast. Gradually the more intrepid ones flew down, hastily snatching the crumbs and returning to the high-up branches. Soon, forgetting fear, the birds came in flocks, filling the air with the whir of wings and chirps of delight.

"Them birds will cause you a sight of trouble when you git settled here," said one of the men new at work that day, to Mrs. Porter as we sat one afternoon in the blazing warmth of the campfire trying to count their number. "If they git too much for you, I've a cat at home that can soon clean them out," he added, Irish generosity lighting up his smoke-smudged face.

At Mrs. Porter's hearty laugh and explanations that followed, he only gazed at her with speechless incredulity and shaking his head, resumed work. But, from the voluble conversation that reached our ears as we were leaving we knew that Pat had personal opinions upon the advisability of feeding these birds.

Limberlost Cabin was completed on the first of February, and on the fourteenth Mrs. Porter moved into her new home. Then followed days of the most interesting pleasure in setting the Cabin in order and establishing a living routine. Mrs. Porter's publishers were waiting for the manuscript of the book she had promised for that year's publication; and there was to be a new English edition of several of her novels in the spring, so arduous days of book work awaited her. She was a most excellent household "engineer," always taking the keenest delight in the arrangement of her treasure-filled Cabin. But before the Coalport china or even her precious first editions were given their abiding places, she took time to fill for the birds, suet baskets which she hung on the trees just outside the conservatory door. Here she had built an open cement porch where the conservatory windows opened with very broad sills, on which she daily scattered grain. Coming in one morning from hanging these suet baskets, she discovered she had prepared an extra basket, which she decided to hang on a tree outside the library window, in front of her desk, where she spent her busiest hours on book work. Several weeks later, after daily interruptions from the commotion of spirited fights among the birds at this basket, she one day threw up her hands in despair. "If the manuscript of 'Michael O'Halloran' is to be written this spring," she said laughingly, "I shall have to hang that basket elsewhere;" so the basket was that day hung on the edge of a log outside the conservatory door, and out of sight from her library window.

Always on our daily walks through Wildflower Woods, when the earth was snow covered, she carried a bag of grain, which she scattered; while I, with notebook and pencil, recorded the number and kind of birds to be seen.

When Spring came, bringing back the migrant birds to Wildflower Woods, robins, bluebirds, scarlet tanagers, vireos, orioles and the yellow and green warblers were

Screened-in Porch at Limberlost Cabin.

Road through Wildflower Woods leading past the wood thrush's home.

Mrs. Porter's favorite resting place in Wildflower Woods.

added to the flock of friendly birds that greeted us there.

A spacious screened-in sleeping porch crossed the second story front of Limberlost Cabin. Since the Cabin was built upon an upward slope of ground, the front foundations arose to four or five feet in height, throwing this upper porch among the closely surrounding tree tops and making it a choice vantage point from which Mrs. Porter could study and enjoy the bird life in Wildflower Woods.

On bright, warm days we often took our book work out on this secluded porch and added the click of our typewriters to the sound of the whir of wings and the trill of song; and often a note of such arresting sweetness would reach us, that we stopped work to enjoy more fully the beauty and charm of our leafy retreat. Once when a pair of orioles were busy at the building of their pendant nest in a tall oak whose branches swept the screening, Mrs. Porter laid aside the galley proof of "Michael O'Halloran" on which we had been engrossed, while she watched these busy orioles and made notes for some future work on bird lore. This pair of orioles became such an intimate, absorbing part of our work that progress on galley proof was daily retarded. When the baby orioles arrived, their family life became increasingly interesting to us. Now, not only our morning hours were divided with them, but far into the night we listened to the low, sleepy cheeps and chirps. Work on proof was not resumed with any regularity until these chattering babies had left their nest.

When the weather permitted, we slept on either end of this screened-in porch and often in the hush and quiet of Wildflower Woods, Mrs. Porter would call to me to listen to some strange sound of night life. At times it would be only little, whispered murmurings of some small birds or the soft sweeping flight of an owl; sounds not always distinguishable to me. Mrs. Porter's hearing was acutely attuned to the rhythms flowing through nature. In her years of field work with the birds, she had learned to know the first little questioning inflection that always permeates a bird note when it is in danger, and she was equally as expert in interpreting the joyousness of its song. She deeply regretted she had not time for detailed study of bird music.

Often in the night we would be startled with the terrifying "wauck! wauck! wauck!" of a pair of horned owls that homed in a large maple in the forest adjoining Wildflower Woods. They would crash into the thickets of pawpaw and spice bushes near the lake shore, where the small birds were nesting; and sometimes they would fly to the ridgepole of the Cabin carrying some small animal screaming in terror.

Limberlost Cabin with the surrounding Wildflower Woods has been called a bird sanctuary and truly so; for during no month of the year were we without our feathered friends.

A few times we watched in vain for them to come back; but I can recall no year that we did not find goldfinches nesting in the bushes around the edge of Wildflower Woods. Late in the summer they would fly to feast in the vegetable garden, where Mr. Porter had planted long rows of Burbank sunflowers. Around the bouquets of yellow butterfly flower and bergamot which often hung in the reed wall baskets on the front Cabin porch, we would see the ruby-throated humming birds hovering. We listened early in the spring for the plaintive tribal call of the first killdeer over the pasture back of the Cabin. These harbingers of Spring homed with us for eight months of the year. In the spice thickets surrounding a pool back of the ice-house, a wood thrush added its liquid notes to the joy of our daily walks on the road which led through Wildflower Woods to the highway. Because of the exquisite, clear notes of its song, Mrs. Porter always called it the "bell bird." Among the tangle of wildgrape vines that clung to the tree tops down by the spring, we would eagerly watch for the painted warblers, which came to us in May; and, under the thickets surrounding this same spring, we always looked for the chewink who considered this leaf-covered spot an especially good feeding place. Without fail the Phoebe birds returned each year, building their nests under the dock, under the boathouse, and on the logs of the Cabin. One valiant little Phoebe nested over the front door of Limberlost Cabin; and it was not until the baby birds had abandoned their lintel home that Mrs. Porter allowed a front entrance to the Cabin.

Along the winding shores of Sylvan Lake bordering Wildflower Woods homed many water birds, kingfishers, coots, grebes, herons and bittern. And, once, as an especial favor to the Beloved Birdwoman, who kept such a faithful and intimate watch over the creatures of field, forest and stream, a straying migrant loon made its home not far from the boathouse landing of Limberlost Cabin.

Bearing on Bears

By

GEORGE LUIS MENNET

I HAVE read a number of articles here of late on bears, both pro and con, and ain't said a word, but I now arise to state my own private opinion which—excusing my conceit—I know to be correct.

Our little black and brown bears of the west I firmly believe to be the most unjustly represented form of wild life that we have. It seems to be the delight of the average sportsman to kill all of these harmless creatures that he possibly can, then kid himself into believing that he has done something. Well, he sure has, though nothing to be proud of. I would just as soon shoot a spotted fawn as a cub bear; one trick is equally as scurvy as the other, an' that's plenty scurvy.

Our present game laws say, or rather do not say, one word against this outrageous cold-blooded slaughter. There seems to be an old myth, deriving from God knows where, that all bears are ferocious man eaters and all around outlaws. Now of the larger members of the bear family I know little or nothing, but when I hear someone telling a story pertaining to the viciousness of these little blacks and browns I know it to be in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred pure and undiluted "BULL." But the devil of it is the majority of our sportsmen are ready to believe it. Blame them; of course not. Some one knowing little or nothing of these wild comedians tells some one else that they are dangerous. The second, often less sure of his subject than the first, passes the impression on without thought of harm. So the story runs seemingly uncensored by those few who do know. But that's not helping the bears, this ignorant agitation. I'm not one of these here there-otta-be-a-law guys, but I do think it high time something was done in behalf of these unprotected animals.

> "I SAY that bear are just as desirable a game animal as deer and entitled to the game protection. I propose a thirty days open season, preferably in the fall, or perhaps fifteen days in the fall and fifteen in the spring, or even a thirty days open season at each of these times, but mind you, I mean *hunting* season not seasons for dogging, waylaying, trapping and ambushing. *All* summer trapping when the hide is absolutely worthless should be stopped."

Of course I know that bears do get into considerable mischief at times, but this is no reason why we should condemn the whole bear family. When some misled person commits a grave crime against the rules of society we can not justly, and do not, class all of his kind with him. Nor should we do so in Mr. Bruin's case.

So, when we find ourselves victims of cabin-robbing, sheep-killing bears we are justified, in fact obliged, to kill them. But ridding ourselves of a harmful pest does not necessitate the killing off of all his kind.

Now don't all you fellows start talking at once when I say that I one time had a keg of home brew set in the cellar on my homestead. Now this cellar was a frail structure, having been built for summer use only. I may as well tell you the truth by adding that it was erected for the sole purpose of keeping my brew at an even temperature.

A bear happened along, smelled the delicious odor—(it was almost ready to bottle)—found entry through the door impossible, and tore the roof away. What he did to my brew was plenty. It was A No. 1 beer, and Mr. Bruin recognized it as such, downed the whole works and knocked the bottom out of the keg looking for more. You are all giving that bear the devil now just as I did, but it was all my fault. Think not? Allow me to explain. If I had built a real cellar, as I had to do later, the bear would not have been able to get in. This is accomplished by splitting half logs and spiking them to the roof, that usually being the only weak place about a log cabin or log cellar.

But I did not blame it to my carelessness at the time; believe me, I was one hostile citizen when I returned from the river where I had put in the afternoon fishing and swimming, and found the business end of the brewery in such a sad state. Right in the hottest part of July, too. Straightaway I laid plans which caused me to believe that this pussyfooting Carrie Nation of the wilds was coming to a swift and sudden end.

Stepping around to the front of the cabin I jerked down my two perfectly good bear traps, reached the clamps which I kept on the same peg, and went back to my makeshift cellar. I never hesitated. My plans were made. This four-legged anti-saloon leaguer was as good as dead. Cutting a couple of green red fir saplings some twenty feet in length after the top was cut off where it was just large enough to allow the chain ring of a trap to be slipped on, I made a neat little bear set. I covered my traps and surveyed the lay with the satisfaction of one who had done a thing well. Going to the cabin I returned with a small can of corn syrup which I poured around the opening the bear had made in my root house. Further enticement for Mr. Bear. I wanted to make sure.

Even at that time I knew enough about bears to know he would be back soon; that is, in a day or two at the most, providing, of course, that my brew had not killed him. The sooner the quicker, thought I. Ain't revenge sweet? I'd teach that lowly, lubberin', louse bound, hi-bindin', blankety— And to think I had packed the sugar that went into that brew fourteen miles on my back, up and down hill, mostly up, dang him! Much to my surprise I did not get the raider that night, although I woke up several times fully expecting each time to hear the jingle of trap chains and the puffing grunts of a struggling bear.

I was reasonably sure that he would be back during the day sometime, so I decided to build a temporary scaffold in a nearby tree and wait for him in person. This task I completed by eight o'clock. Taking my thirty-thirty carbine, a few old magazines and a small flask of water, I ascended to the scaffold some fifteen or eighteen feet above the ground. The next four hours I passed away pleasantly enough, reading the old magazines, smoking and lying on my back studying the clear blue sky overhead. After lunch I began developing what promised to become an advanced case of the jimmies. I tried reading some more, but a fellow

can't read forever, then smoking, but you can't smoke all of the time, at least I can't. You know how it is when a fellow is one place and wants to be another, he begins thinking of all the things he would do if he only were there, never thinking of what he could do where he is.

There was that tramway, for instance. You see, I had to pack my water about seventy-five yards up a steep hill to the cabin, and boy I said steep. To give you a fair idea of this little slope, I would say that the decided angle of it would justify the roughlocking of a mountain goat, before attempting to descend. That is, more or less. Now what I had in mind was to build a sort of a railroad out of poles, groove the poles in the center, thereby forming a track for the wheels to follow, which were to be home-made also. On these wheels I proposed to build a frame in which a bucket would be supported in such a way that it would automatically fill itself when lowered to the spring by a rope. Now this makes a neat little labor-saving device which is decidedly inexpensive, providing of course that it works; mine didn't.

A family group "at home" in Glacier National Park. Photo courtesy Glacier National Park.

I was lying flat on my back at the time thinking I could not stand it another second when I looked over the edge of my dinky old scaffold and there was Mr. Bear coming straight toward my root-house, which I might add was directly below. He was a cute little cuss, fat, slick, shiny and as black as coal. A last spring cub, being but a few months past a yearling. I was more or less the game hog in those days, and by the way that was not so long ago. So without waiting I up and let fly, striking him high in the left shoulder. He dropped, rolled over on his back and clawed the air furiously for a few seconds. Then ceased his fighting, sat upon his haunches and placed one of the almost baby paws over the gory gapping hole in his chest where the soft-nosed bullet had torn away a part of a rib on its out and downward course. He would change paws, looking dazedly at one while he tried to check the gushing flow of blood with the other. And then, so help me Hanner, if the poor little cuss didn't look straight up at me. Now there may not have been accusation mingled in the helpless, pathetic light of those beady eyes, but I shall always think there was. I tried to raise my carbine and give him the finishing shot, but my nerve seemed to fail me. There was a great hollow, weak feeling in the pit of my stomach that seemed to forbid my moving. Little wonder. I felt that the guy that stole the pail of skimmed milk from the starving calf and pushed the little chickens in the creek was a gentleman and a sportsman compared with myself. I didn't break out in tears or go into hysterics, or scream when the little fellow fell forward on his face and kicked his last, but I would have almost given my right hind leg to have him running loose in the woods again, free, fat and satisfied, home brew and root-house be damned!

I climbed down off that scaffold feeling mighty old, dejected and not a little sneaking. There he lay, head between forearms, one hind leg stretched straight out, the other crooked at right angles, sniped!

The only thing that I have to say in defense of myself is that I have never killed another thing since, from stand or blind, and that I gave him a decent burial.

I then cursed myself long and loud, and I can curse some. As a matter of fact, I'm the best curser in the county, and I ran over my whole store of curse words, both original and accumulated, ceasing only for the want of breath. Up to date I have never met a man that would not hush of shame in a cursing contest ere I had exhausted half my vocabulary, so you see I did realize my mistake, although it was too late.

Now as a usual thing I can work off a full head of steam by cursing for half an hour; that is, if I talk fast, and not repeat myself, and that I'll have you understand only requires a very small portion of what I have in store. You see, I realized my guilt immediately after the crime.

Yep, I'm a fair profanist; fact is, I'm good. May be just a trifle conceited as to my ability along these lines, but owing to the fact that I have never encountered a better, I'm going to come right out flat-footed and announce myself the world's champion, barring none except Chinamen and Italians, feller can't tell when they are swearing and when they are not.

Here now, it's beginning to look that I've only used poor misjudged Bruin as an ice breaker in order to throw the limelight on myself, which, allow me to assure you is not the case. As you have most probably already surmised from casual observation I am quite a—well, boaster, and might even lie; that is, should I get in a place where the truth would not give the desired fit. Which I believe to be the case with the majority of us. Regardless, however, my bear story and my inclination to "blow" in these few past paragraphs, I humbly beg you to believe in my sincerity as to the welfare of Mr. Bruin.

Why don't we make a respected game animal out of him, as he rightly deserves? With a protection on his head instead of a price? Let us few that really know try to spread the truth about him, and if we must make assertions against him, let us stick to the usually unexciting truth rather than go into colorful, untrue detail for the good of the story, forgetting the welfare of the bear. Allow me to remind you once more that these bears are valuable. Which would you rather bag, a bear or a deer? The most of us prefer the bear, I'm sure; therefore, the bear in all reality is even more valuable than the deer. Please don't form the idea that my experience with this one particular bear turned me into a "Oh, you shouldn't" vegetarian, for I am not. Quite the opposite. In fact, I am still primitive enough to thrill with the prospect of big game hunting, savage enough to enjoy seeing them kick, but have not our forefathers taught us the folly of this practice? That killing just to see them fall. The man that kills his one deer, elk or other big game each year gets more kick out of it than the fellow that kills continually. The fellow that kills his one gets the thrill of the unusual. To the other it becomes most commonplace, probably remembered only subconsciously, while the other delights in the remembrance of it for days and years. Don't argue with me, I know! But am glad to say that through close and careful study on this subject, I have learned better. I for one believe game hogs would be mighty few and far between if they just understood what we are up against in this *(Continued on page 43)*

Outdoor America

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Political Graveyards

THE political graveyards of America are strewn with the names of thousands of ambitious men who, in the parlance of the street, "went wrong." Few of them really committed crimes; they just failed to keep abreast of the times—they didn't understand the will of their constituents. If they did, they ignored it. Either is fatal, as many will testify.

Conditions and public opinion sometimes change almost overnight, but in public as in private life it is still a safe rule to do what is right regardless of what others may say. By this we don't mean to wholly endorse the policy of a well-known man in public life a few years ago, which was, "Don't give the people what they want; give them what they need."

People nowadays usually know what they need, and may be trusted to make their wants known through that most effective, though not always sacred, institution, the ballot.

The educational efforts of the Izaak Walton League have made a pronounced impression, and conservation sentiment has grown tremendously during the past decade. The increasing number of men elected to important public office on their conservation record, at least their stand on the subject, is ample proof of this statement. Thinking people everywhere now realize that our whole scheme of things, the future health and happiness of our people, and our economic supremacy are all involved. They are conservation conscious!

An enlightened public won't stand for any "political flimflamming" when their outdoor heritage is at stake. Swapping votes for outdoor resources is dynamite of the most dangerous kind! The people may even temporarily stand for some doubtful tactics in connection with their highways, or schools, or libraries, but when it comes to a matter of public welfare directly affecting their health and happiness, *they will call a halt.* This is especially true of any activity which is financed by contributions from a certain class for a specific purpose. While in a sense it may be public money, it is not obtained by taxation affecting all the people, and every dollar should go directly to the purpose for which contributed.

Conservation was a live issue in both the national political conventions. In several recent state primary elections the deciding factor was the stand of the candidates on conservation. In a certain southern state one strong candidate killed his chances early in the race by announcing that if elected governor he would have the game and fish laws repealed and would literally chop to pieces the splendid conservation program of that state. He ran a poor third!

In a great southwestern state one of the candidates for governor, according to press dispatches, has the temerity to attack the conservation work of his state, in which the Waltonians are deeply interested. It is alleged that this would-be champion of the people's rights has pledged himself to destroy the state's game and fish department. It is reported that this candidate for the highest office in his state has characterized the game and fish wardens, maintained entirely by voluntary contributions from the anglers and the hunters and not costing the average taxpayer one red copper, as "a horde of snoopers who must be discharged, thereby saving the people of the state $50,000 per month." Of whose money?

This gentleman has evidently never done the thankless work of a conscientious conservation officer, but he would "turn all this work over to the duly constituted and elected peace officers," who, in his as well as in every other state, are now charged with the responsibility of doing their full share. But how many of them ever turn a hand unless they are directly interested? The people think for themselves, and in this case they will no doubt render their own verdict on July 28.

In contrast to this example, all the outstanding candidates for governor in another state have unequivocally pledged themselves to support a real constructive conservation program.

If the candidates for public office in your state, from the high office of governor right down to your local magistrates and peace officers, have not made their stand known on conservation matters, *right now is the time to find out what they intend to do for conservation.* Candidates who really want to do something constructive for the masses will not hesitate to state in very definite language their position on this burning question.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but getting in the way of the "steam roller" of an aroused public opinion on conservation, such as exists wherever the Walton League is functioning, is a good way to dig an early political grave. The crosses along the way should be sufficient warning!

S. G.

Signboards
To Be or Not to Be?

TO conserve our outdoor beauty is the ambition of the Izaak Walton League as well as the desire of hundreds of thousands of outdoor lovers. Is the placarding of our roadsides with advertising signs a successful effort to that end? Can Nature's own loveliness be improved upon by even the most ornamental of means, and especially by signboards of immense size proclaiming the excellence or the necessity of this or that cigarette, motor car or cough syrup?

Such reminders meet our eyes constantly in the cities—is that not enough? Cannot the countryside hold its own in interest and charm? Must we be reminded at every turn of utilitarian and mundane things like ice boxes, chewing gum and ready made clothes?

If there are any who regard these signboards as embellishment to the scenery, would not even they be quieter nerved and rested by an occasional deprivation of the sight of them? Would not a truer appreciation of outdoor beauty become theirs?

And how about those who regard these signboards as a desecration to outdoor loveliness? Must they go off into the very heart of the wilderness to escape them?

To be just, it must be admitted that there have been efforts made to have these signboards more and more decorative, often extremely good artists being employed for that purpose—but.

Is there not that perpetual "but"—an aesthetic doubt as to the possibility of improving by such methods the natural vistas of countryside beauty?

The next time you drive through the country try to visualize it with nothing but its own appeal and decide which you prefer—signboards—to be or not to be?

Fire in the Sanctuary

(Continued from page 7)

fighting fires in 1926 on the Kaniksu Forest, found several Franklin and ruffed grouse that had been killed by the fire, also others badly burned which probably died later. Ranger Casler says,—"I saw a Franklin grouse with feet badly scorched and heard reports of blue grouse rising into the air before the fire and then circling back into the dense smoke and heat. When a fire burns hard over a large area, I believe that the small game is practically exterminated on that area."

Supervisor Humphrey who was also on the Lost Johnny Creek fire on the Flathead Forest in 1926, reports that "a great many grouse that had died from the effects of the fire were found. In fact the fire fighters reported finding dead grouse almost daily. Supervisor Shepard of the Wasatch (who was on the Flathead at that time) and I found a dead grouse. Its feet had been burned, and very likely breathing the heated air had killed it." Forest Supervisor Guy B. Mains, of the Boise Forest, Idaho, reports, "in 1905, I saw a covey of young blue grouse caught in burning brush and killed by a forest fire. I have seen two nests of grouse eggs on the Middle Fork of Payette River roasted in early spring fires." Harvey H. Steed of Auburn, Wyoming, says that while he was fighting fire on Stump Creek several years ago, he came across a covey of blue grouse almost completely surrounded by fire. As they attempted to fly away, their wings were singed and they dropped into the fire and were destroyed; not one escaped. This was a small fire.

E. N. Kavanagh, of the Forest Service office in Portland, Oregon, had charge of a large fire in the northern part of the Chelan Forest, in Washington, in 1926. He reports that one day, after he had started a backfire, a grouse suddenly flew out of the burning area. Soon he heard distinctly the "cheep, cheep" of young grouse beyond the wall of flame. The mother bird who lit in a tree nearby, evidently heard the cries of distress, and flew back through the smoke and heat to her doomed brood and the flames swept on to the top of the ridge.

From the East comes a report from State Ranger C. B. Arthur of the West Virginia forestry organization, who while fighting forest fires near Tamroy in that State, found two quail nests destroyed. One nest contained fifteen eggs and the other ten. Undoubtedly, many a bob-white nest, as well as young quail, is destroyed in the South by the spring "old field" fires, either accidentally or purposely set out.

I recall having been told years ago by fire fighters in the White Mountains of northern Arizona of their finding wild turkey eggs in the nests roasted by the very early spring fires which sometimes used to occur through carelessness of the stockmen in that part of the State.

An unusual instance is reported by Forest Supervisor James E. Ryan, of the Blackfeet Forest, who says that on the Hay Creek fire in 1926, three mallard ducks were found about half-way up Cyclone Peak with their feet and wings burned, but still alive. It was his belief that the ducks had become confused or perhaps partly suffocated by the smoke and forced to alight, accidently in a cool spot where they were not burned to death.

Supervisor Mains of Idaho, reports that in 1916, he saw on the South Fork of the Payette River a rabbit which had been killed by a forest fire. Ranger John T. Marsh reports finding in an Idaho fire a rabbit that had been killed and several others which were badly burned. He says those that he saw which had survived the fire were very poor, doubtless from lack of food. Ranger L. M. Beard tells about fire killing two rabbits in 1926, his report reading: "On the Tumbledown fire of the past season I noted two rabbits that had been burned. The only reason these were seen was due to the fact that they had run out of the thick brush and taken refuge in a small park where the fire trail passed. They were, in all probability, seen very shortly after they had succumbed, as the hair was burned to the skin and the body still had a pinkish tint."

I recall as a small boy one spring in Virginia when I set fire to a field of broomsedge, of how the flames raced away from me, leaped the rail fence and on into the pine woods of a neighbor. Of how squeals of cottontail rabbits came to me, powerless then, from the burning fence corners as these defenseless animals were trapped and burned up by the fire. It was an experience I shall never forget.

It is certain that many squirrels perish in forest fires, but the only specific case available is one of injury, reported by Supervisor Humphrey from the Lost Johnny Creek fire, mentioned several times previously here. On this fire a number of pine squirrels were seen with feet so badly burned they could not climb trees.

One would not ordinarily think of forest fires directly affecting fish. Not only do forest fires destroy the protective covering of mountain watersheds, thereby often resulting in silt and boulder-filled streambeds, and the drying up of springs, sources of streams; but large fires often actually kill fish in the streams themselves. Here are specific instances.

Men who fought fires on the Coeur d'Alene Forest in 1910, report that on Lost Creek the stream was so filled with ashes, charred timber and coals, that the water became heated to such a degree that it killed all the fish for a distance of seven miles, and large quantities of dead fish were seen where drifts had been formed.

Mrs. B. K. Monroe, whose husband was a ranger on the Selway Forest, says,—"The sight of scores of dead fish strewed along the banks of the Selway River in Idaho, was common enough in 1910,—hundreds of trout and whitefish, as well as young salmon, had been killed far back in the mountains and their bodies washed downstream with the burned wood and debris of the big fires.—It was not an uncommon sight to see bears ambling along the river banks feasting on the dead fish."

Ranger Skillman reported that all the fish within the burn of 1910, in White Pine Creek on the Cabinet Forest, were killed by the fire. A fire fighter on the Lost Johnny Creek fire reported seeing dead fish floating in Riverside Creek; this in 1926. Assistant Supervisor John H. Clack of the Missoula Forest, says,—"While riding through the Hahn Creek drainage immediately after the Babcock fire (Flathead Forest) I saw a number of black-spotted trout lying in the shallow waters of the creek. I estimated at the time that there were at least 75 and possibly as many as 100 dead fish in sight, along about three miles of the stream. I was unable to ascertain when these fish had been killed, and whether by heat or from ashes falling into the stream, for the reason that the fire was still burning and the falling timbers made it impossible for me to leave my horse in order to make an examination."

In May, 1919, Ranger John R. Smith of the Boise Forest, Idaho, reported that he found thousands of dead cut-throat trout in the creek above Smith Lake after a hot forest fire had burned over the area. The trout were spawning in the creek at the time and as there was heavy brush along the creek, making a hot fire, he believed the fish had been killed by this fire.

From far-off Alaska also comes testimony against fires as they affect game and

(Continued on page 42)

It will be from 50 to 100 years before the forest will reclothe these mountain slopes.
Photo by U. S. Forest Service.

Styles That Change

By HOWARD J. WOOD

Drawings by Karl Huebner

SATRUN J. SPOONER, colored, jerked frantically at his willow pole and a baitless grab hook shot skyward like a rocket, to descend again in a thousand tangles. The unexpected occurrence caused Satrun J. Spooner to explode.

"Suffren tadpoles! Whut fuh us kaint hook no trouts, nohow?" The irate colored man's lips quivered like jello in an earthquake.

Monsoon K. Porter, also colored, and junior partner of Spooner & Porter, champion fishermen of Holloman's Bend, did not stir from his position of ease when the rasping of his partner's voice stung his pigmy ears. He merely grunted once; then he went peacefully back to sleep.

"Whut fuh I axe yuh, Monsoon, w'y kaint us ketch no trouts?" Satrun punctuated his query with a spray of tobacco juice, which, perforce, brought Monsoon to complete and immediate wakefulness.

"Whut fuh whut?" wailed Monsoon. He brushed a thousand leg worm from his neck. "Jest whut kaint us ketch?"

Too flabbergasted to remain quiet, Satrun answered: "Does us hol' our honors as champeen trout ketchers o' dis riber, us is got to git stylish. 'Grab hook' outer date fuh up-to-date fishermen lak us is gwine to be."

Monsoon yawned gigantically and at length. "Huccome git stylish?" he said finally. "Gimme facts, Satrun—gimme facts."

The senior partner knitted his kinky eyebrows and gazed across the river to focus his eyes on a happy kingfisher, perched on a cypress limb.

"Wen I says stylish I means nut'in' but dat. Tak dat Eppel Hobbs, he's git stylish. Don't us spy him yist'day wid dat newfangled tackle? I axe yuh dat, ain't us seed him?"

"Eppel Hobbs, dat valet fuh dat 'whitefolks' f'm down Skeeler way, whut calls hisself Nimrod?"

"Dat's de boy," said Satrun, beaming. "Us has got to git tackle, lak him."

"Uh-huh!"

"An' us is got to git action." Satrun paused to watch the kingfisher swoop riverward, to rise again with a wiggling perch. "Action's whut us needs—lak dat kingfisher dar."

"Uh-huh!"

"Nimrod Hobbs gits action an' he gits fishes." He stopped for reflection. "Us seed his action yist'day."

"Uh-huh!"

"An' dat boy swung ah wicked pole," continued Satrun. "I seed him whip dat line into space an' wen he turnt dat crank in comes Mr. Fish." Satrun's eyes widened, his eyebrows twitched, his lips pursed. Then he fairly boomed: "An' he ain't used no bait!"

The partner rose on an elbow. "No bait! Whut dat I seed danglin' on de hook?"

"Feathers!"

"Feathers?"

"Dat's it—feathers." The kingfisher fished again, successfully. Satrun beamed. "An' feathers 's whuts stylish."

"Den us gits stylish too," said Monsoon, getting to his feet. "Us gwine up to Bayton an' us borrows, begs or steals—tackles."

Three days later Spooner & Porter, transformed, sauntered jauntily up to their favorite fishing hole at Holloman's Bend. Satrun, clad in a voluminous fishing outfit, presented a picture for ailing eyes. Monsoon, by some hook or crook, was not wearing a fishing outfit. In its stead he wore a chauffeur's uniform. It was the best he had been able to commandeer.

—"fishes may hear, and, doubtless, can more probably smell: I shall impart two experiments—given me by an excellent angler—he told me the latter was too good to be told, but in a learned language, lest it should be made common.

"Take the stinking oil drawn out of polypody of the oak by a retort, mixed with turpentine and hive-honey, and anoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtless draw the fish to it."

The other is this: (Translated from the Latin) "'Tis supremely sweet to any fish, and yet assafoetida may do the like."

But in these I have no great faith; yet grant it probable.

Izaak Walton—1653

The brunette fishermen spread their newly-acquired tackle upon the bank and hastily began the ticklish task of making ready.

"Whut's dat stuff?" Satrun broke a long silence.

"Catfish bait," replied Monsoon, knowingly.

"Godfrey, boy! Frow dat stuff in de riber. Us is atter trouts . . . . action fishes is whut us is anglin' fuh."

"An' whut's dat?" Satrun asked again.

"Dat's uh deecoy."

"Chunk dat away too."

Two split bamboo rods rapidly took form, and two happy colored gentlemen argued pro and con over the varied array of tackle they were now fumbling with eager hands.

"Whut's dis?" This from Monsoon.

"Whiskerbug."

"Whisky-who! Whut dat fuh?"

"Dat's bait—stylish bait."

"An' whut's dis?" Monsoon exhibited a rainbow-colored artificial minnow between two pecan-hued fingers.

"Fish-gitter. Whut dey call eh—artyfiscal minnie." Satrun made a lunge for the wooden lure and wailed: "Gimme. . . . . *I* stole dat!"

He lunged again, with the agility of a wild cat, and as he did, four scrawny fingers aided by a thumb, tore the minnow from the hands of his partner.

"Hot dam!" The partners wailed in unison. "Dat stings!" Satrun dropped it as if it were a moccasin.

Monsoon fished into the box and hauled out other equipment. His eager eyes fell on two shiny contraptions.

"Whut's dem?" he asked.

"Dey's reels. Dem winds in de trouts atter dey gits on de feathers."

"Uh-huh!"

At last Satrun and Monsoon got their rods into shape. Dangling on Monsoon's silk line was the whiskerbug—and two leaden sinkers he figured "wod hep git distance." Satrun's line sported a gaily-colored artificial minnow; also a cork he had fished from the tackle box.

"Us is ready fuh de slau'ter," said Satrun, as he adjusted a bait can to his belt.

"Uh-huh!" Monsoon retorted.

An observer might have swooned with laughter when Spooner & Porter, Inc., picked their way cautiously to the middle of the stream, their rods held rigid in their hands, and sundry and other fishing tackle decorating their angly frames. The elephantine feet of Satrun splashed water at every step, much to the chagrin of his partner. They waded onward, bent on reaching a rapids near the west side of the stream. Finally they reached their objective arguing, and then took up their positions.

"Boy, dis water am swiff," ventured Satrun.

"It am dat," agreed Monsoon. He fumbled his rod, unwinding the silky line from the slender bamboo. He eyed the whiskerbug foolishly.

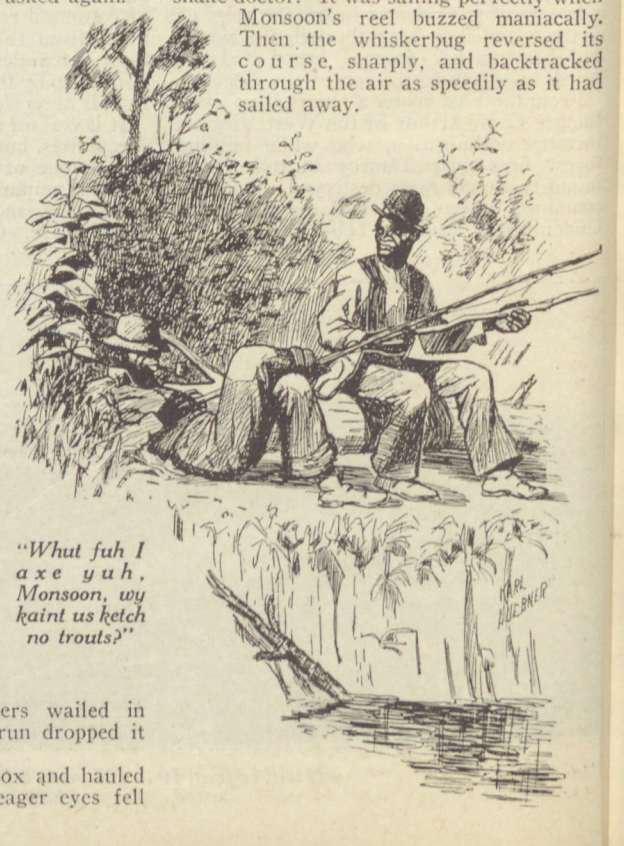
Satrun busied himself with the hooky minnow. Then he discovered a line tangle and turned to Monsoon:

"Whip dat whisky-bug into action. Dem trouts lible die f'm st'vation."

"Us does dat." Monsoon twirled the rod about his woolly head several times and then he brought it forward in the manner of a cowboy cracking a whip.

Swish! Wham!

The whiskerbug, carried along by two heavy sinkers, shot downstream like a crazy snake doctor. It was sailing perfectly when Monsoon's reel buzzed maniacally. Then the whiskerbug reversed its course, sharply, and backtracked through the air as speedily as it had sailed away.



"Whut fuh I axe yuh, Monsoon, wy kaint us ketch no trouts?"

"Duck, Satrun. . . . . Duck!"

But Satrun didn't duck.

Plop!

The whiskerbug, bat-like, entangled itself in the kinky hair on Satrun's head. And as it did so Satrun slumped noisily into the water and soon was floating downstream, bobbing to and fro in the rapids.

Monsoon, his eyes standing out like those of a goggle-eyed perch, started the reel into motion. Thusly, he actually hauled his partner from a watery grave and to safety in the shallower water.

"Whut hit my hyad!" These were Satrun's first words when he had returned to normalcy.

Monsoon answered quickly: "Sunstroke, Satrun, dat's all. Yuh faint'd an' I casts. De whisky-bug grabs yuh hyad an' I reels yuh to saf'ty."

"Uh-huh!"

An odd glint now shone in Satrun's eye. So he steadied his feet on the slippery bottom; then he got into action.

He gripped the rod tightly in both hands. "Wa'ch out, Monsoon. . . . . I casts!"

He did cast. But before the vivid minnow darted into space he went through a series of calisthenics and gyrations that sent his partner into a mental stupor. The minnow whizzed in a circle as Satrun whirled the rod about his head.

Round and round the minnow circled. Then Satrun leaned forward—the pole bent nearly double. Like lightning the minnow shot downstream. Out, out it sailed, leaving in its wake a silken line forming itself into a graceful arc.

Then something happened. The line grew taut. . . . . Satrun tumbled forward. Monsoon grabbed at him, caught an outstretched arm, then toppled over himself. Quickly two ebony fishermen, two fishing rods and a mass of fishing tackle went shooting downstream in a disheveled mass.

They managed to pull themselves onto a gravel bar a hundred yards below the rapids. And strange as it may seem, Monsoon's whiskerbug was clinging tenaciously to Satrun's left ear, while Satrun's "artyfiscal minnie" was firmly embedded in the seat of Monsoon's pants.

Thus, two stylish fishermen climbed ashore.

The partners, upon reaching dry land, grew unusually vociferous; they required some fifteen minutes to unhook themselves from whiskerbug and minnow. And during this interim Spooner & Porter assuaged their waterlogged souls with gesture and fitting epithets.

"Us is quit!" lamented Monsoon.

"Quit whut?" grumbled Satrun.

"Stylish fishin', dat's whut!" Monsoon freed his whiskerbug from his partner's ear. "Stylish fishin'—bah!"

Presently Satrun extracted his minnow, together with a portion of Monsoon's pants. He flung the rod, minnow, hooks, line and cork into the river.

"Git out dar an' fish yuse'f," he grumbled, peering at the minnow careening downstream with the current.

"Duck, Satrun — Duck!" But Satrun didn't duck. He slumped noisily into the water.

Monsoon aped his partner by flinging his rod and whiskerbug riverward. Then: "Us gwine up stream an' finish de remains."

Later two "cured" stylish fishermen trudged through underbrush toward the tackle box. Satrun, in the lead, managed to get the first whiff, and as he did, he turned to Monsoon.

"Smell whut I smells?" He asked quizzically.

Monsoon sniffed. Satrun evidently had the keener sense of smell—for he now was thundering toward the tackle box. Arrived at its side he plunged his nose into the container; then a massive hand went into it.

The hand withdrew with a bottle tightly in its grasp.

"Hot dam!" shouted the smiling Satrun. "Us gwine ketch us some fishes now."

Monsoon peered at him curiously. Then: "Huccome, Satrun, whut's dat yuh got?"

Satrun poked the bottle under Monsoon's nose. "Smell dat smell," he said, calmly.

"Hot dam!" shouted Monsoon. "Dat's eh—*asafetida!*"

Where Are the Fish? BY EDITH SCOTT MAGNA

THE fishing season was in full swing at the camps and meal time occupied with light controversy as to where would be the best place to go. Up river, down river, out on the lake, or, as one independent declared it was too bright and he wasn't going out at all, but was going to enjoy a new detective story in camp.

There may be man-made laws when to fish and when not to, but after years of camping to pursue this sport I find there are certainly no rules as to just where the fish will be when you want them. Where to find them—that's the thrill; when the troller is bringing in his finest catch the fly fisherman is downcast for he has had no rises.

A party hires a boat and all go out on the lake miles away from camp only to return at night after perhaps a poor day to find that those who had fished the river at camp had had a great day and had caught their limit.

If you are a fly fisherman and use a Brown Hackle you find the man in the canoe right near you has hooked a good one with a Morning Glory. Again, your pet pool where you caught the big one last year, yields nothing, but throwing your line into the most unlikely place—a strike, a good play, and your reward is the best you ever saw that will "go better than eight pounds." Of course, there is a little conceit taken out of you when the actual scales tip to a pound less, but you think you've proved another place where they will be next year.

Again, you've always been brought up to play a salmon just so, but with a big one on and the reel fallen off, you struggle with what line you have hand over hand and haul him in successfully. Then you wish your ethics would permit you to try just a line and bait to see what would happen.

It rains! What's the use of trying? But your neighbor gets such a good catch in the morning you sit out in a downpour all the afternoon to no avail.

It's bright and sunny and trout won't rise until dusk—it's too bright, but some one is out at noon and enjoys some real sport; another theory exploded.

Books have been written on when, where and how to fish, but it's the unexpected that always happens.

No one ever thought of fishing from the big rock opposite Scott Cabin on Moose River, Maine, but one Sunday morning a small boy with a rough pole newly cut from a tree and a very much home-made line sat on this rock, whistling and dangling his makeshift tackle in the roaring stream. The campers at the cabin watched and exchanged knowing glances—absurd place to fish—when to their amazed eyes the youth went home singing.

Live bait for trollers is the accustomed thing on the river, and yet a newcomer brings in a good string having used a silk phantom. Again, new arrivals rise at 5:30 to get to the best pools before they have been touched, and the old-timer waits to enjoy a later breakfast, write a few letters and maybe take a few pictures and right in front of camp gets a strike and has a box full before lunch.

About a half mile up-stream is Brassua Lake. To get there means a climb over the new dam and a portage. Yesterday the party that went up each caught their limit—you followed, but not a strike.

Another rule every guide adheres to is a fresh line minnow for each fish, but one day, a shortage of bait in camp and the fish hungry, and it was demonstrated that one bait did very well for three fish.

You've always believed togue were in deep water and near river bottom, yet one day—a strike—a steady pull and you guessed back and forth between a salmon and a trout, but after considerable time consumed in getting your catch to the surface, the guide netted it and to your amazed mind and eyes you found you had landed a 7 lb. togue right in the rapids.

Do you strike them too hard, or not hard enough, is your line too short or too long, is fly fishing better, or trolling? Do fish bite best on bright, or on dark days? These questions are ever debatable and in the last analysis the eternal question remains, "Where are the fish?"

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

THE EVOLUTION OF TROUT AND TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA, *by Charles Zibeon Southard. Illustrated, with colored plates of fishes and drawings; crimson cloth—gilt, quarto, 254 pages, New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, 1928. $10.*

THE author is not unknown to readers of angling literature, who will recall his valuable "Trout Fly-Fishing in America," of some fifteen years ago. In that treatise, as I recall, are some very definite and interesting instructions as to what color of fly to use in certain conditions of water, wind, and sky background which I vainly endeavored to commit to memory and put in practice at the streamside. The only one I had "solid" was "any kind of flies when the water is rough."

As Mr. Southard looks at us from the keen and clean-cut vignette facing the title page, I can well believe him to be a master of the "scientific art." He knows how fish may be caught and can catch them.

This book is really a justification or rather an appreciation of the Brown Trout, an importation that the average angler for Brook Trout has been inclined to regard with something akin to disdain or barely tolerate as a poor substitute for the real thing. Brownie at last comes into his own, as supreme in the water to which he is best adapted, as *Salvelinus* is in his natural domain. It is a relief to note the absence of the usual forename "German" to *Salmofario*, who is no more Teutonic than he is English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French, Belgian, or Scandinavian. It just happened that the ova came to us first from Germany. He is the trout of the "Compleat Angler" and of all European trouting literature—and a good sporting fish he is, too.

The author of the "Book of the Grayling" says—"One of the charms of angling is that it presents an endless field for argument." Mr. Southard evidently does not agree with Mr. Pritt. He does not argue, he just tells you. He lays down his dogma, or dictum, or whatever you may call it, and you take it or leave it—but there is no argument.

If you want to know about the divergent habits of the Brook and the Brown Trout and why and how you should follow different methods in angling for each, Mr. Southard tells you in no uncertain terms. To the average angler it is textbook and encyclopedia in one.

The dry fly fished dry according to the code, where Brook Trout abound, means failure to catch them, but a dry fly fished wet and played by the angler is a most successful lure.

The playing of the wet fly attracts the trout to the moving object, and this is where the greatest skill of the angler comes in.

Your rod should be from 8½ to 9½ feet and weigh from 4 to 5½ ounces. The new *de luxe* rods without silk windings are vastly inferior to rods with windings, and he gives eight reasons to back this opinion.

In wet fly fishing, playing the fly is 35% and playing the fish 30% of the game,—casting the fly but 10%; whereas in dry fly fishing, casting the fly is 45%, hooking the fish 20%, playing the fish 30%, and landing him 5%.

With large trout the strike should not be made until the fish has completed its swirl.

To avoid catching small fish the fly should be "landed" upon the water heavy enough to scare them and make them dart away. This gives the larger fish a chance to see the fly and rise and take it.

The Brook Trout and the wet fly go together as do the Brown Trout and the dry fly.

Seventy-five per cent of rises to the artificial fly by Brook Trout are from curiosity, and seventy-five per cent of rises from the Brown are caused by the emotion hunger, he being an insect feeder.

Mr. Southard rigs up his pile driver and proceeds to smash some of the Old Traditions. Among numerous fallacies he mentions:

That a trout to be returned to the water should be handled only with wet hands.

That a trout should be eaten as soon as possible after it is caught to obtain the best flavor.

"More injury will come to the trout if handled with wet than with dry hands."

"Trout are far better to eat the day after they are caught."

"The flavor of trout is obtained largely from the *venous blood* along the backbone." Presumably he does not remove this when cleaning the fish. I always do and wonder if I am wrong—I think any blood left in the fish hastens decomposition.

He summarizes the respective characteristics of Brook and Brown Trout as follows:

The Brook Trout is carnivorous twelve months of the year, the Brown carnivorous seven months—fly-insect feeder for five months. Life limit of water temperature: Brook, 68°; Brown, 82°. Large Brook Trout are prolific producers, large Brown Trout, nonproducers, and cannibalistic.

Brook Trout do not leap from the water when hooked, Brown do. Large Brook Trout rise to the artificial fly but do not hold on to it; large Brown Trout seldom do, but hold on to it when taken.

Brown Trout should never be planted in waters that will carry Brook Trout—they cannot successfully propagate in the same water.

The Universal Angler uses the wet fly on waters where it is most successful, and the dry fly when trout will rise to a surface lure. Any rod that fits the angler is suitable for dry or wet fly fishing.

Among subjects discussed at length are—The Trout's Range and Area of Vision, with Diagrams, Planting of Hatchery-Bred Fish, Conservation of Trout and Bag Limits, The Care of Trout Waters, Trout Fishing Laws and Comments, The Care of Rods and Lines, Favorite Flies and When and How to Use Them. There is a map of the Eastern Group of Trout States, to which the content of the book is limited, and nine beautiful full page color plates of as many different species of trout.

The angling fraternity is under obligation to Mr. Southard for this valuable addition to angling literature, containing a vast amount of information pertaining to the trout, his life habits, conservation, and modern methods of fishing the fraudful fly, sometimes wet and sometimes dry.

MODERN BAIT AND FLY CASTING, *by Ozark Ripley. Illustrated, 250 pages. D. Appleton & Company, New York, 1928.*

THIS new book by this well known writer on angling and shooting is of greater scope than any previous volume by him, and like them is written from the viewpoint of the practical and experienced sportsman. Part One is devoted to Bait Casting, and treats of rods, lines, reels, lures, bass knowledge, and casting for bass, large trout, muskies, wall eyes, and pike—tackle kits and repair outfit.

Facing page 64 is a cut of ten artificial killers, each fenced about with from two to nine different hooks, which I am sorry to see "decorating" a book written by a Waltonian. The time will come when these engines of mutilation will be relegated to the dump, and a sporting fish be given a sporting chance for his life. Compare these "lures" with those fitted with a single hook, facing page 76, and ask yourself which pattern you would have most pride in showing to your friends as the lure with which you made "that record catch."

Part Two has to do with Fly Casting for bass and for trout, with suggestions regarding outfit and practical hints for novice or expert. There is a list of popular trout flies, both wet and dry patterns, and if you follow Ozark's directions for using them you are not likely to return with an empty basket.

A GUIDE TO THE WILD FLOWERS EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH OF VIRGINIA, *by Normal Taylor, Curator, Brooklyn Botanic Garden, with 520 illustrations from drawings, 357 pages. Greenberg, 12 East 9th Street, New York.*

ARTICLE X of the Platform of the Izaak Walton League of America reads as follows:

"Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the esthetic and economic value of our animals, birds, and wild flowers."

Every Waltonian, then, is pledged to "conserve" or protect wild flowers, these tender, helpless, little children of the outdoors, and especially from flivverdom whom we see returning from a Sunday in the country with "cars" adorned with branches of wild crab and other blossoms and flowers, ruthlessly torn from parent tree or mother earth, to wither and die in the hands of these miserable despoilers of God's garden. Let us love the wild flowers well enough to leave them for others to admire and love.

This handy little volume includes all the more conspicuous wild flowers that grow north of Virginia and east of the Mississippi, shorn of the technicalities of the professional botanist, to enable the average nature-lover to identify the plants, rather than to classify them into families.

More than 1,200 species are described and 520 are illustrated by drawings, made from the flowers themselves.

There is an index, finding list, and picture glossary.

A GUIDE TO THE CONSTELLATIONS, *by Samuel G. Barton, Ph.D., and William H. Barton, Jr., C.E., M.S., both of University of Pennsylvania, map folio, 73 pages. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1928. $2.50.*

THE authors state in the preface that this book has been prepared to meet the requirements of those who desire to become familiar with the constellations by naked-eye observation, as well as to supplement regular textbooks and serve as a val-

uable reference book to all interested in the heavenly bodies.

The constellations and principal stars are named, described, and their mythological signification given.

There is a full page star map for each month of the year, by means of which the Waltonian may identify Pisces when he essays to "hitch his flivver to a star."

In his Essay on Nature, Emerson says: "If the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown!"

WILD ANIMAL PETS, *by William L. and Irene Finley, illustrated, 311 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1928. $3.00.*

MR. FINLEY'S long service as state biologist and game warden of the state of Oregon afforded rare opportunity to study his wards of the woods and fields at close range and he has given us in most attractive form the story of his intimate contact with so-called wild creatures, brought to book with notebook and camera, instead of the gun and rifle.

His charming stories of some twenty-four animals and birds that he has had as pets at various times are a delight to the young of all ages and carry the lesson that the children of the wild need but to know you as a friend to lay aside instinctive fear, and give trust and friendship in return.

ANIMAL LIFE OF THE CARLSBAD CAVERN, *by Vernon Bailey, Biologist, United States Biological Survey. Illustrated, 195 pp. The Williams & Wilkins Company, Baltimore, 1928. $3.00.*

THIS is Monograph Number 3 of the American Society of Mammalogists, and in addition to describing the animal life of probably the most beautiful and extensive cavern known to man, contains a brief description of the cavern itself. It may not generally be known that there were guano deposits in this cave from which more than 100,000 tons were taken out. There must have been a bat around. The illustrations are numerous and good, while the text should appeal to the nature lover and student of science alike.

MY FATHER'S FARM, *by Robert Sparks Walker, with frontispiece, 113 pages. The Four Seas Company, Boston. $2.*

A BOOK of sixty poems, mostly descriptive of features of the old farm along historic Chickamauga Creek, and phases of farm life. The author finds "there is poetry and rhythm in everything and in every event on the farm," which he has endeavored to express in verse.

"Forestry in Wisconsin"—A report of the Wisconsin Commercial Forestry Conference, held at Milwaukee, March 28-29, 1928. *194 pages. Available through H. L. Ashworth, 49 E. Wells St., Milwaukee, Wis., at $1.00 per copy, postpaid.*

HERE is a book which neither Waltonians in lumbering States, nor lumbermen in Waltonian States, can afford to miss. It contains the key to a locked gate—a crowd of well-meaning Waltonians on one side indulging in uncomplimentary words about "Lumber Barons," and a crowd of well-meaning lumbermen on the other side indulging in deprecative words about "Sentimentalists."

This book tells how the wood industries of Wisconsin got together with the Izaak Walton League and other conservation agencies and laid actual plans for what both want and intend to get—forests. It tells about the forest crop law which they jointly drew and passed. It tells about the reorganized Conservation Commission which the League created and the lumbermen are using to advance forestry. It tells about selective logging, which the lumbermen are beginning to practice under the new crop law. It tells how the lumbermen are determining the valuation of young forests as investments.

Like any other public gathering, the Wisconsin Forestry Conference entailed a lot of oratorical generalities, but most of these have been edited out of this volume. There remains the "running gears" of a distinctly new idea—the idea of getting forestry into practice through the commercial initiative of the forest-using industries. Under this new idea the conservation associations, like the Walton League, assume the role of co-operators who help to remove the obstacles, legislative and otherwise, which stand in the way. This idea is not new in theory, but it is still sufficiently new in practice to merit the attention of other States.

A. L.

BOOKS RECEIVED

I Go A-Fishing, by J. Brunton Blaikie. Illustrated. 244 pp. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. $4.00.

Ye Gods and Little Fishes, by Eugene E. Slocum. Illustrated. 312 pp. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. $2.50.

Bait-Casting, by William C. Vogt. Illustrated. 102 pp. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. $2.50.

"Oh, Ranger!" A book about the National Parks by Horace M. Albright and Frank J. Taylor. Illustrated. 178 pp. Stanford University Press, 1928. $2.50.

The Earth Upsets, by Chase Salmon Osborn. 216 pp. Waverly Press, Baltimore.

Under Turquoise Skies, by Will H. Robinson. Illustrated. 537 pp. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Tales of Wild Turkey Hunting, by Simon W. Everitt. Illustrated. 127 pp. W. C. Hazelton, Chicago.

Kit Carson. A Biography by Stanley Vestal, with portrait. 297 pp. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. $3.50.

Field Book of North American Mammals, by H. E. Anthony. Illustrated. 625 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1928. $3.50.

The Real Log Cabin, by Chilson D. Aldrich. Illustrated. 278 pp. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1928. $4.00.

Cruising Hints, by Francis B. Cooke. Illustrated. 274 pp. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. 1928. $5.00.

Leaf-Mining Insects, by James G. Needham, Stuart W. Frost, Beatrice H. Tothill. Three Books in One. Illustrated. 351 pp. The Williams & Wilkins Company, Baltimore. 1928. $6.00.

The Recrudescence of Bill

(Continued from page 11)

man can't hit what 'e spits at 'e's gitt'n old.

"Speakin' o' the old girl, I felt awful lonesome after she quit. I missed a lot o' shell shockin' that I'd got accustomed to. She was all the time sprinklin' bruisin' language over me, but in late years I was gitt'n so I liked it. It showed she was well an' able to 'tend to business. It sort o' busted up my daily life when she was took away.

"I remember many pleasant times we used to have. I was rowin' 'er 'cross Platte Lake in a high wind once, an' I pretty near lost both of us. A knot in one o' the boards in the side o' the boat busted out with a terrifyin' pop. The incomin' squirt was so fierce that it flew out over the gunwale on the other side an' never got a drop in the boat, an' then she cussed me out fer not knowin' how to s'lect timber I built boats with. I told 'er them knots was carefully calc'lated, an' she said that kind o' calc'latin' led straight to everlastin' life, an' I was tryin' to drown 'er an' git 'er out o' the way. She said she was goin' to take an axe an' beat the sides o' my other two boats fer knots if I ever tried to take 'er out in 'em.

"Women are funny critters. You can't git along with 'em, an' you can't git along without 'em. I poured some tears where we buried 'er an' then I took to the woods. She was a frisky tongue fighter all right, 'specially 'gainst me—that never oughta have nuth'n but kind words from anybody, an' here I am in my old age all calloused up with abuse. They ain't no greater crime than blasphemin' me, but I miss 'er bad just the same.

"Say, ain't you fellers got any more prescriptions? When I seen your fire I thought I was comin' to a merry party that was well supplied with remedies fer the ills o' the flesh."

We informed him that somebody had disposed of our entire stock.

"Well, I see reinforcements has gotta come," he regretfully observed, "so here goes! I got a pint o' sump'n in my coat. I been savin' it fer tomorrer. I know none o' you fellers'll dast taste it. It looks horrible. It may have some o' the fatal anklomonodine in it an' some poisons that's unknown, to say nuth'n o' fissil oil. I don't know whether its right er not. I ain't tried it yet, so you better keep out o' peril. I'm pretty old, so it don't make no difference with me, an' if sump'n happens I hope you'll gimme the benefit o' prayer. I'll try anything that comes out of a bottle, so here's to the Pope an' the Protestant clergy!"

As the doubtful fluid flowed into Bill, his intake materially lowering the surface line, we felt he was quite welcome to all of the vile product.

"Say, did you ever ketch fish with macaroni?" he asked, after a period of reflection. "You boil it so it's a little soft an' so it'll stretch, an' cut it into two inch lengths. Then you blow exhaust gas from a cheap car in 'em an' inflate 'em. Then you tie the ends. Carp'll eat them mossels an' then they float so you c'n pick 'em up.

"Well, I s'pose you'll have to stow me in fer the night. It's goin' to rain some more, an' I'm 'fraid I'll butt the bark off'en some trees if I start back in the dark."

We had begun to think that a few more of Bill's yarns would tempt us to leave.

When he had finished his most potent enemy, we arranged some blankets, rigged some canvas over him, with his feet toward the fire, and laid him gently down to his dreams.

We wondered what he might find in dreamland, but assumed he there fought mighty fish, spun marvelous tales to credulous and interested listeners, baffled minions of the law, "cussed out" his misguided enemies and all fishing tackle he did not use himself—and numerous other things he does when he is awake.

The firelight that flickered over his quiet face accentuated the lines left by a lifetime of prosaic battle with grim realities. With all his frailties, Bill has his equities in this world of sin, and when he goes into the Great Solitude, we hope the final scales will be held by tender hands.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Pueblo Chapter Raises 300,000 Trout in Ponds

With 5 ponds in operation, more building, million trout a year is aim

HERE are 60,000 baby trout on the way to the Pueblo ponds. This Colorado fish transport car carries the fish 150 miles in five hours without losing a trout. It has a tank, aerated mechanically, surrounded by ice chambers. Those in the picture, from left to right, are Harold E. Burch, director of the chapter, R. L. Ellis, treasurer, R. B. Harland of the state fish department, and H. A. Rupe, secretary and publicity man for the Pueblo Waltonians.

THERE'S nothing particularly small about the Pueblo, Colo., chapter. It does its figuring on a large scale. In a recent membership drive it challenged so formidable an opponent as Denver to a race, and it threw all handicaps to the winds and made the contest on an even basis, in spite of the vast difference in the size of the towns.

It increased its membership 300 per cent and licked Denver to a frazzle.

It has the same ideas about trout rearing ponds. With 5 ponds now in active operation, and steaming along at their capacity load of 300,000 trout, it has its eyes on even more ponds and announces calmly that it is going to raise and liberate a million trout a year.

And it will probably do it.

In addition to its membership activities and its splendid work with the trout, here are a few more Pueblo accomplishments.

Built 2 "Hoover" Bass ponds for growing bass for stocking the Arkansas River.

Established Bird Refuge 6 miles in length along the Arkansas River bottoms. Planting with Wild Millet, Rice, etc.

Waging active campaign against pollution of streams. Efforts are meeting with success.

Posted 100 "Fair Play" signs.

Shown "Walton" motion pictures to approximately 15,000 people.

Established regular weekly radio programs.

Some things now pushing with good prospects of achieving:

Erection of Fish Hatchery at site of our retaining ponds.

Making two reels of motion pictures of the San Isabel National Forest and chapter activities.

South Bend Plants Trees

IN co-operation with the Boy Scouts of South Bend and nearby towns, the chapter set out 6,000 trees on Arbor Day in the record time of three hours. The trees were set out at Wild Bird Rest, sponsored by the chapter.

The tree planting ceremony was an impressive one. More than 250 Boy Scouts and 300 others took part. The chapter planted three trees in memory of Will Dilg, Dr. James A. Henshall and Charles W. Folds. Other civic bodies followed suit and planted large trees with special dedications by local ministers.

The chapter is now busily engaged in raising funds with which to operate a bird sanctuary located 15 miles from South Bend. The chapter has already acquired 103 acres and has an option on 300 acres more. Artificial ponds have been made, a fish hatchery has been built. The sanctuary is visited by several thousand ducks annually.

Activities

KERKHOVEN, MINN.

Set aside a game refuge comprising 1,200 acres near town and is working to set aside a similar refuge at a distance 12 miles away.

Has broadcast Waltonian programs over Station WCCO, Minneapolis.

Sponsored a successful conservation congress, built around the appearance of Jack Miner, attracted sportsmen from all over the state, and netted the chapter $600.00.

Has established an annual mid-summer picnic. The last one netted $300.00, which was devoted to the propagation of wild life.

Is planting Hungarian partridges in the reserve.

Sponsored a bird-house contest and a bird essay contest in the local schools.

Is investigating the matter of correcting the water level of nearby lakes. Interested in the further beautifying of Sibley park.

* * *

AUSTIN, MINN.

Is planting 2,000 coniferous trees as a start toward a city forest.

Also, several bushels of black walnut and butternut.

Has harnessed the water supply on a farm near the city and has made trout ponds there.

Have liberated trout into the streams surrounding Austin.

Stages an annual bird-house contest.

* * *

BELLVILLE, PA.

Has a trout nursery with a capacity of 200,000 annual output at a cost of $700.00.

Distributed 10,000 trout last year through the streams of the country; now feeding 6,000 rainbow trout to be placed in the streams in August.

Planted 80 cans of trout, 25 cans of bass, 10 cans of catfish, and 10,000 pike obtained from the state in local streams.

Has planted 6,000 pounds of corn, 4,000 pounds of scratch feed and several thousand food trees for game.

Liberated 312 rabbits, 23 pair of ring neck pheasants and 18 pair of quail last year.

Has twelve deputy fish wardens appointed from the chapter to guard local streams.

* * *

GRANT, MICH.

Has stocked four lakes, 26 streams with 140,000 brook trout, 10,000 brown trout, 42,000 bass, 10,000 bluegills, 10,000 pike. Has built dams in nearby creeks to protect the small fry.

Has formed a rod and gun club and holds regular trap shoots.

Has a committee working on the setting out of trees.

This list of accomplishments is for a chapter which has only 22 members.

* * *

THE Hazleton, Pa., chapter has just bought a 31-acre farm about nine miles from the city. The farm is about half woods, and there is excellent water. The chapter members have already built ponds for trout, and will soon receive 20,000 young fish from federal hatcheries.

The chapter is staging a finance drive, membership drive, and general public support drive.

We Want Your Winning Essays

THE winner of the National Izaak Walton League essay contest will be determined this month. A picture of the winner and the prize essay will appear in the October issue of Outdoor America. A silver cup will be awarded.

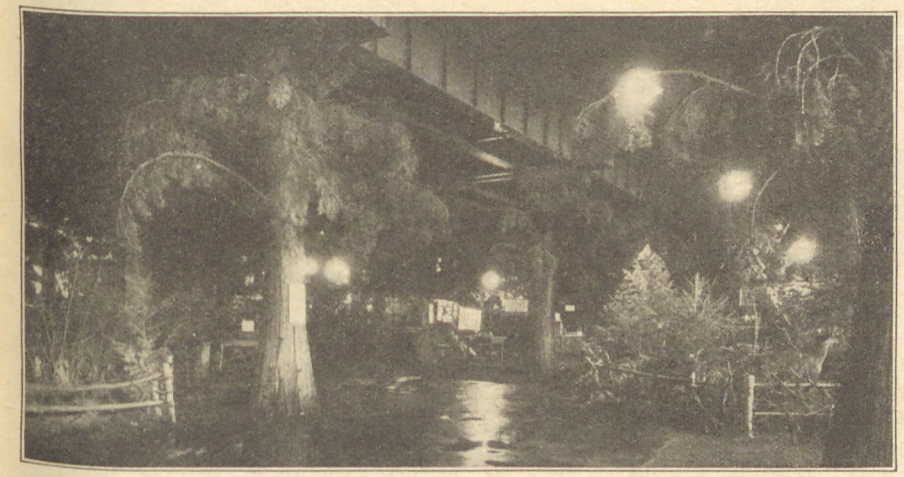
The contest is open to the winners of essay contests staged by Walton League chapters. Only one entry will be permitted from one town. National Headquarters will not under any circumstances judge between two or more essays from one town.

Mail the essays to Publicity Department, Izaak Walton League, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

They must be here by September 1.

Judges will be Seth Gordon, Conservation Director, Fred H. Doellner, General Manager, and Donald Hough, director of publicity.

They Brought the Forest Indoors



WHEN the Heidemann Chapter, Spokane, Washington, does things, it does them with something of a vengeance. When it furnished salmon for the last National Convention it furnished 1,500 pounds, frozen in cakes of ice. When it put on a Sportsmen's Show recently it brought nearly all of outdoor Washington under a roof.

Ten carloads of cedars, hemlocks, and other trees, en route to a sawmill, were used for making a veritable forest under a railroad viaduct, scene of the show.

All manner of wild animals staked the enclosures; stuffed specimens looked down on the crowds; ducks, geese and other wildfowl swam on a lake 75 feet in diameter. A creek ran through the show, and included a waterfall 30 feet high.

Commercial enterprises had booths, there were motion pictures, government exhibits, fish in tanks, and all of the other things which go to make up a good outdoor show and exposition.

Paid admissions totalled 59,981, which was something of a record for outdoor shows.

State Division Notes

SOUTH DAKOTA MEETS

A FULL time executive secretary, paid for by dollar state dues, was decided on by the South Dakota division at the annual convention at Milbank on June 12. Thus South Dakota enters the lists of serious Waltonian states. This move is considered one of the most important that any division can make.

The convention recommended a closed season for one year on native grouse of all kinds.

Robert D. Jones was elected president of the division, Frank Boerger secretary.

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, national president, was at the convention and made the principal address at the banquet held at the Milbank auditorium. Two hundred and fifty were present.

* * *

LOUISIANA UNDER WAY

The reorganization meeting of the Louisiana division, held at New Orleans recently, resulted in getting a new and militant state organization under way.

The convention was a very successful one. Mayor Arthur J. O'Keefe of New Orleans welcomed the delegates, and Dr. V. K. Irion, Conservation Commissioner of the state, was the principal speaker.

Much of the time of the convention was given over to organization work. The framework of an extensive state group was built, and plans perfected for immediate expansion of chapters and membership.

Officers elected were John Dymond, Jr., Plaquemines Parish, president; T. E. Willis, Shreveport, T. H. Harris, Baton Rouge, and Hon. John M. Parker, St. Francisville, vice presidents; George J. Boesch, New Orleans, secretary; Paul Larousini, New Orleans, treasurer.

(Continued on page 57)

"There Goes Mitchell"

THERE goes Miss Arkansas, the traveling house on wheels in which W. D. Mitchell, Little Rock, secretary of the Arkansas division of the League, will cover his state this summer. He will organize chapters as he goes, of course.

Radio Column

TUNE in, hear your fellow Waltonians on the air, then write to the stations and tell them how you liked it.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 7:30 P.M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash. Spokane chapter. Fridays at 9 P.M., Pacific Time. 370.2 meters. Courtesy KHQ.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

WASH Grand Rapids, Mich. Grand Rapids chapter. Every Saturday, 7 P.M.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Courtesy WGES.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Arthur F. Ferriss.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

WJJD Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month, 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WOC Davenport, Iowa. Davenport chapter. Schedule undetermined.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Friday 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WSM Nashville, Tenn., schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Wednesday, 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

WTAX Streator, Ill., schedule undetermined.

What's What and How— in Conservation

By Seth Gordon

Snakes and Turtles Destroying Fish

1. Do snakes and turtles destroy any considerable number of small fish? R. K., Ohio.

WATER snakes and snapping turtles do destroy large numbers of small fish. In hatchery and rearing ponds they are a constant menace. The number of small trout that a water snake can gobble up is almost unbelievable.

The Belleville, Pennsylvania, chapter of the League has made a special drive against water snakes in streams which the Waltonians have stocked from nursery ponds. The chapter has offered a membership to every boy who brings in twelve or more water snakes—killing two snakes with one stone, as it were. The boys are having a lot of fun, and the Waltonians feel the plan is accomplishing real results.

Snapping turtles are really about the only ones that are considered to be very destructive to fish life. They can be captured by hook and line baited with a piece of fish. To rid ponds of turtles is a difficult problem, but the numbers can be kept under control by continued effort. Where the entire pond may be drained, they may be collected in hand nets and the bottom of the pond raked over to locate any that may be buried in the mud.

The most profitable time to catch and market turtles is during the fall and winter months. By prodding around in the soft mud they may be located. A mudded-in snapper feels much like a chunk of wood. They can then be easily pulled out, by using a pole with a stout hook on the end.

A good way to capture turtles during the summer months is to place a log or plank in the water so inclined that the upper end projects about a foot above the surface; the lower end must be fastened. Then stretch a net around and adjust it to form a pocket under the projecting end. Various kinds of turtles will crawl out on the log to bask in the sun. When anyone approaches they will drop into the net and can be easily captured and removed.

Wild Life Retreats

2. What do you say about the wisdom of building hollow square or "doughnut" brush piles to protect pheasants, partridges, quail and other birds? H. H. L., Wisconsin.

THE idea is beyond question a good one. What all game needs are more places in which to escape the hunter and the predatory birds and animals. Very beneficial protection may be supplied in this way.

Before starting a brush pile some pieces of old logs, or large stones, should be laid down in a hollow square with about three or four good openings between the ends. Then lay several stout pieces across the top before building up the pile. In this way hunters who will come along and jump on the shelter can't crush your brush pile flat, and it will serve for a number of years.

Another good way to furnish a place of retreat for rabbits, pheasants and other game is to build up some cairns of rocks or use some old railroad ties laid side by side about ten inches apart, with a double "L" or sharp kink in the center. Then cover over with large flat stones, more ties, old logs, and brush or corn fodder. Old tile used in the same way makes a dandy retreat. Always leave at least two places for escape.

The purpose of the double "L" in the center of your shelter is to keep hunters from driving out with a long pole birds or animals which have taken refuge in the shelter.

Farmers' boys who like to see pheasants, quail, prairie chickens and other game about their property can easily build a lot of these shelters in out-of-the-way corners on their premises, and thereby save more seed stock every year than can possibly be stocked on the average property.

Don't forget that these "doughnut" brush piles also make dandy places for song and insectivorous birds of various kinds to nest, especially the brown thrasher.

Fry and Fingerlings

3. There seems to be a great deal of misunderstanding about what is meant by fish fry and fish fingerlings. Tell me which is which. R. R. N., New Jersey.

IT is true that there has been a good bit of misunderstanding concerning the size of the various kinds of baby fish that should be called fry and fingerlings. To clarify the terminology the United States Bureau of Fisheries has just recently again called attention to the generally accepted meaning, which is as follows:

Fry—Fish up to the time the yolk sac is absorbed and feeding begins.

Advanced fry—Fish from the end of the fry period until they have reached a length of one inch.

Fingerlings—Fish between the length of one inch and the yearling state, the various sizes are designated as follows: No. 1, a fish one inch in length and up to two inches; No. 2, a fish two inches in length and up to three inches; No. 3, a fish three inches in length and up to four inches, etc.

Yearlings—Fish that are one year old, but less than two years old from the date of hatching. Fish over two years old and less than three years are commonly termed "two-year-olds." While the term "three-year-olds" may be employed, fish of this age are generally called "adults."

Treating Sick Ringneck Pheasants

4. We have a bunch of young ringneck pheasants that act as though they have chicken gapes. Their wings droop, and several of them have already died. Can you help us out? A. W. K., Illinois.

IN view of the urgency of this case I wrote you immediately, but believe it best to also publish my reply for the benefit of others who have similar troubles.

One of the most prevalent causes of death among young ringneck pheasants seems to be gapes. If possible keep your young pheasants from infected ground. In order that the soil in the rearing coop may not become contaminated, the coop in which the foster mother and the young pheasants are confined at night should be moved to a new space at least every second day, preferably every day where that is convenient.

Birds suffering from gapes may be treated very easily by heating a brick or stone until it is quite hot, place it in one end of a tight box and the little pheasants in the other, with a partition between so that the little fellows will not come in contact with the hot brick. Put a few drops of carbolic acid on the bricks, place a glass over the box and watch the birds carefully. When they show signs of suffocation give them air immediately. Following this operation the birds usually cough up the little gape worms and the trouble is relieved.

If young pheasants held in captivity go about sneezing, chances are they have caught cold. To relieve this condition, permanganate of potassium in sufficient quantity to give the water a good deep wine color may be added to their drinking water every other day. Permanganate of potassium so used also aids in checking diarrhoea among the young birds.

Feeding Young Trout

5. Our chapter has 25,000 young rainbow trout in a pond. We have not been feeding them and I do not believe they are getting enough natural food to make them grow as they should. Is artificial feeding desirable and what kind of food should be used? R. L. L., Michigan.

SO many factors enter into a case of this kind that it is rather difficult to advise you fully without more information. Generally speaking, you can't expect a large number of young trout to thrive in a small pond unless they are fed. Young fish in rearing ponds must be given ample food if they are expected to grow.

The food ordinarily used at the fish hatcheries consists of fresh beef liver and heart or sheep plucks (liver, hearts and lungs) ground fine enough so that the fish can handle it easily. However, almost any kind of fresh wholesome meat may be used. A number of hatcheries use fresh liver and milk curds (unmixed cottage cheese) fed alternately.

In preparing liver or other meat for trout under three inches long, first remove all gristle and other stringy portions, then run through a meat chopper until fine enough so that the fish can handle it nicely. For example, for very small fry the meat is chopped fine, a little water is then added and the mass is beaten into a fine pulp. When fed it is about the consistency of thick pea soup. As the fish grow larger the size of the food is increased.

A suitable mush may be made by stirring wheat shorts or middlings into boiling water until it thickens, adding about the same amount of salt as if seasoning for table use. Just prior to feeding, chopped meat is stirred into the cold mush in such quantities as may be desired up to four-fifths of the entire mass, small fish requiring a larger proportion of meat than the older ones. The United States Bureau of Fisheries recommends that this combination food of meat and mush be fed only to fish three or more inches long.

It is best not to prepare the meat more than a day in advance, and it should be mixed with the mush only as required for immediate use. Never use putrid meat or moldy mush. If convenient, small fish should be fed three to five times a day. As they get older the number of feedings per day may be reduced. Never put in more than they will eat up within an hour or two.

I have mailed you a copy of my recent bulletin on "HOW TO GROW MORE FISH," which will give you more information concerning fish rearing ponds, feeding, stocking and other similar problems. You will note from the bulletin that in addition to the fresh meat diet, a number of substitute foods are being used successfully.

Seth Gordon, Conservation Director of the Izaak Walton League will gladly answer queries on all conservation subjects. Consult him about your conservation problems.

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by

JUDGE

GEORGE W. WOOD

SOMETIME ago I gave you directions for the making of a bow and arrow. After having made them you will want to know just what can be done with them. In my back yard I put up a target made of two thicknesses of compo board. This material stops the arrow without injuring either the tip or the paint, and is a fair substitute for the rather expensive straw target. When I have a few moments I go out and practice. It is great sport to see the shaft fly and to hear the thud of the arrow as it strikes. It is better to see the arrow strike the gold. Unfortunately, not all of the shafts that I loose do this, for one is apt to shoot at the target as a whole, rather than at the very center. Unless you concentrate on the very spot you want your arrow to strike you will find that your shooting is not accurate. But this is, at best, only target practice, and one tires of walking back and forth in the same surroundings, and using the same mark.

If you are going for a tramp in the woods take your bow and arrows along. A stump or even a leaf will make a good mark. As you walk, you will see a multitude of inviting targets. On one such trip afield I found the ground covered with huge white puff balls, which made splendid targets and would fly into bits when hit by the arrows. You will soon become accustomed to the judging of distances. In such shooting, it is best to use only blunt heads. A broadhead or even the sharp target point will stick into a tree or stump so that it is difficult to get them out. But enjoyable as is such roving, it does not have the thrill of real hunting.

Right here I might say that in talking with a manual training instructor who had been instructing his boys in archery he told me that they had hesitated to go afield with their bows for fear of being made sport of. Shortly after this conversation I saw advertised the showing of the moving picture made by Arthur Young, in Alaska, entitled, "Alaskan Adventures." I had read of his exploits with the bow, and was anxious to see at first hand the record of his feats. Surely no one can make light of the bow and arrow as a deadly weapon after seeing this picture, wherein he kills mountain goat, brown bear and moose. You have read accounts of moose, for instance, being shot several times with the modern high powered rifles, and then traveling long distances before being overcome by their wounds. But in this picture the moose struck by but one arrow fell dead after taking only a few steps. Think what a sporting proposition it was for Mr. Young to make his own equipment with which to go into the frozen North, depending only on the bow and arrow for protection and food.

After I had done considerable target shooting and tramped through the woods practicing on such targets as came to hand I felt the call to do some real hunting. It was midsummer, and I must wait for the lowly cottontail until after the cold weather made his flesh fit for food. I tried to stalk the crows that flew up and down our creek, but could not get within bow shot. The ground hog, which lived along the railroad track, was too wary and quick for me, so I found no use for the good broadhead arrows which I had fashioned with so much care. One day the custodian of our public park told me of the ravages of the little striped ground squirrels. I looked out across the greensward of the golf course, and could see many of them, either standing erect or scampering across the grass, or along the edges of the shrubbery. Here was the very game I was seeking, and lots of it. Undisturbed by their hereditary enemies, they throve and threatened to overrun the park. One hunts for food or to rid the neighborhood of undesirable animals. I hastened home, armed myself with a strong bow and a half dozen broadhead arrows, and hurried out to put an end to the depredations of these small vandals. At times they would stand erect and let the arrows strike all about them. If one was scampering toward his hole he would stop and investigate when an arrow struck near him. They seemed to be very curious. I later found the same thing to be true with rabbits. I would not want to tell you just how many times I shot before I hit one. I did not entirely justify the faith of a youngster who came up to me and asked if he might go along and have the squirrels that I killed. He said that he wanted to save the skins to make an overcoat for the next winter. I gave him the four that I killed. The next day I met him caddying. On inquiry I found that he had not been able to skin the squirrels, because, as he said, "they had too much air in them." Indeed, a broadhead arrow with a one and one-eighth inch base plays havoc with the ordinary ground squirrel.

In all sorts of hunting there is apt to be some game that is wounded and escapes to suffer. No one likes to see this happen, and the good sportsman will do his utmost to make all of his kills clean and sure. But when hunting with the bow and arrow the chance of your game being wounded and escaping is very small. In only one instance have I had this occur. I was stalking a squirrel one day, from behind a clump of bushes. It observed me, as I raised my bow, and made for its hole. I shot hastily and saw the arrow kick up the dust. These little fellows run with remarkable speed, ordinarily keeping their bodies low on the ground. But when the arrow struck, it took two or three stiff legged jumps, and plumped into the hole. I missed the disdainful wave of its tail, which is so customary with them when they make a successful escape, and I could not tell whether I had scared it so that it had forgotten this ceremony. I walked over to pick up my arrow and found just a wee bit of its tail, cut off by the edge of the sharp broadhead arrow.

Judge Wood with bow and arrows made by himself.

The next day near the same home, I killed a little squirrel with a stubby tail. Some years ago, I used to shoot these little animals with a 22 rifle, and found that even when using the long rifle hollow-point bullet, many of them would get into their holes after having been hit. But none escape after being hit with an arrow, and you know that they are not suffering underground.

The grey squirrels are particularly tenacious of life. One day I was walking down a little draw and heard the whistle of the grey squirrel which is louder than that of the little striped ones. I stood very still with a blunt headed arrow on the string trying to spy the whistler. It took me some time to see him peeping out of a hole in the bank shaded by a bit of grass. When I shot, the arrow struck, throwing up a cloud of dust. I thought that I had missed him, but, on going after my arrow, I noticed a bit of grey fur in the hole. I took the squirrel out. The heavy shaft had struck him in the head, killing him instantly. I have known them to get into their holes after having been shot through the head with a rifle bullet, but the large head, and slower flight of the arrow, produces great shock.

I was on the golf course one afternoon, when I saw a squirrel running for its hole near a group of golfers. It was a long shot, but I tried it. The arrow left the bow in a long arc, skimmed along the ground, and struck the squirrel as he ran. I am not quite sure which was the most surprised, the squirrel, the golfers or myself. I made the best of it, however, I carefully stepped off the distance, over fifty yards, and while nonchalantly picking up my arrow, I tried to act as though this was an everyday occurrence, but I was careful to do the rest of my shooting as far from this group as possible. I hope none of those golfers chance upon this and thereby discover that that spectacular episode was nothing but a lucky accident.

If you do not like to kill these little creatures, merely to rid the countryside of a pest, then you may turn to the delightful book, by Dr. Saxton Pope, "Hunting with the Bow and Arrow," and there read that these little striped squirrels are as tender and delicious as chicken. I have never tried them myself, for I am like the old French Canadian, who, while recommending muskrat for food, told how to dress and cook them, and then said, "I would just as soon have chicken any time." Dr. Pope is doubtless right, yet, like the old trapper, "I would just as soon have chicken." At any rate, until I become a much better shot than I am now, I could not get enough in an all day hunt to make a good square meal.

Shooting at these little animals will give you good training in judging distance and speed, so that when fall comes and you want to go out and stalk a nice fat rabbit, your hand will be steady, and your eye keen. You will be surprised to find how accurately you will be able to shoot, and what satisfaction you will have in pitting your own quickness of hand and eye against the wary little rabbits. You must

(Continued on page 56)

AS special marks of distinction in the great "Do and Grow" program, which it has undertaken, the League is awarding a Silver Founder's Button (the highest award in Waltonism) to those who organize new chapters, and special silver and bronze watch fobs, designed for this occasion, to those who get five or ten new members. On this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *our magazine, are printed the names of those who qualify for one or more of these distinguished service badges.*

THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

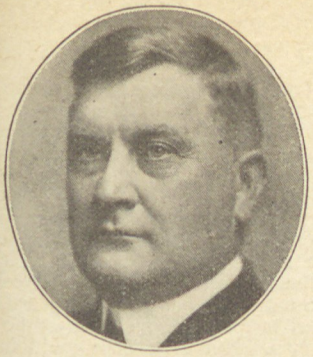
HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM. EACH HAS FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER

LOUIS REITZAMMER ..... McGehee, Arkansas
A. L. THIBADEAUX ..... McGehee, Arkansas
E. H. MYRICK ..... St. Maries, Idaho
BEN OVERMAN ..... Mattoon, Illinois
C. O. YOUNG ..... Toledo, Illinois
CHAS. KOONS ..... Charlestown, Ind.
HARRY MARLIN ..... Elwood, Ind.
CHAS. J. ROTHROCK ..... English, Ind.
H. J. FUNUSH ..... Scottsburg, Ind.
MERLE LOCKE ..... Badger, Iowa
H. H. EVERTS ..... Boone, Iowa
F. C. MILLER ..... Dakota City, Iowa
P. J. HEINISCH ..... Norwood, Minnesota
E. M. KROST ..... Plentywood, Montana
JOHN EBERLY ..... David City, Neb.
JOHN KASPAREK ..... David City, Neb.
L. F. ORAM ..... Attica, N. Y.
E. L. THOMAS ..... Buffalo, N. Y.
C. E. HANCOCK ..... Beaufort, N. C.
HARRY J. EDWARDS ..... Henderson, N. C.
FRANCIS T. WYATT ..... Alva, Okla.
F. O. PRUNTY ..... Blackwell, Okla.
ADRIAN BROWN ..... Bixby, Okla.
FRED P. BLOUNT ..... Broken Arrow, Okla.
E. T. SMITH ..... Hollis, Okla.
U. S. STAFFORD ..... Owasso, Okla.
W. A. BLASINGAME ..... Pawhuska, Okla.
FINIS COX ..... Sallisaw, Okla.
G. F. LANGLEY ..... Taloga, Okla.
W. E. WHEELER ..... Waynoka, Okla.
E. GORDON PHILLIPS ..... Belleville, Pa.
FRANK G. MURPHY ..... Hallton, Pa.
DR. JEROME STRAESSLEY ..... Kersey, Pa.
REV. J. L. ROBISON ..... Port Royal, Pa.
CHAS. M. EMERY ..... St. Mary's, Pa.
MARSHALL JETTY ..... St. Mary's, Pa.
MAL JOHNSON ..... St. Mary's, Pa.
GEO. A. DUTHIE ..... Deadwood, S. D.
JAMES RAMSAY ..... Spearfish, S. D.
M. AGNEW ..... Mercedes, Texas
J. M. JOHNSON ..... Almira, Washington
CHAS. H. METZ ..... Carson, Washington
FRANK CHASE ..... Chewelah, Washington
HORACE C. PETERSON ..... Colville, Washington
JOHN GAILEY ..... Concrete, Washington
J. L. TUCKER ..... Coulee City, Washington
G. H. RICE ..... Deer Park, Washington
L. R. NELSEN ..... Ephrata, Washington
TEX ROSEBAUGH ..... Harrington, Washington
J. W. TALLENT ..... Lind, Washington
FRANK HAWLEY ..... Lynden, Washington
J. G. FOISY ..... Prosser, Washington
L. E. TIPTON ..... Ritzville, Washington
C. W. YOAKUM ..... Stanwood, Washington
O. R. HOPEWELL ..... Waterville, Washington
LOUIS TOTH ..... Wilbur, Washington
CHAS. H. ALVIS ..... Wilson Creek, Washington
H. C. STURDEVANT ..... La Crosse, Wis.
S. C. BOARDMAN ..... New Richmond, Wis.
F. A. R. VAN METER ..... New Richmond, Wis.
L. H. KINGSTON ..... Oconto, Wis.
DR. R. W. BALDWIN ..... Viroqua, Wis.
GEO. W. LAW ..... Wisconsin Veterans Home, Wis.

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Here are the men who are in the front line trenches of Waltonism. They are doing a great work. Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members, are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members.

A. L. STEVENS ..... **Forest City, Ark.**
ALFRED STRAHL ..... **Judsonia, Ark.**
MRS. EMMETT HAWKENS ... **Neuhardt, Ark.**
FRED J. INGRAM ..... **Pine Bluff, Ark.**
J. W. BROWN ..... **Claremont, Cal.**
JUDGE JAMES SHARP ..... **Cucamonga, Cal.**
LEO D. BERNER (15) ..... **Glendora, Cal.**
EMERSON L. DUFF ..... **Glendora, Cal.**
C. W. WHITMER ..... **Glendora, Cal.**
ORSON B. LOLMAUGH ..... **Hemet, Cal.**
H. G. MILLS ..... **La Verne, Cal.**
C. A. BUSHEY ..... **Los Angeles, Cal.**
LEO M. REIHSEN ..... **Ontario, Cal.**
A. C. LESTER ..... **Oro Grande, Cal.**
H. J. TROEBNER ..... Pasadena, Cal.
L. J. CLEMENS ..... **San Bernardino, Cal.**
M. C. VAN SLYKE ..... **San Bernardino, Cal.**
ROY CREIGHTON ..... **Upland, Cal.**
HUBERT L. MANKER ..... Upland, Cal.
BEN A. BRIDSEY ..... **Creede, Colo.**
FRANK BAILEY ..... **Denver, Colo.**
D. L. TENNEY ..... Denver, Colo.
M. P. ALLISON ..... Edgewater, Colo.
GEO. S. MORE ..... Edgewater, Colo.
C. E. DAVISON ..... Golden, Colo.
J. R. EVERETT ..... **Golden, Colo.**
W. B. MOORE ..... Golden, Colo.
R. M. CHASE ..... Greeley, Colo.
E. R. ENGLISH ..... Greeley, Colo.
GEORGE ERNEST ..... Greeley, Colo.
DR. FRANKLIN ..... Greeley, Colo.
FRANK GORDON ..... Greeley, Colo.
O. S. HERDMAN ..... **Greeley, Colo.**
F. M. LEE ..... Greeley, Colo.
CHARLES PETERSON ..... **Greeley, Colo.**
J. G. SILNEY ..... Greeley, Colo.
J. L. THOMPSON ..... Greeley, Colo.
R. M. WALTON ..... Greeley, Colo.
E. G. WOODBRIDGE ..... **La Junta, Colo.**
J. B. BYRD ..... Pueblo, Colo.
C. A. DEVORE ..... **Pueblo, Colo.**
JOHN GUADAGO ..... **Pueblo, Colo.**
JOHN MUZZIO, JR. ..... **Pueblo, Colo.**
W. R. RUSSELL ..... **Pueblo, Colo.**
DEY F. WHELAN ..... **Pueblo, Colo.**
ROY T. JOHNSON ..... **Sterling, Colo.**
R. S. LAINSON ..... **Sterling, Colo.**
C. O. SEARS ..... **Sterling, Colo.**
E. H. CARSTENSEN ..... **South Fork, Colo.**
R. C. PARVIN ..... **Brandenton, Fla.**
E. J. CLEARWATR ..... Clearwater, Fla.
FLETCHER MORRISON ..... **Iverness, Fla.**
DR. A. B. CANNON ..... **Lacoochee, Fla.**
JAMES CRAIG ..... **Lake Worth, Fla.**
WALTER CHRISTIANSEN ... Miami, Fla.
R. C. NICHOLSON ..... Palm Beach, Fla.
O. F. HEUSLER ..... **St. Petersburg, Fla.**
R. F. WILBER ..... **St. Petersburg, Fla.**
H. K. WILSON ..... **St. Petersburg, Fla.**
F. L. MISENHEIMER ..... **Venice, Fla.**
W. D. ARRISON ..... **West Palm Beach, Fla.**
C. M. ARTHUR ..... West Palm Beach, Fla.
DR. J. C. CRIST ..... **West Palm Beach, Fla.**
ED. DOANE ..... West Palm Beach, Fla.
F. E. HOFFMAN .. West Palm Beach, Fla.



This Space Is too Small for Borges!

A MAN who can turn in 860 new members for his chapter in five years is surely entitled to at least a page. That's what Bill Borges of Milwaukee has done. 860 new members! And that's only a beginning. He has obtained 23 life memberships at $100 each. He has taken an active part in everything the Milwaukee chapter has done, and is largely responsible for its position as the largest in the League. Mr. Borges has undoubtedly made a record for individual achievement. Can anybody beat it? If so, trot him out!

EDDIE SESHOLTS....West Palm Beach, Fla.
A. B. SMITH.....West Palm Beach, Fla.
W. H. STODDARD..West Palm Beach, Fla.
FRED C. STUCK....West Palm Beach, Fla.
RALPH WALDEN....West Palm Beach, Fla.
HUBERT WATTS ....West Palm Beach, Fla.
J. G. NEWSON.....Williston, Fla.
GARNETT W. SAYE.....Albany, Ga.
J. LEONARD RIDLEY.....Atlanta, Ga.
HON. PETER TWITTY.....Atlanta, Ga.
JOHN R. SLATER.....Douglas, Ga.
VIRGINIA HOLLINGSWORTH.....
.....Fitzgerald, Ga.
TONY LUKE.....Fitzgerald, Ga.
CARL FLEMING.....Sparta, Ga.
R. H. FOY.....Sylvester, Ga.
JOHN G. HOLT.....Tifton, Ga.
M. E. BECK.....Couer D'Alene, Idaho
M. DOLAN.....Couer D'Alene, Idaho
B. E. ERICKSON.....Couer D'Alene, Idaho
A. H. GEORGE.....Couer D'Alene, Idaho
C. O. JENNINGS.....Couer D'Alene, Idaho
V. C. MOODY.....Couer D'Alene, Idaho
B. F. SHERWIN.....Couer D'Alene, Idaho
E. C. COLLINS.....Moscow, Idaho
G. D. HODGE.....Moscow, Idaho
HOWARD SHAFER.....Pocatello, Idaho
J. B. HARPER.....Bloomington, Ill.
HERMAN H. JASPER.....Bloomington, Ill.
LEE C. RODGERS.....Bloomington, Ill.
J. J. SERNEY.....Charleston, Ill.
A. P. KAISER.....
.....(Humboldt Park Chap.), Chicago, Ill.
ALBERT A. CUCHNA.....Cicero, Ill.
CHAS. GOLL.....Cicero, Ill.
JOS. KROPACEK.....Cicero, Ill.
ANTON VLCEK.....Cicero, Ill.
W. KENNICOTT.....Des Plaines, Ill.
FRANZ KOEHLER.....Des Plaines, Ill.
A. KORSGARD.....Des Plaines, Ill.
A. O. SCHUETTE (17).....Des Plaines, Ill.
E. H. SCHULZE (22).....Des Plaines, Ill.
C. J. NESS.....Evanston, Ill.
MONT. A. NORTH.....Forest Park, Ill.
H. D. DAVISSON.....Glenview, Ill.
FRED HENNING (12).....Mendota, Ill.
WM. J. NEUMANN.....Sterling, Ill.
DR. WM. E. WRIGHT.....Sterling, Ill.
GEORGE NORTH TAYLOR...Streator, Ill.
FRANK MAURER.....Tremont, Ill.
W. PACKARD.....Washburn, Ill.
E. T. SARGENT.....Waukegan, Ill.
FRANK A. WEBB.....Waukegan, Ill.
M. S. ELWOOD.....Zeigler, Ill.
A. H. PULLIAM.....Zeigler, Ill.
GLEN R. SPARROW.....Zion, Ill.
SAMUEL L. RIPLEY.....Corydon, Ind.
WM. H. SCHEIMAN.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
CARL SCHUGG.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
PHILIP CRECELIUS.....French Lick, Ind.
WM. T. EHLERS.....Gary, Ind.
ALLEN HOSANG.....Gary, Ind.
CHAS. C. NEWMAN.....Gary, Ind.
C. P. RITZ.....Indiana Harbor, Ind.
GEORGE W. BENNETT....Jeffersonville, Ind.
G. A. ROSENBAUM.....Kouts, Ind.
S. G. BOYD.....Madison, Ind.
H. H. EVANS.....New Castle, Ind.
S. C. BARTLETT.....Pence, Ind.
S. C. BARTLETT.....Pence, Ind.
C. W. SIEVEKING.....Salem, Ind.
HARRY HOILER.....Wayne, Ind.
H. H. EVERTS.....Boone, Iowa
FRANK C. PECK.....Colesburg, Iowa
H. A. EVERTS (21).....Daytona, Iowa
H. S. POOLE.....Dubuque, Iowa
E. E. CAVANAUGH.....Ft. Dodge, Iowa
GLENN C. SMITH.....Iowa Falls, Iowa
H. M. GLEW.....Maquoketa, Iowa
DR. A. JOLES.....Maquoketa, Iowa
ED. LUCKIESH.....Maquoketa, Iowa
J. B. McLAUGHLIN.....Maquoketa, Iowa
ED. SCHROEDER .....Maquoketa, Iowa
ISAAC TAYLOR.....Maquoketa, Iowa
E. V. CUTLER.....Osage, Iowa
CLAUDE F. WAYNE.....Osage, Iowa
JACOB H. HOLCK.....Peterson, Iowa
O. W. GUSTAFSON.....Sioux City, Iowa
CEDRIC HOSKING.....Sioux City, Iowa
A. H. BOLTON.....Sioux City, Iowa
C. H. ELLIS.....Sioux City, Iowa
F. M. HARBEN.....Sioux City, Iowa
J. M. SEARLES.....Waterloo, Iowa
CHAS. W. PLAUTZ.....Bushton, Kans.
F. W. STEHWEEN.....Bushton, Kans.
F. H. ANDERSON.....Ellinswood, Kans.
HOWARD EVANS.....Great Bend, Kans.
J. M. MILLER.....Hutchinson, Kans.
C. W. NEFF.....Hutchinson, Kans.
ROY C. STREETER.....Hutchinson, Kans.
E. B. HATCHER.....Independence, Kans.
F. M. TUCKER.....Kiowa, Kans.
V. M. SMITH.....Little River, Kans.
J. L. BUSH.....Little River, Kans.
J. B. GARY.....Robinson, Kans.
H. D. STRONG.....Troy, Kans.
H. E. STRONG.....Troy, Kans.
LOUIS L. STRONG, JR. .....Troy, Kans.
L. S. BALLARD (11).....Wichita, Kans.
L. E. CASTLE.....Wichita, Kans.
GERALD CHANCE (14).....Wichita, Kans.
DR. E. J. FROST.....Wichita, Kans.
DON C. MOEHRING (24).....Wichita, Kans.
CHAS. A. STILWELL.....Wichita, Kans.
R. H. KINNAIRD.....Lexington, Ky.
J. C. MARTIN.....Morgan City, La.
J. G. MARTIN.....New Orleans, La.
G. HUNTER BOWERS.....Frederick, Md.
S. EDWARD SHAW.....Frederick, Md.
EDWARD E. VATTES.....Clinton, Mass.
W. JAMES WILLIAMS.....
.....Great Barrington, Mass.
DR. RICHARD B. LARKIN...Haverhill Mass.
S. H. CARTER.....Lee, Mass.
P. F. RICHMOND.....Lee, Mass.
A. L. ROGERS.....Lee, Mass.
CLYDE S. THOMAS.....Middleboro, Mass.
G. D. PERRIER.....Plymouth, Mass.
F. A. SCHLESINGER.....Springfield, Mass.
G. L. SICKMAN.....Springfield, Mass.
H. S. STEARNS (31).....Springfield, Mass.
ARTHUR C. MONROE....Stockbridge, Mass.
WALTER F. SKIFFINGTON.....
.....West Brookfield, Mass.
B. S. PENDLETON.....Westfield, Mass.
CHAS. E. HIGGINS.....Woronoco, Mass.
LAWRENCE W. SHATTUCK.....
.....Woronoco, Mass.
ANTON BILLGREN .....Alma, Mich.
DR. J. N. DAY.....Alma, Mich.
LEE R. NUMMER.....Alma, Mich.
HOWARD L. WHITE.....Alma, Mich.
KENNETH RIES .....Fenton, Mich.
W. J. TEMPLE.....Kalamazoo, Mich.
EARL HAMET .....Reading, Mich.
CARL F. HEINEMAN.....Saginaw, Mich.
LEO E. MANN.....Saginaw, Mich.
NORMAN LARSON.....Cromwell, Minn.
E. E. TURNQUIST.....Crookston, Minn.
CARL A. MATTSON.....Duluth, Minn.
PETE NELSON .....Hanley Falls, Minn.
J. GOULD.....Inter City, Minn.
ED. GONSOLIN .....Keewatin, Minn.
THOS. STATON .....Keewatin, Minn.
HENRY J. FORSTNER.....Madelia, Minn.
F. H. FERRIN.....Mantorville, Minn.
D. E. BERSING.....Minneapolis, Minn.
A. E. CARLSEN.....Minneapolis, Minn.
ARTHUR C. JOHNSON....Minneapolis, Minn.
DR. J. W. NELSON.....Minneapolis, Minn.
JAMES SKINNER.....Minneapolis, Minn.
D. T. STINE.....Minneapolis, Minn.
JOHN G. KLEIMOLA.....Nashwauk, Minn.
HARRY BEYER .....New Ulm, Minn.
HERBERT BEYER .....New Ulm, Minn.
A. E. BLAUERT.....New Ulm, Minn.
H. A. FENSKE.....New Ulm, Minn.
GEO. B. FESENMAIER..New Ulm, Minn.
A. J. GROEBNER.....New Ulm, Minn.
EMIL G. HEMPEL.....New Ulm, Minn.
HUGO HUHN .....New Ulm, Minn.
W. O. KOESTER.....New Ulm, Minn.
WILLIAM STELLJES.....New Ulm, Minn.
H. A. HEIN.....Norwood, Minn.
SID O'REILLEY .....Norwood, Minn.
R. A. KAPLAN.....Owatonna, Minn.
RICHARD H. G. NETZ.....Owatonna, Minn.
M. B. GULLICKSON.....Peterson, Minn.
I. L. DEMARY.....Pipestone, Minn.
G. DeVRIES.....Pipestone, Minn.
H. GANO.....Pipestone, Minn.
OSCAR BUROSS.....Rushford, Minn.
PEDER RISLOVE.....Rushford, Minn.
DR. A. A. GALES (38)....Sauk Center, Minn.
C. W. CRIPPEN.....St. Charles, Minn.
GEORGE ALLEN.....St. Cloud, Minn.
E. J. EFFINGER.....
.....Thief River Falls, Minn.
C. HERBERT JUNG..Thief River Falls, Minn.
CARL A. SMITH.....Vesta, Minn.
ADOLPH BAUER .....Wabasso, Minn.
P. A. GLAESER.....Waconia, Minn.
A. HANSON .....West Duluth, Minn.
FRANK J. BINGHAM.....Willmar, Minn.
H. E. CRIST.....Willmar, Minn.
H. A. GUMMER.....Willmar, Minn.
P. B. HONG.....Willmar, Minn.
G. M. IRELAND.....Willmar, Minn.
A. F. LINDENBERG.....Willmar, Minn.
A. B. MICKELSON.....Willmar, Minn.
C. A. NICHOLS.....Willmar, Minn.
ROY PAULSEN .....Willmar, Minn.
OSCAR PEARSON .....Willmar, Minn.
EDWARD WANNER.....Willmar, Minn.
OTTO P. BOETTGER.....Frederick, Mo.
SCOTT MEYER .....Hannibal, Mo.
E. T. MILLER.....Hannibal, Mo.
DR. J. PAUL PRICE.....Hannibal, Mo.
WINCHESTER JENKINS.....Natchez, Miss.
WALTER EMMERTON.....Nevada, Mo.
ARTHUR MESSING .....Alexandria, Neb.
DR. H. J. NEWELL....Alexandria, Neb.
R. McCAULEY.....Atkinson, Neb.
DR. M. J. McNally.....Bellwood, Neb.
GEORGE GREGG.....Central City, Neb.
JESS SHIRLEY.....Central City, Neb.
LESTER SNODGRASS.....Central City, Neb.
CECIL TOOLEY.....Central City, Neb.
JOHN KASPAREK .....David City, Neb.
J. F. NABITY.....David City, Neb.
F. C. POLAK.....David City, Neb.
C. G. JOY.....Franklin, Neb.
WM. BURTZ .....Fremont, Neb.
JOE GREEN .....Fremont, Neb.
JAS. CORRIELL .....Fullerton, Neb.
H. A. NICHOLS.....Fullerton, Neb.
DR. F. I. LETSON.....Hay Springs, Neb.
C. A. SHEFFNER.....Hay Springs, Neb.
C. D. LAMPORT.....Lincoln, Neb.
A. O. FRYMOYER.....Nebraska City, Neb.
F. L. ELIKER.....Oxford, Neb.
J. G. SAWYER.....Oxford, Neb.
H. L. BLOW.....New Brunswick, N. J.
M. EDWARD L. THOMAS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
L. J. SEELYE.....Clyde, N. Y.
MARVIN A. ANDERSON....Jamestown, N. Y.
CARL CLOFSON .....Jamestown, N. Y.
G. W. MAEDER.....Jamestown, N. Y.
R. BRUNETTE .....Johnstown, N. Y.
W. MERRITT WAY.....Newark, N. Y.
WM. GINTER .....Oneida, N. Y.
J. M. HAPPELL.....Salamanca, N. Y.
JAMES D. BLAKESLEE.....Utica, N. Y.
R. J. LANDER.....Williamsville, N. Y.
J. P. GARNER.....Asheboro, N. C.
C. E. HANCOCK.....Beaufort, N. C.
E. J. LEARY.....Custer, N. D.
J. W. SCHANNACH.....Fargo, N. D.
ODIN OVERBY.....Grand Forks, N. D.
A. E. HIGHUM.....Valley City, N. D.
C. A. LEE.....Valley City, N. D.
PETER CAMPBELL .....Walhalla, N. D.
JOSEPH CHALFANT .....Akron, Ohio
CHRIS WEAVER .....Akron, Ohio
DR. M. FORWALTER...Van Wert, Ohio
W. I. LACEY.....Anadarko, Okla.
CHAS. CALDWELL.....Antlers, Okla.
O. S. SPARKS.....Ardmore, Okla.
TOM DYER.....Blanchard, Okla.
WM. ZIEGLER.....Calumet, Okla.
WHARTON MATHIES.....Clayton, Okla.
E. E. BROWN.....Duncan, Okla.
C. S. RUSSELL.....Madill, Okla.
RAY FRAZIER.....Poteau, Okla.
SHERMAN L. RONEY.....Beaver Falls, Pa.
O. F. SMITH.....Curwensville, Pa.
G. D. SHELLHAMMER.....Drums, Pa.
P. H. AMICK.....DuBois, Pa.
WALTER E. KETTLE.....DuBois, Pa.
JOSEPH A. HUGHES.....Duquesne, Pa.
JAMES W. CARSON.....Ford City, Pa.
SAMUEL O. REINER.....Frackville, Pa.
E. L. COOK.....Hazleton, Pa.
DR. O. C. REICHE.....Hazleton, Pa.
DR. J. EARL REMLINGER....Pittsburgh, Pa.
DR. D. S. ASHCOM.....
.....N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN L. CONCELMAN.....
.....N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
ALBERT DILEY ..N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
DR. CHAS. D. GREEN..N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
ROBERT G. HETTLER.....
.....N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
DR. HERBERT ITTEL.....
.....N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

From Sport to Sportsman

By WILLIAM BLAKE

THERE is something almost holy in the matter of a boy's hero-worship. It is a powerful thing, as well, and forms more character, creates more ideals, and begets more habits, good or bad, than any other single element in a boy's life. And that's why the day he first saw Ed Winton fish was a golden-letter one for Philip Kittredge.

He was just a fourteen-year-old boy, swinging with easy strides down the dust-covered lane. His light hair was brushed back from his forehead, but one lock, unruly, curved down almost to his eyes. His blue shirt was open at the neck; a neck tanned, like his face and hands, to a butternut. His too-long khaki trousers were rolled up at his ankles. In his hand he carried a tackle box, and a short, heavy casting rod. His moccasined feet made no sound.

Above him the branches of the poplar trees lining the roadside met and formed an arch that shut out much of the sunlight and cast a speckled, network pattern on the yellowish dust. A junco, disturbed by the young invader, flew along the bushes ahead of him, scolding now and then, and taking a new perch each time the boy came close.

Around a bend in the road a shimmering stretch of water came into view. Though the lad expected it, his face lighted with anticipation, and he quickened his stride. A few rods before the road touched the lake he turned at right angles and started to force his way through the bushes. They were dusty, close-packed, untrimmed; his tackle box and rod managed time and again to get in his way, but he kept going. Thicker and thicker grew the tangled bushes, and the boy, sinking to his stomach, worked his way slowly forward.

But soon the bushes gave way, and the boy stood up in a little open clearing. From one side entered a narrow bayou that ended in the clear space, and there rode a light flat-bottomed rowboat. Where the narrow stretch of water left the clearing the red willows closed in on it, forming a dense, overhanging concealment.

The boy placed his tackle in the boat, then from a hollow log on the bank drew out a small book. "Philip Kittredge. Journal," was printed, in painfully-drawn capitals, across its brown paper cover. Stretched out at full length, and resting the book on the ground before him, Philip began to write.

"Wednesday, June 4," he put down. "Yesterday I went fishing with Sam. No school today either. He caught 13 pickerel. I caught 4. I'm going fishing with Sam again today."

He closed the book, looked around carefully, and slid it back into its hiding place. Then he dropped into the boat, picked up an oar which he used as a pole, and shoved off. Down under the red willows he went, dropping the oar, and working the boat forward by pulling on the branches above. A few moments brought him out on the free water of the lake. There he waited, drifting.

Heralded by the light "plash, plash" of his oars in the water, another rower came around the point below the road. Phil hailed him familiarly.

"Hello, Sam. Where do we go today?"

Sam was a short, stocky fellow. His skin was weathered to a dirty brown, and his clothes made a close approximation. A greasy vest did service for a coat, and, standing out in vivid contrast with the dirty drab of the boat bottom, were his new, white tennis shoes.

He drew near in his skiff with great, powerful strokes.

"Sam, where are we goin' today?" Once more the boy spoke.

Sam smiled. He "fished for fish" as he would himself put it, and the possibilities of the largest catch determined his choice.

"Been told they've been a-striking over in the 'Jug' lately. Allow me to try in there, first," Sam replied.

So the two went off together, Phil not attempting to conceal his happiness at going fishing with Sam, and Sam evidently enjoying the ardent hero-worship of the boy. The two fished on, after the manner of fishermen, casting in the weed beds of the "Jug" with more or less success.

As the afternoon wore away they were joined by another bait caster, Ed Winton, a sportsman owning a cottage on the lake, who fished there occasionally. The boy knew him by sight, and had heard his father speak of him as "a good fisherman, and a real sportsman." Winton was everything that Sam was not. Tall, rather inclined to be slender, and yet, Phil noted, he gave one an impression of vigorous strength. He wore a loose-fitting gray coat and a felt hat of the same color. The boy could not help noticing his eyes. Above all, they were kindly eyes. They sparkled with good humor. A hint of latent fire gleamed from them, even in softer moments. Phil could easily imagine them kindling into sudden anger, or sinking to a cold, stern austerity. They, too, were gray.

Phil noticed him first as Winton was reeling in his line after an unsuccessful cast near a clump of tall weeds. He stopped his own fishing to watch him. He would see, now, if the sportsman really could fish, or if he was, as Sam held, only a "make believe."

A sportsman in the making.

Winton changed plugs and prepared to try again. Back over his head he drew the rod, then brought it forward, checked its descent suddenly, and the reel screamed as the wooden plug flew out and drew the light silk line after it. Just as it neared the tall weeds he pressed his thumb more firmly on the spinning spool, the speed of the bait slackened, and it sank down just where the weeds and water met. So skillfully, so naturally, had it all happened, that it seemed to Phil the tackle must be part of the man. Not even Sam could handle a rod that well.

This time Winton was more successful in attracting the fish. Hardly had he begun to reel in the line when there came a great jerk. The slender rod bent dangerously and Winton allowed the fish to run out with the line. Always he kept it taut, and as soon as the pull on the line showed signs of weakening began reeling slowly in. Foot by foot he worked in his line, the fish taking lateral plunges that weakened it without causing Winton much trouble. As it neared the boat it gathered new energy and started furiously off. It broke water and leaped above the surface. Phil held his breath. Such a pickerel! He had never seen its rival.

Phil looked again at Winton's light tackle, the slender rod, the light line, and wondered how such a fish could be landed with such inadequate means. He glanced over at Sam's short, heavy rod, "built for business," then down at his own slightly smaller replica of it.

Then his glance traveled swiftly back to the struggle between man and fish. Back and forth Winton played it, reeled it slowly in, only to have it plunge away with renewed energy and carry out the line again. Once it went under the boat, and the boy held his breath. Surely it must get away this time. One jerk on a slackened line and it would snap. Winton slipped the rod and line around the bow of the boat and started playing the fish on the opposite side.

Phil forgot everything but the battle of giants before him. It *was* a battle of giants; he could feel that. His hands, clasped tightly about the handles of his oars, showed white knuckles. His rod, leaning against the gunwale of the boat, fell to the bottom with a clatter. Phil did not hear it; he was watching the struggle, and—thinking. The fish, he was sure, had the odds on his side. If Winton landed him it would be his skill, not the tackle, that accomplished it. It was no disgrace to lose a fish in such a fight.

But Winton was not losing it. Slowly the pickerel tired, its rushes became less furious, shorter each time. And each time Winton brought it a little nearer to the boat. Suddenly he reached out with his landing net, brought it deftly up beneath the fish, and lifted it, still struggling, into the boat.

The battle of fish and man was ended. The great fish was beaten, beaten fairly, after being given an even chance for its life. Phil was thinking hard of all this, though he did not put it into words. He was feeling it. Instinct, love of fair play, inherited standards, awakened to life by the sportsmanship of Winton, were struggling for recognition. A new world of new thoughts, new ideals seemed opening up before the boy.

The fish was landed, but a fiercer, stronger, more devastating struggle went on in Phil's mind and heart. He was torn between the old loyalty for Sam and admiration and approbation for the generous victor. His heart said, "Winton is the

better; he gives the fish a chance. He fights for the fun and the struggle; he pits his wits and skill against the skill and instinct of the fish." Generations of fair-fighting, hard-hitting ancestors had made Phil what he was. Now their instincts struggled for expression. His old worship of Sam began to weaken.

Yet Sam had taught him all he knew about fishing, taken him on fishing trips, been his comrade, his hero. Sam had given him fish when he was unsuccessful, shared his tackle with him. Before Phil's father had given him his boat it had been one of Sam's boats he had gone fishing in. It was Sam who taught him to clean and cook his fish.

These memories flooded with a rush into his mind, dumbly accusing him of treason to his friend and hero. He saw Sam guiding, again, his first awkward casts, helping him, encouraging him. He saw him teaching him to row a boat.

He was no traitor. He would forget his doubts of Sam's methods; even now he would go back.

Phil picked up his oars and started to row across the "Jug" to Sam. As the head of his boat swung around toward Sam, Winton rowed across his stern.

"Hello, son," he called cheerfully, and with a little note of elation in his tone.

"Hello yourself," Phil returned, and stopped rowing.

"Some fight that fish put up, wasn't it?" Winton said.

Phil nodded. He brought his boat alongside of the other and looked down at the fish. It lay stretched out on the bottom, glossy, black-green, forty inches of glistening beauty. He ran his hand caressingly over the body of the fish.

"It's really almost too bad to take it, isn't it, lad?" asked Winton as he watched the boy. Phil looked up quickly. He had been thinking that same thing. Sam had never said anything like that. To him a fish was a fish, and born only to be caught. Winton put Phil's inmost feelings into words. Heart for heart they had matched, and Winton won.

The pedestal on which Sam sat leaned perilously, trembled for a time, uncertainly, then fell with a crash.

And then and there the boy's old worship of Sam was gone and then and there Ed Winton was elected to his place. For Winton had shown the boy the road to his better self, and the boy, feeling it, after the manner of boys, responded.

Sam was still his friend, but Winton was henceforth his comrade, his hero. Phil had seen his vision.

Winton invited the boy to row back to the cottage with him and help weigh the fish. Phil was delighted. So the two boats, side by side, set out for the eastern shore.

The sun, low in the heavens when they started, was just sinking in a sea of red behind the western hills when they drew up at Winton's wharf. Phil drew his boat up on the beach and stood looking off across the lake. In the distance he could see, through the red of the sunset, Sam's solitary boat. For just a moment he was a bit sorry for Sam. He had just a little sinking of the heart at the change in their relations, a change he felt deeply, that was very real to him. Then he turned and followed Winton up the path to the cottage.

The Twenty Gauge Gun

Will Do the Work

By "Buckeye"

"THE long looked for package had arrived,—yes, it was my new gun and 'she' hoped some one's disposition would improve greatly over what it had been for the past few days";—I hung up the receiver. Everything was roses now, my new twenty gauge gun had landed and was waiting my arrival home to unpack and look over. Gosh, what a load that news took off of my mind as the opening day of the hunting season was on the morrow,—Jim and Dock rearin' to go had been giving me my share of kidding over the receipt of the new gun, calling it a pea shooter and rat gun, and riding me plenty over my egotism for thinking I could kill "Ring Necks" with a plaything like a twenty gauge gun when I had always had more than my share of trouble in the past getting the limit with the old twelve bore. Will have to admit that I had spent many a dubious hour the past few weeks contemplating just how big an idiot I was to order a gun of this type, but the light weight and the convincing arguments put forth by the salesman as to the deadliness of the little gun, had sunk in too deep and I had long ago decided to make or break with the twenty gauge.

Needless to state I arrived home in good time for the evening meal and lost no time in breaking into the package. The gun itself was all and more than I had anticipated; the fit, feel and balance were perfect; the tag stated the weight was six pounds even, but I took issue with that tag right off the bat as it felt more like five pounds to me. However, the kitchen scales assured me the tag was right. Even then it was hard to believe as the gun was so perfectly balanced that it felt as light as the proverbial feather. Never having had any experience with the single trigger, I had two shells with the powder, wads and shot removed ready to practice with. They lost no time in finding the chambers of the little gun and after snapping first at a mounted "Ring Neck" reposing on my desk and then at a saucy looking mounted Squirrel hanging at the other end of my den, I realized that nothing could be faster or smoother. Do not know just how long I was pointing, snapping, opening, closing and handling the little beauty, when the head of the house informed me that if I preferred my ham and eggs cold to keep the good work up as she had been calling me for the last ten minutes.

Dock and Jim showed up about eight o'clock, as I had anticipated they would to complete arrangements for the morrow. I could not keep the good news a minute and led them directly to my den. To make a long story short after pointing, snapping and handling the little gun they both agreed that it was just about the sweetest little firearm it had ever been their pleasure to look over and would no doubt make an ideal rat gun or a fine one for a taxidermist to use in killing his smallest specimens with.

After a lot of good natured kidding, arrangements were completed and my friends made their departure. Dock's parting shot was that I had better bring the old twelve bore along in case of emergency. I took this suggestion to bed with me and in all probability would have carried it out had we been going in my car where I could have hidden it under the seat. But as the arrangements had been made to go in Dock's car there was nothing for me to do but stick to my original resolution.

The morning broke dark, chilly and threatening with all signs and indications pointing to rain. This was not the break we had anticipated, but, nevertheless, seven-thirty found us starting our eight mile drive to the hunting grounds. Arriving at our destination, we all piled out and both Dock and Jim assumed a very interested attitude until I had brought forth the new twenty gauge, then I heard Jim tell Dock "it would not be long now" and the both got busy assembling their pet cannons. On entering a field of standing corn, just before spreading out, Dock came over and in a very confidential manner told me he had forgotten his emergency case and that he did not think it would be wise for me to take a shot at a rabbit with the rat gun as I may accidentally hit it and make him sore and that he may come back after me. However, my hopes were high and I still had confidence in the new gun. We hunted standing and cut corn fields, weed and stubble fields, woods and thickets, but, the best we could do was bunch out a few cottontails that we high hatted. Not a pheasant did we raise. We were just turning back in the direction of the machine when two fine cock birds flushed wild about seventy yards to our left flying towards the spot where we had left our car. We immediately started in pursuit, and as we drew near the machine was about to give up the chase when, about thirty yards off to my right out jumps one of the big boys in all his royal splendor. The right barrel barked and feathers from his tail and back was the best I could do. Desperately I sent the contents of the left barrel on their way. You can imagine my feeling of pride and satisfaction to see "his nibs" fold up like an umbrella and start for terra firma. Knowing the "Ring Neck" to be about the hardest of all birds to stop, I started on a dead run for the place he made the dive and my confidence in the little gun was well placed when I saw the "old boy" lying right where he had hit, making his last quiver. Well, I leave it to your imagination as to whether I strutted my stuff or not before the two critics of the rat gun and, to rub it in good, told them to stand where the bird had fallen and I would go back, find the empty shells and step the distance off. This I did and it was just sixty-two steps. Of course Dock and Jim claimed it was just one of those rare accidents. I admitted the fact that my hitting the pheasant was an accident but, insisted that the manner in which the gun had performed was just about as convincing as anything could be. But "us boys will have our fun" and they insisted upon continuing to have theirs.

We hunted out the balance of the field with no luck, and started off to another place three miles away. On the way it started to rain and for an hour or more it certainly did pour. Finally it slackened up to a sprinkle and we decided to get going and try to raise enough birds to each get our limit, which is only two cock birds, in Ohio. We started down through a large field of weeds, shoulder high, and the going sure was tough. We had not gone far when Dock jumped a big hen pheasant. A little farther on, Jim raised another hen that would have given him a beautiful shot had it been of the opposite gender. In a little opening we stopped to get our breath and talk things over. We were wet to our ears but very much en-

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Memories of a Quail Hunter

(Continued from page 19)

ing that I fed the birds during the winter and it was something I never saw the makers of gamelaws do, nor any hunters nor conservationists.

Early during February in a certain year I drove in an old-fashioned buckboard which was hitched to my inevitable team of sorrels to Arkansas for a quail hunt with a friend of mine. The formality of taking out a non-resident hunting license was not considered. All we cared for were the birds and that the season in Arkansas did not close until March first. No one had ever bothered us there during previous visits, and this time too we suffered no interference from the minions of the law. We stopped at an old log farm house of typical native type where we placed the team in care of the owner.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, thoroughly elated because between us we had killed one hundred and fifteen quail, we returned for our team. Think of it, one hundred and fifteen quail when we did not even have the questionable excuse of hunting for the market! As customary, we kept a few and gave the balance to friends along the road in our state. Prior to our departure we tied them in bunches of six and hung them on the split paling fence, both to be photographed and just to see how the atrocious number appeared. There was no limit to our pride. Yet the attitude towards them of the little fourteen-year-old, freckled face, red headed son of the native farmer bothered us. Up and down he walked before that string of birds, stared and said nothing, though I tried ever so hard to get him to express his opinion of them, for I thought if he did, it would be a flattering testimonial to my prowess as a hunter. But all I received in return was a cold stare and the personification of taciturnity.

This deportment on the part of the little hillbilly so intrigued me that I decided to have him express himself *nolens volens.* Whereupon, when we began harnessing the horses and the youngster took a position of observation on the threshold of the cabin I threw him a half dollar, saying: "This for you, hillbilly, if you will tell me what you think about my kill of quail."

The boy stared at me with tight lipped tenseness. His open palm caught the coin and then in a single movement he threw it back at me with all the strength at his command, and cried: "I'll tell 'you all' what I think erbout them birds you killed. Hit's this—what the hell's goin' ter be left fer us when we'uns is growed up?"

Abashed, I said nothing. The moment was too poignant for utterance. But I thought ever so quickly and a vision of things exactly as they were, entered my brain. In a single instant the plaintive protest of the little hill boy awakened in me a receptiveness toward conservation and a greater appreciation of my beloved sport.

(To be Continued)

Ozark Ripley, outdoor writer, sportsman and ardent lover of life afield and astream.

Fire in the Sanctuary

(Continued from page 29)

wild life in that territory. Lawrence J. Palmer, of the United States Biological Survey, who has had charge of the reindeer investigation work in northern Alaska for the past seven years, gives facts as he has observed them there.

"Damage to range by fire involves not only loss of forage and trees but also of game and fur animals, since the small ground animals, as well as the cover of vegetation, are destroyed by the fire. The nests and young of game and other birds are also destroyed. Thus the burning over of large areas will result in a serious depletion of the game and fur which in turn militates against the welfare of the trapper, the hunter, and the prospector.

"To be instrumental in the setting of a range or forest fire is more reprehensible than to burn down deliberately one's neighbor's cabin. The neighbor can replace his cabin in a few days by building a new one provided he has the funds. But in the case of the destroyed range and forest, it will require Nature a good many years, perhaps a hundred or more in some instances, to rebuild and no amount of funds will hasten the process."

Forest fires set by lightning we must always have with us; they can not be prevented. The loss of forest wealth, game and wild life from this cause will probably always be large; quick and decisive action on the part of fire fighters of federal, state, and private forest agencies should keep such fires down to an annually decreasing acreage burned over.

But only education of the thoughtless, and jail sentences for the malicious firesetters will eliminate the man-caused forest fire in America.

Vacations—and Forest Preserves

By Remi O. Renier

WHEN vacation time rolled around last August, my three pals, Paul, John, and Steve asked me to throw my lot with theirs. We had our eyes on a beauty spot in the north, a spot where a fellow tired of his desk and tired of his city might enjoy the other extremities, quiet and solitude.

Gathering together our duffle was done in a jiffy, and away we went to the north woods of Ontario. I had often read of the Temagami region, and had heard glowing accounts of its lakes and virgin forests. Let me tell you, we were not disappointed. Anyone who has trekked through Michigan's timberlands, and enjoyed its beautiful streams and scenery will appreciate Canada's quiet appeal, when I say that Ontario is just like Michigan with a little more water added. Lake Nipissing was a delight; French River a dream; but Lake Temagami is a typical ideal of a vacationists playground. A drive of seventy miles through a virgin forest with nary a settler or a cabin to destroy its exotic and gripping fascination, until we came to the trading post where canoes and supplies are obtainable. And then, water trails! Portage trails! Fishing, quiet, solitude, peace! Oh, Lord! how we enjoyed those days. The tang of spruce and pine still lingers in my nostrils—the swish, swish of a canoe's prow still vibrates in my brain—while the luxury of a night's camp! Oh boy! how welcome the beans—the bacon—the rice—and those pine bough beds! I can still hear the boom of angry waters on rocky shores, hear the patter of rain on a good tent roof, and sense the feeling of comfort I derived therefrom.

Men, that was a vacation! You know you try your darndest to get one like it every year. But will we get one like it every year for years to come? Will we always be able to go to a strip of "God's country" for our summer play? Canada has made sure of that, she has set aside millions of acres for such playgrounds. Why can't we have more playgrounds, more of the ethereal and physical beauties with which the good God blessed this old United States of ours? How about the Superior National Forest and the Quetico Region? This is a region of the fairest and best in the land. Must private interests supersede public desires and claims? Must the foresightedness of the popular Theodore Roosevelt in establishing this Superior National Forest be for naught simply because some commercial interest tries to claim this wonderland of lakes and forests for its personal use and private gain?

Oh, you men! You lovers of virgin forests; of untrammeled waters, fight for your rights—save this remaining beauty spot of pineland—get behind this bill introduced by Senator Shipstead and Congressman Newton of Minnesota, which would safeguard this most beautiful section. Write to your own congressmen and senators, tell them you are in favor of the bill and want their help.

Although I am not yet old enough to vote, I am old enough to love the woods and to try and help protect them. I am writing this article in the hopes that it may induce our men and women to consider the serious situation confronting the Izaak Walton League, and to give the league all the co-operation possible.

Giving the Fish a Lift

(Continued from page 14)

shad, striped bass, smelt, etc., will be in danger of extermination by the creation of artificial barriers to their runs. But before demanding an expensive fishway installation it would be wise to determine just what is the extent of the fishery to be exterminated.

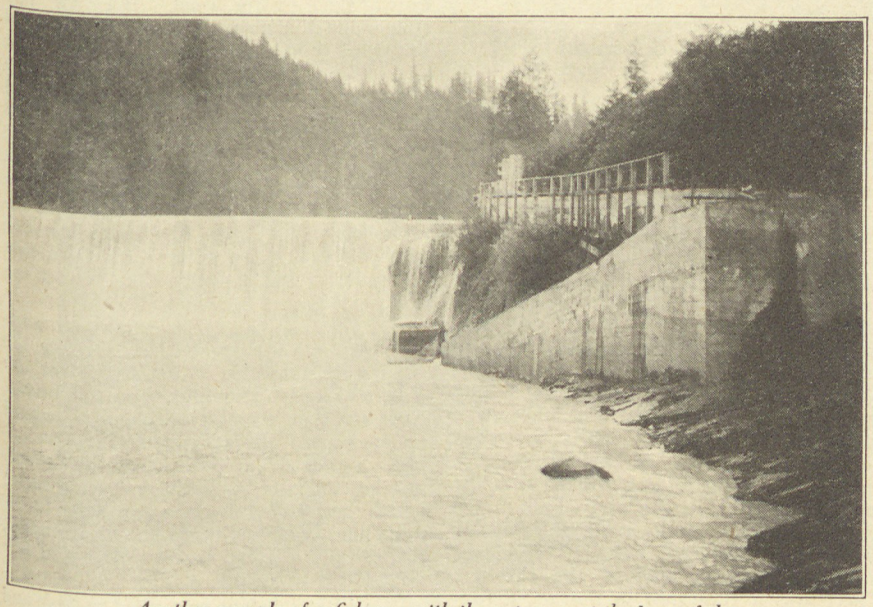
On the Atlantic coast there are rivers which are so polluted that they could not conceivably support a commercial run of anadromous fish if every dam in their length was dynamited. The Bureau has been called upon to intervene when obstructions were contemplated in certain Southern rivers in order to save the important fisheries. Investigation has elicited the fact that the fisheries of the whole river systems had an annual value not exceeding two or three thousand dollars, and the proposed provision for perpetuating them would cost many times that amount.

The whole matter involves a nice balancing of relative values and benefits which must be decided by the parties most intimately concerned. It should not be inferred that the Bureau approves the gratuitous and unnecessary destruction of any fishery, and it holds that where there is any possibility of maintenance or rehabilitating a run of food or game fish that effort should not be spared to do so. But since it is so difficult in many instances to devise a fishway which will accomplish this purpose there is room for debate on the advisability of requesting fishways on all dams, irrespective of conditions. It raises a question of policy which must be settled by the various States immediately concerned, and it is, in the ultimate analysis, a local question.

To properly answer Question 3 there is only one course open. Recourse should be had to the advice of a man familiar with the various types of fishways, who is familiar with local conditions so that he will be aware of what species may be expected to utilize the fish ladder, and who is especially familiar with the biology of these fish. He should be enabled to study the proposition first hand on the ground and thus avoid costly mistakes. Men with such qualifications can not be found everywhere, but the various State departments having charge of fish and game matters generally have some one in their employ who is qualified and competent to give such advice.

Do not secure any old diagram or blueprint of any old fishway and install it with the expectation of having it work perfectly. Furthermore, do not expect to refer the matter to an authority and have all details settled by correspondence. Give your adviser a chance to view the situation on the ground just as would an architect. In other words, consider the fishway as a device to be resorted to only in case of necessity but when one must be constructed, follow out the most enlightened plans and avoid makeshifts and disappointments.

And, finally, just a word concerning the legal aspects of the problem as far as the Federal government is concerned. The Federal Power Commission is the Federal agency which has jurisdiction and is empowered to issue licenses for the construction of dams in navigable waters. The law provides that the provision and operation of navigation facilities shall be satisfactory to the Secretary of War and that such fishways as are prescribed by the Secretary of Commerce may be required. The above indicates that it is discretionary with the Federal Power Commission whether a fishway shall be installed and that the Secretary of Commerce can not order one, but can merely specify the plans if a fishway is required. Also, these regulations are in force only in navigable waters and in public lands and reservations. Obviously, in a large percentage of the demands which may arise for a fishway the jurisdiction will rest entirely with the State in which the dam is located.



Another sample of a fishway with the entrance at the base of the dam. Sandy River at Marmot, Oregon.

For further information concerning fishways write to the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C., or to the Conservation Department, Izaak Walton League.

Bearing on Bears

(Continued from page 27)

fight of ours to increase, not decrease, the number of game animals. No one wants to see the deer, elk, sheep or goats go the trail of the buffalo. It's just that they need enlightenment on the thing, they don't realize. And when we all become really acquainted with the bear we will want to see him go least of all.

What I want to see is the bear get a fair shake for his money. I'm perfectly willing to see him hunted during an open season, say for thirty or even sixty days; but, mind you, I said hunted, not dogged, waylaid, trapped and ambushed.

The trophy! That's the thing that calls many of us to the open in the hunting season. Now here, you trophy hunters, remember this—all bears have skins all of the time, while only part of the deer have antlers part of the time. And don't let any one kid you into believing that bear meat is not as good as venison, for it is, every bit. Of course there are some cases where an old bear is killed in the spring that is plenty tough. But I want to tell the cockeyed world that I have eaten, or rather tried to eat, venison that was anything but tender and it wasn't killed in the spring either.

Therefore, I say bear are just as desirable a game animal and entitled to the same protection as the deer.

Here is what I would propose. Thirty days' open season, preferably in the fall just before they hole up, as the meat is in good condition at this time of year, as the animal is feeding on an almost exclusive vegetable and fruit diet and the hide, although not as healthy looking as in the early spring, is very desirable and durable. It might be that fifteen days in the fall before holing-up time and another fifteen in the spring soon after they come out would be a good plan. Those that wished to get the hide in the best possible state could do their hunting in the spring. Those that preferred both hide and meat but are not so particular as to the hide, could hunt in the fall. Even though we do not get a law protecting the bear, there is one thing that should be stopped now. That is this summer trapping, that wanton taking of life that causes the animal untold misery at a time when the hide is absolutely worthless. And we all know that when an animal has remained in a trap for a short time in hot weather the meat becomes feverish, rendering it unfit to eat.

There is little danger of the bear becoming extinct here for many years, but now is the time to act, protect them, have more each year, not less. I would be safe in saying that with a pair of good dogs one could get at least twenty-five bears within a three-mile radius here in the spring; so, you see, Pennsylvania is not the only place we have bears in great numbers.

I'm sure that every one that knows and understands bears will agree with me on this, as a matter of fact I am sure of it.

Let us give 'em the bare facts on bears, the gamest game of all game; what they lack in grace and beauty they make up in comedy. Here their superiority is, we must admit, unexcelled in the animal world. Here's to 'em.

What are YOUR opinions of the bear as a game animal, and what are YOUR suggestions as to proper protective laws for him?

The Twenty Gauge Gun

(Continued from page 41)

couraged over flushing the two hens. While we were talking, a big cock-bird raised with a lot of cackling about eighty yards in front of us. We immediately and expectantly got into action but met the entire field, when we heard Jim shoot with no success until we had hunted out and the old familiar yell of "I got him." On examination, we found the bird to have a broken wing but in all other respects apparently unharmed. This happened to be my turn to make a few wise cracks and I certainly did take advantage of the break. I asked them how they enjoyed carrying seven and one-half pound guns that would only cripple, down through a half mile patch of high wet weeds, while "yours truly" was stumbling along with a six pound, twenty gauge rat gun that kept them where they fell and saved the unappreciated exercise of chasing cripples all over the corn field. They were both so tired from chasing that crippled bird that they were glad to lean against a rail fence, light their pipes and forget the rat gun and me.

After a short rest we decided to work a big stubble field that had a ditch running through the center, for a few rabbits and call it a day, as it was still raining and we were as wet as if we had fallen in a creek. We had not gone far when Dock kicked out a bunny and made a nice kill. A little farther on I spied another one sitting in a clump of grass. Thinking this was a good chance to try out my little gun and at the same time give a couple of "wise crackers" a good demonstration of how far a rat gun will kill, I called them over, kicked out the rabbit, let him get off about thirty-five yards and then of course missed clean with the right barrel. Right there and then is when the speed and smoothness of the single trigger saved me from an unmerciful kidding as the bunny turned a series of cart wheels when the gun barked the second time. The distance measured forty-two steps which I figure is quite a distance to kill a rabbit while using seven and one-half chilled shot. We kicked up five more rabbits and as we were all tired and soaking wet we decided to call it a day.

The next afternoon we drove out to the gun club grounds where they have a patterning range and board to make some patterns with the little gun. We made patterns with the regular load of 2¼ drs., ⅞ oz., 5, 6 and 7½ shot, and while those made with the number five and six shot were very good, in fact all and more than I had expected, we sure opened our eyes when we examined the patterns made with the number seven and one-half chilled shot. They were beautiful, fully as large as those of a twelve gauge gun, not so well filled of course, but the distribution of the shot was fine and all that is needed for game shooting. The right barrel is bored "improved cylinder" and made a beautiful pattern up to thirty-five yards, while the left, which is "modified" bore held well up to forty-five yards, best patterns were those made between thirty-five and forty-two yards. Needless to state, that night Jim and Dock both spent the evening with me and when they left, carried a stamped letter to the post office, with orders for two dupilcates of the rat gun enclosed.

The Song of the Pines

By Carl Schmidt

CERTAIN scenes and incidents in life stand out prominently in strong relief and invariably they are the lovely scenes. The lovely things of life grow more luminous and distinct as memory adds line after line until the incident becomes a day dream, and the day dream a reality.

It is difficult to recall many of the days of boyhood; that uncertain time when days went by on winged feet and months seemed blurred and uncertain. One can hardly picture himself a boy at all times; but one recalls that on such a day the boy went fishing, and THAT was a catch, and on another he climbed his first Adirondack mountain, and lake and forest lay stretched out before him in all their wondrous beauty, and again he saw the vivid coloring of the trees in the early Fall in the center of New York state, the blazing maples, the blood-red oak, but above all the golden brown leaf of the chestnut. There was a fragrance in the air, a suggestive lure that fairly dragged one from the town and called and called. How eagerly the boy watched for the first hard frost and prayed for a great wind which would set the tall trees waving and their trunks swaying so that the velvet brown nuts would come rattling down like rain upon a window pane. The boy had everything ready days ahead, a little empty salt bag, his tramping shoes, and when Mother had put up his luncheon, with a song in his heart, he starts out all alone under the clear, blue autumnal sky, down the long road overhung with golden elms, past a few scattered houses at the extreme end of the city, over a bridge where the Normanskill comes tumbling across the old mill dam, up the hill around the back of the woods, on past orchards where gathered apples lay in heaps; on and on to the old Inn at Four Corners, then sharp to the right through two miles of sandy road, and then on again until there comes to him a strange, weird melody, a song filled with the stories of wood nymphs and fairies, "The song of the pines." There was a long row of them just along the road. They stood up bravely on the edge of a field and seemed to hide from the wayfarer a ploughed and gashed soil.

In front of them a sloping green bank of softest grass came down and met the brown sand of the road. Here the boy rested and the pines sang such wonderful songs of hope, love, and ambition. At times they hummed a lullaby and then again shrieked as if pursued; they played as on a great aeolian harp, God's harp, it seemed to the boy. They sang of the time when life would be a serious thing, when the lunch would have to be earned, when others would look to him for love and advice, and so the Pines became to him one of the lovely things of his life, a song that has never ceased, a dream that has become a reality.

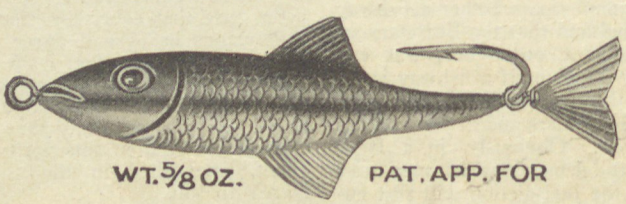
The boy left the grassy bank and wandered on into the great forest. There the pines were forgotten in his search for the nuts which lay gleaming upon the leaves. Now and then a rabbit or a squirrel would scamper away and add zest to his wanderings; again as he overturned the leaves, hunting for nuts he would uncover a snake which had coiled itself up snugly for a day's nap. The boy never killed the snake; like the pines it had its own place and life to live.

The little salt bag was filled at last and as the sun began to throw its lengthened shadows across the road the boy passed slowly by the singing pines, turned and looked back at them regretfully, and then wandered on and on, down the long road, over the mill bridge and back into the city.

The Pines are gone now, quite a town has sprung up on the ploughed and scarred field; the chestnut grove has become a series of streets, but the song of the Pines is the boy's forever.

"Greatest Bait I ever saw, for either Pike or Bass!", writes H. N. Jefferson, Wilmington, Delaware.

TIN LIZ



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Impotence

By J. Clark Moloney

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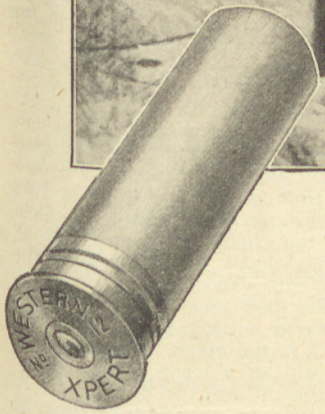

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Random Cast

NOTICE how the goldenrods, wild-sunflowers, black-eyed susans, vervains and regal cardinal flowers are marching along road-sides and creek-beds? It is the hightide of the seasons, midsummer, dog-days. "Hot?" But just right for fishing, and sweating.

And Now, Live Bait

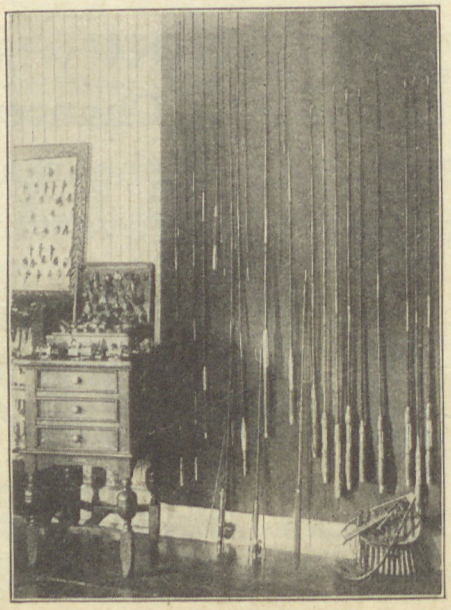
A MAN must be possessed of not a little courage to write on simon-pure live-bait fishing these days, when artificial lures of every color and variety are spread temptingly before the angler's eyes. Frankly, artificials will take more fish day in and day out than will live-bait, though live-bait is the natural food of fish. Nevertheless there are days and localities, when and where live-bait will upon occasion turn expected defeat into victory. To illustrate: in torrid weather, such as we enjoy (?) in August, the largemouth bass seek out the coolest depths of the lake and lie there quiescent, feeding upon whatever food may happen along, minnows or cray-fish perhaps. If the angler knows where such "hang-outs" are located, and will "drop a line," properly hooked and baited, he will have some sport.

What was that, please repeat? "Bait-fishing is a lazy man's occupation." Pardon me, still-fishing with live-bait is the contemplative angler's recreation. The live-bait fisherman can peruse a book, if he is that sort of a man, while waiting for a bite; or he can sit, chin in hand, and dream; or again, he can just sit. Strenuosity is the affliction of Americans, efficiency our lode-star. We are in such haste to get things done that we get no pleasure out of doing them. This fell disease has attacked our angling, and we must need "be up and at 'em," morning, noon and night, never resting, never pausing. Watch the average trout fisher, see him hurry from pool to pool, from bend to bend. Watch the caster of lures, see how eagerly he throws, retrieves that he may throw again. Neither the caster nor the handler of fuzzy-wuzzies pauses to see what is going on around him. How far we have traveled from the school of gentle Walton, who ever fished leisurely, pausing often to gaze about him in mild ecstasy. When tackle or fish shut out God's Out-o'Doors, then perish fish and tackle.

In order to be inconsistent—you remember what Emerson said about consistency—I am going to stop right here and discuss the live-bait fisherman's outfit. I am thinking especially of lake fishing for bass and the other sunfish, as well as walleyes. Of course live-baiting for trout is something else, for that is stream fishing, wading, and the outfit is necessarily radically different. Generally I employ my regular casting rod when still fishing for bass, though now and then, for variety, I take my heavy fly-rod—6 ounces—and automatic reel; but a two pound large-mouth, deep down, will test such a rod. You know of course that a bass, taking a minnow in fifteen or twenty feet of water, is reasonably sure to do his fighting down there. So I leave the selection of rod and reel to the wishes or idiosyncrasies of the angler: fly-rod and automatic, or casting rod and level-winding multiplier. I think, by and large, my preference is for the latter, for with the level-winding reel I can give all my attention to the struggling fish, not that I may succeed merely in slipping the landing-net under his body, but that I may study the play of light and shadow as he dashes hither and yon through the water.

The remainder of the tackle is important and it may not be passed without a brief discussion. I want plenty of line, at least 150 feet, for I always give the fish all the fighting room he asks. Terminal tackle is important. Never neglect the wire gimp above the hook, to which the sinker is attached, for now and then, even when fishing for bass, a great pike of size and avoirdupois comes along and gobbles the bait ravenously, sometimes the very fish that has taken the bait. Always well to safe-guard the end of the line with wire gimp or snell. In the tackle-box are many little items, many, which need not be mentioned here, even a *tape-line and accurate scales.* A good landing-net with interchangeable gaff-hook is important.

As to bait, well now, that's important. All depends of course upon the feeding habits of the fish in the particular water you are planning to investigate. I am a bit surprised that more anglers do not know the taking power of the so-called soft-shell crab, which is nothing more or less than a cray-fish which has shed its shell.



Some of "O. W.'s" rods and bugs.

You see, the cray-fish, wearing its skeleton on the outside, can grow only by shedding its bones. While the soft-shelled is best one can get along with the regular old pincer. Ever find claws in the stomach of a bass? Sure you have. Remember that various forms of crustacea are the natural food of bass from babyhood on. Frogs now and then are worth using, especially in waters where they are numerous. Common, everyday earth-worms, especially the so-called "night-crawlers" are very taking upon occasion. Far and away the best live-bait is of course live minnows, my preference running about as follows; shiners, chubs, suckers, and then anything. I want them alive, mind you, for I am "lazy" when it comes to still fishing, being perfectly willing that the minnow do the fishing for me. But enough of tackle, bait, etc., though I know this brief description will bring a raft of letters. Well, when my new book, "The Book of Live Bait Fishing" is off the press you will have all the information I possess, and much good may it do you.

I started out by saying that in live-bait fishing I spent little time upon tackle, then went forward and expended half my space discussing it. Just the same, it is the fishing itself, the opportunity it gives for introspection and retrospection, that endears it to me. If Izaak Walton were living today I am convinced that he would like to sit in an open boat away out on the bosom of some stilly lake, waiting for a fish to bite. Why, a man can use a cane pole and twisted cotton line and get along well enough, if he fish for something beside fish, which is the case with all true anglers, whether or not they realize it. It is not the fish we catch or the fish that escapes which endears angling to us, but the fish we expect to hook but never do. The live-baiter, fishing deep down, in Dog Days, runs the chance of connecting up with the grand-daddy of all large-mouth. I never have but I expect to.

I remember one time, fishing with a clergyman, from a tippy, leaky canoe, he in one end, I in the other. Half an hour had passed without a word being spoken. Can you imagine it, and two preachers! A merganser, curiosity piqued, drew near to investigate, while a loon out in the center of the lake laughed derisively. "I've got a bite," whispered my companion, all agog. "So've I," I whispered in return, no less excited. We waited, bent over the boat in intense earnestness. "I'm going to strike," I whispered, unable to bear the strain. "So'll I," came the answer. So, together we struck, mightily, and both met a mighty rush in the opposite direction. "I gotta whale!" exulted the other preacher; and I met him with, "Not half so large as mine, see him go!" So we jerked, pulled, reeled and released. It was all of a century before we discovered that we both had the same bass which had swallowed both our hooks, and was not much larger than a five cent piece at that! A picture of us two grown men, dignified and all, sitting with rods upright, while

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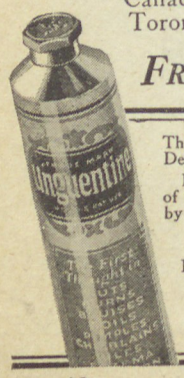

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Name.....

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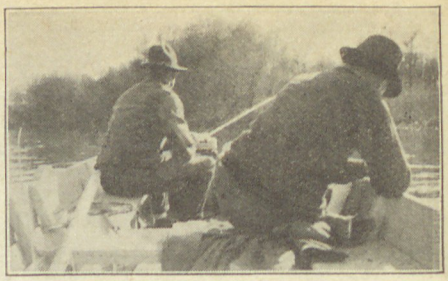
there dangled between us a six inch fish would have been worth a fortune. After all, it shows how un-intent we were upon our fishing anyway. I might add we caught enough bass for our dinner, our wives and families waiting on shore for us to come in, and what more could any angler ask?

The location for still fishing is of paramount importance, for bass are not found "any old place." If you know the lake, and where springs bubble up from subterranean source, you are in luck. I know several such places, but I'm, of course, not telling where. More than once I have made my way out with a homemade "water glass" just to study the bottom, and the great bass I have seen lying lazily on the bottom were enough to drive an angler crazy with desire. There are other places too, oftimes in the very center of the lake, where you will locate a school of big fellows when days are hot and surface water warm beyond the durance of even largemouth.

Now the way of a deeply submerged bass with a minnow is different and deliberate. The reason so many anglers fail to hook their bass when angling with live-bait, is because they are too hasty and not because the fish are "biting short," "not hungry," or whatever the excuse ordinarily given. A bass always seizes his prey sidewise, retiring for a short distance, before turning the prey head-foremost and swallowing. Naturally if the angler be over eager, striking at the first intimation and rush of the fish, he will merely jerk the bait out of the bass's mouth, perhaps stripping the hook. Give the bass plenty of time. This is not lure fishing or fly fishing so wait a minute after the bait is taken and the bass has moved away: give him plenty of time to gormandize, for it is a deliberate operation. Don't "feel out your fish," wait until "feeling" is unnecessary, then set the steel with a swift upward heave of the tip, to right or left as the case may be. Then, in the good old language of a past generation, "the battle will be joined." It is a real fight, is the scrap a bass puts up deep down in the water.

I shall never forget my first experience of the kind, and it was long, long ago, before I had any thought of being an "angling editor," that pest of today, a writing person. A friend had enlarged at length and eloquently upon the fighting ability of a bass taken on the bottom. His description and enthusiasm left me cold, still, being willing to try anything once, I went with him to his favorite lake. Now it was mid-August, hot and sultry. Wisps of fuzzy clouds — "mare's-tails" — swept across the brassy sky though there was not a breath of wind, the torrid air fairly shimmering with excess heat. I told myself we were all sorts and varieties of fools for being out on the lake, but my companion didn't think so apparently, going about the business of baiting up with earnestness, I perforce following suit. Then when our baits were fishing away, we sat and chatted or just lost ourselves in contemplation of the glassy surface which stretched away and away to the distant wooded shore. I like that.

All at once I became conscious that something was monkeying around my bait, twitching and jerking. I was about to strike but my companion advised against it, so I waited. The line moved through the water and I trembled with expectancy and desire, but still my companion said, "Let him go." Then after a moment or a century of waiting, the line suddenly set in motion again, and my mentor shouted, "Now give him the butt!" Did I? I did! And pandemonium broke loose down under the boat. Hither and yon rushed the fish,



Two "busy" live bait fishers.

my little split-bamboo bending perilously, my companion shouting, "Give him line, you tarnal fool, give him line!" Then fortunately for our enduring friendship, he hooked a bass too, and had troubles of his own. Believe it or not, I took all of fifteen minutes to tire that fish to the point of netting and he was a beauty.

Then came another wait, perhaps half an hour, and I was sorry I was without my Pickering edition of Walton, for dipping into such a book would have been heavenly. My companion got his second fish, though before he had it netted I was "in" my second. Four fish in an hour, or two, or three, I don't remember how long it took, it was such fun just to sit. Perhaps we would have stayed longer, but the humid atmosphere had conceived a thunder-storm, a real one. We stuck a bit too long as it was on the water, only just reaching shore as great hail-stones came pelting down! Quickly, with many an "Ouch!" or other expletive, we dragged the boat upon shore, tipped it over and crawled under. How those chunks of ice hammered away! Had it overtaken us on the water, but it didn't. We packed our two brace of bass on fresh-made ice and went home!

Yes, live-bait fishing for bass in midsummer is wonderfully enjoyable and sufficiently remunerative.

LUCK'S A FICKLE JADE

My dear O. W.: We have a lake here from which others take bass but my chum and I can't, though we use the same plugs and spinners. Now what's wrong and what can I do to remedy the situation?—G. M., Ohio.

Sir: One always wishes that he might give helpful advice under such conditions, yet what can he say? It is a long ways from my office to your stream and problem, and though you have written quite fully regarding the situation, still I do not know enough to answer intelligently; indeed, an answer is utterly impossible unless one visits the lake himself, studies it carefully. Others catch fish and you don't. That has happened from the beginning of time, I suspect. We have all seen it, three rods in a boat, one taking all the fish. "Why?" Nicht wahr, as the Germans say. Now I have written a book, "Casting Tackle and Methods," telling about how to use plugs, etc., and have one on live bait fishing about ready for the press, in which I tell all I know about both methods. To advise fully in a letter is utterly out of the question. You say you use the same lures and spoons that successful fishermen do, yet you fail. Now it must be, if such is the case, that your method is wrong. Using spinners, troll slowly, so slowly. Have you tried bucktail flies and the various feather-minnows? The latter are sometimes very effective when other methods fail. Am sorry you can't solve the problem, but let me hear again, when the season opens, as to how things stack up.—O. W.

HOW TO FISH FOR WHITE BASS

My dear O. W.: Will you kindly tell me through the pages of Outdoor America how to fish for white bass?—J. G. F., Mo.

Sir: In the matter of white bass fishing would say that the species is by and large a live-bait one, though it can at times be taken on artificial lures of various sorts. The white bass is a lover of live minnows and they are undoubtedly the best bait to use. Fish deep, keeping the minnow in constant motion. When found feeding on the surface, as

quite often happens, you can have great sport using brown artificial flies, the buck-tails are good. Small plugs of the fly-rod type are also successful, as are spinners upon occasion. In using minnows I prefer a short casting rod unless provided with a rather heavy fly-rod. In fishing with artificial flies I like to use a 5 oz. fly-rod, and find great enjoyment in so doing. By the way, the white bass is the aristocrat of fresh water, being the only true bass found therein. As you know, the bass family is a group of salt water fishes with but this one fresh water representative. (Of course the so-called "black bass" is not a bass at all but a sunfish.) To the charge that the white bass is not a real game fish I would reply, try them with flies and light tackle.—O. W.

STEAM YOUR FLY-TYING FEATHERS

My Dear O. W.: Want to thank you for your information as to dyeing feathers. Am getting along fine now. Did you ever fluff the feathers, after dyeing, by holding them in fast blowing steam from the spout of a teakettle? It helps.—A. W. R., Mo.

Sir: I am glad you found my advice good redyeing feathers. Presume your first trouble was that you did not get all the oil out of the feathers before dipping. Should imagine your stunt of steaming the feathers after dyeing would be a good one. I shall try it.—O. W.

ANOTHER LOVER OF CHANNEL CAT

Dear O. W.: I have a friend who is a devotee of game fish, any fish which can not be taken on a fly or plug, in his estimation, is not a fish. I contend that a fighting channel cat of 4 to 7 pounds is just about the acme of gameness, when taken on a light casting rod. What is your opinion? The only channel cat said friend ever caught was a small one, hooked deep in the gills; since then his aloofness in regards to channel cat has been astonishing. However, I have nearly got him to consent to go once more in quest of the spotted gentlemen, when I hope he will hook a good one. Note that I said "hook," because when that's said, all's said. I hooked a monster once, and in five minutes I was holding a 5½ ounce bamboo, broken neatly, oh so neatly, in two places, and was wondering whence went that 50 yds. of 12 lb. test silk line, that by all rights should have been on my reel. Did anything like that ever happen to you, O. W.? (Yes, ah yes! O. W.) Do not understand me as decrying old bronze back, because I know of nothing I had rather do than plug for old large mouth in the semi-fast water of this section. But, just because the channel cat is a cat, why condemn it? Besides, I caught one once, a small one, when plugging deep for bass. Speaking of strange experiences, once upon a time I hooked and landed a pound and a half yellow perch, when using a plug. He fought, ah, how he fought!—R. B. N., New Mex.

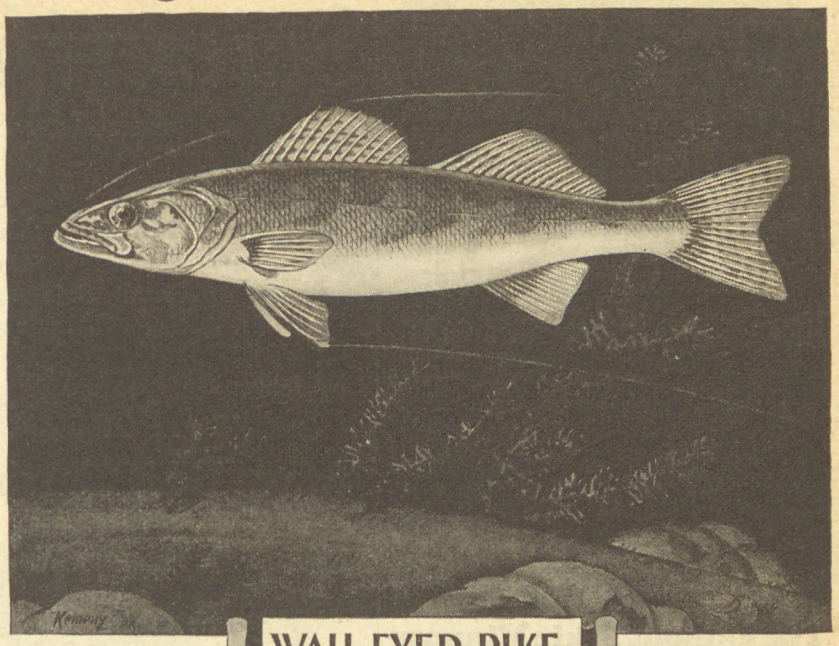
Sir: I certainly am ready and willing to take off my hat to the channel cat. In the June issue I payed tribute to this "near-trout." Most certainly I have nothing agin' him. It is not unusual to have the channel cat take a plug, or even artificial fly, as was pointed out in the remarks above referred to. I have even been guilty of passing up blackbass for a try at channel cat, and, tell it not to the public, I had rather dine on small channel cat than blackbass!—O. W.

Mr. and Mrs. Carp and Their Son Oliver

From R. H. L.'s column, Chicago Tribune

Mr. and Mrs. Carp and their small son Oliver were discussing life. "I wish we were rich like the Trouts are," whined Oliver petulantly. "Tut! Tut!" exclaimed Mrs. Carp. "It's much better to be born poor than to be raised with a silver spoon in your mouth!"

"O. W." will gladly correspond with his readers.



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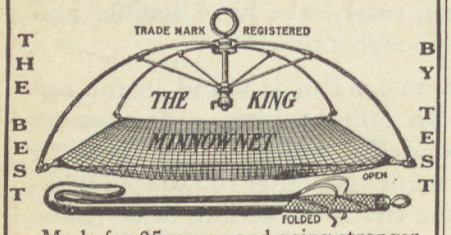

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

More About Distance Bait Casting

By Fred N. White

EDITOR'S NOTE: The recent articles on the subject of Distance Bait Casting have started a series of experiments among the Chicago casters, and Fred White, the winner of the One-Half Ounce Distance Bait in 1927, is giving us the results of his recent experiences.

The Distance Events to be cast at Columbus promise the greatest surprises in casting history and every opportunity has been given contenders to become acquainted with recent developments outlined in the contributions of Foss, Newcomb, and White.

F. J. L.

THE equipment of the average caster is generally two distance rods, one for the quarter ounce and one for the other two events. The writer is a strong advocate of the theory that one rod can be used for all three distance bait events. If such rod is properly built, the only variation necessary is the length of the lead from the tip of the rod to the weight in order to cast the three events with the same rod. The length of the leader line from the tip of the rod to the weight in casting the quarter ounce should be about 30 inches, for the half, 25 inches, and for the five-eighths ounce, 20 inches. While this may not be exact for all rods owing to the stiffness of the material, yet the ratio of the lengths is practically constant.

The tendency in the past has been to use a rod too stiff in the butt end and too soft at the tip, which is the cause of much vibration and, therefore, frequent breaks. The writer is in perfect agreement with that great distance caster, Walter Newcomb, in that this order should be reversed, but he maintains that one rod can be used for all events, and that such use gives him the same "feel" at all time, and as a result, greater steadiness.

Construction of Rod

A fairly heavy piece of split bamboo, Tonkin, is selected and from this the hexagonal edges are removed and the piece rounded. From this stick a length of forty-six inches is cut, giving a one piece rod without joints.

A detachable handle, either straight or offset, is used, though the writer prefers the straight type. All calibrations are ignored with the exception of the butt end which is 7/16 of an inch while at the tip the measurement is about 7/64ths. This rod is then scraped down until the required softness is obtained in the butt which permits the least muscular effort on the part of the caster. The tip end is left fairly firm to eliminate as far as possible any vibration. The rod may be either varnished or finished with Duco.

Placing of the guides varies but a good position for them is as follows: First guide, 7¼ inches from the tip, second guide, 15 inches from the tip, and third guide 24½ inches from the tip.

The Cast

The length of lead is all important and it depends generally upon the speed of the cast. The faster the cast is brought forward from the rear, the shorter the lead must be, while the slower the cast is made, the longer the lead should be. Practice and experiment will determine this.

In distance casting as in golf, the position of the body is all important. Without relaxation it would be impossible to get the body out of the way of the hand and arm when driving through a cast. In a correctly played swing, the change from the backward and forward cast must be timed by the pull of the weight without any jerk.

Position at end of forward cast.

The weight must have a constant pull in the preliminary back and forward casts. The cast should not be hurried but made as smoothly as possible. When the final forward swing is being made and when the pull of the weight is felt in the wrist, added power is obtained by a quick turn over of the wrist, called by casters, the "jam."

With practice one's subconscious mind will regulate the essential movements. A suggested position is about three steps back of the tape with the rod arm extending upward at about an angle of fifty degrees while the other arm should be downward as a balance. Cooperation between the feet and arm is most essential and plays an important part in distance casting.

Regardless of the preliminary footsteps, the footwork must be so timed that the left foot is always extended forward in making the final swing in order to maintain correct balance.

RECENT CASTING SCORES

THE publishing of scores in detail is not always of great interest but occasionally it is advisable to know what casters in different parts of the country are doing, so some recent scores are here given. San Francisco sends in the following among which are some excellent scores in the fly events, a specialty of our western casters.

Accuracy Fly

J. P. Cuenin	99-13
O. L. Sedtj	99- 9
E. S. Hodges	99- 9
C. H. Kewell	99- 9

Dry Fly Accuracy

L. F. Guerin	99-11
J. P. Cuenin	99- 8
E. S. Hodges	99- 7

Dry Fly—Unknown

J. P. Cuenin	99.5
O. L. Edtl	99.4
L. F. Guerin	99.3

½ Oz. Accuracy

J. P. Cuenin	99.3
L. F. Guerin	98.7
C. H. Kewell	98.3

Delicacy and Accuracy Fly

E. S. Hodges	99-1
J. P. Cuenin	99
L. F. Guerin	98-14

⅝ Oz. Accuracy

L. F. Guerin	99.6
J. P. Cuenin	99.5
G. Stockley, Jr	99.3

Distance Fly

J. P. Cuenin	105 feet
L. F. Guerin	93⅔ feet
C. H. Kewell	93 feet

Comment on Mr. Foss' Plan for Scoring Distance Bait Events

THE Chicago Clubs have discussed and tried the new plan outlined by Al Foss and heartily endorse the idea, believing with him that much valuable time can be saved. However, they disagree in one particular.

It has been debated that in a large contest the number of stakes or markers might become so large that some of the markers could be dislodged by accident which might cause unpleasant complications, for in a field of 30 casters there would be some 150 stakes, with many very close together.

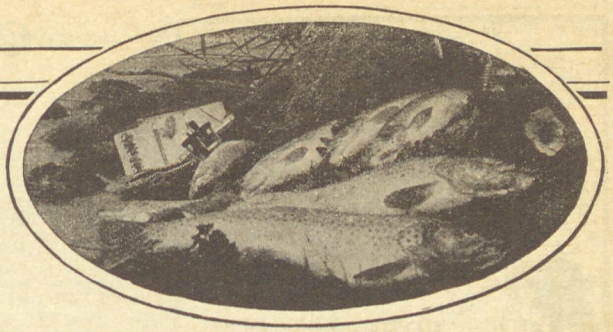
Here the plan has been followed of adopting the system of using the stakes and measuring the distances at the end of each round of casting.

This necessitates the measuring five different times but only one-fifth of the stakes at a time.

It works well; the same stakes can be used for each round; and, there is slight chance for error or disturbing the stakes as would be the case if a large number were on the field. Again, it gives to the casters a short breathing space between rounds. We hope that Mr. Foss will agree with this suggestion, especially if the field be large.

The affiliated clubs are urged to try this plan of scoring and to report their experiences.

Always Carry a Spare Line



VERMONT trout taken by C. T. Ramsey with an Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line.

ASHAWAY

Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly-casting Line.

Ashaway Extra Strength Bait-casting Line.

ASHAWAY Fishing Lines

FIT your fly rod with an Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line. Much better casting and longer lasting.

Unusual weight, smooth, free-running finish and great pliability. More accurate and delicate casting—gets strikes from big fish. Super-quality silk preserved at full strength by the remarkably tough and elastic Crandall's soft finish, forced into it under high vacuum. Never will harden or turn sticky.

For all bait casting and trolling, use the Ashaway Extra Strength. Hard braided best Japan silk, soft waterproofed.

Ashaway Lines are made in every style, size and color for fresh water and salt water—used around the world. Moderate prices. Ask your dealer. Should he not have what you want, please write to us.

Every Ashaway Line is guaranteed satisfactory to you or your money back.

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Lines for every kind of fishing—used around the world. Made in Ashaway since 1824.

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life-like as life itself. They Float, Dive, Swim.

Luny Frog—Little Luny—Spoon-y Frog

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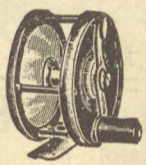

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The Fall Hunt Moose, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Caribou, or Deer that you bring home from the fall hunt will make a wonderful trophy when mounted by Jonas Bros., famous for perpetuating in the mounted trophy all the grace and beauty of the living animal. *Send for our free Art Catalog with pictures of famous mountings.*

JONAS BROS., Master Taxidermists, 1026 Broadway, DENVER, COLO.

Organization of the Pittsburgh Casting Club

INTERESTED members of the local Izaak Walton Chapter have started bait and fly casting as outlined in a communication from Mr. C. W. Ward, Secretary-Treasurer of the new club.

This branch of Waltonian activity is a great aid in holding together members during the summer season and has been successful in all the chapters wherever tried. Many casting clubs, of late, have had their origin in a local Walton Chapter, notably at Baltimore, Gary, Lima, Ohio, and now at Pittsburgh. Mr. Ward writes:

The first meeting to organize was held Feb. 16, 1928, and ten members were present. The official name was decided as The Pittsburgh Casting Club of the Izaak Walton League. Only League Members may join the casting club. Officers elected were, President, E. F. Lowry, Vice President, George Breitenbach, Secretary-Treasurer, C. W. Ward, Directors, Dr. D. S. Leet, W. D. Perry, P. E. Angle.

The Charter members consist of the above and W. R. Oliver, A. H. Wilkins, D. S. Wright, J. W. Carson, Ralph L. Smith, E. S. Bayard and J. W. Sherrer. Additional members are Edgar Brosius, Dr. L. W. Ohl, Nelson Lang, D. M. Wolfe, Charles Lang and J. H. Parry, a total now of 19. We have hopes of building this up to fifty by the end of the summer.

Directly after the organization of this club, the writer was elected President of the Pittsburgh Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. I immediately petitioned our City Council for three things.

FIRST: Erection f a casting platform in Carnegie Lake in Highland Park for the use of the Casting Club. **SECOND:** That the Izaak Walton League be permitted to stock that lake and Schenley Lake in Schenley Park with suitable fish and be allowed to seine them occasionally to stock the clean streams in our county.

THIRD: That once the lakes are properly stocked that fishing be allowed under supervision.

Am happy to state that all three requests have been granted. Bids are to be asked next week on the erection of the platform which will cost about $900.00. It will be shaped like the Gary platform as suggested by Mr. Carson. Overall length of 130 ft. and a casting range of 110 ft. It will be shaped like the letter "I" with the long center 10 ft. wide. The location for this that we asked for was granted by the Park Supt. so we will be prepared to cast in any of the four directions depending on the wind.

Am hopeful of being able to drain Carnegie Lake and remove the objectionable fish now in it before we put in the desired ones.

On March 14th the Casting Club held an indoor bait accuracy Tournament in the 60 ft. pool in Webster Hall, one of our hotels. Owing to the conditions we had only the ½ ounce and the ⅝ ounce at 35, 40, 45, 50, and 55 ft. distances.

Some good wor was done. Nelson Lang won both events. He had seven perfects in the ⅝ ounce. The writer won second in that event with 6 perfects. There were thirteen entries.

On March 28th we had another indoor bait event at the East Liberty Y. M. C. A. pool. Due to the low ceiling we had the ⅝ ounce accuracy only. Mr. J. K. Kinnear of Geneva, Ohio, Past President of the Ohio Casting Clubs was our guest and gave an exhibition.

We also had a contest between a lady swimmer and an angler and the latter won after a hard battle. He used a steel rod and a 26 lb. test line and in 10 minutes had the swimmer tired out and at his feet.

Ten casters entered the event. We had a large gallery. On March 27th the writer put on a Casting Meeting at the weekly luncheon of the East Liberty Trade Association. This was held in an auditorium and exhibitions were given by three of us with both the bait and fly rods.

At the monthly meeting of the Izaak Walton League on April 9th we had an exhibition of bait and fly casting.

Interest in the art of casting is on the increase here and as our platform will be close to the main road in the Park we expect large crowds watching us at work with a resultant increase in membership.

The Wisconsin Fish Survey

By George Kemmerer

The age of fish can be definitely determined from the microscopic study of the scales. With the age and weight of the fish the rate of growth and the fish best adapted to each lake or stream can be determined.

THE Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey under the direction of Dr. E. A. Birge, President Emeritus of the University of Wisconsin, has been studying the lakes of Wisconsin for 30 years.

After studying hundreds of lakes they find there are no two exactly alike and each has its characteristics just as each person has his individual traits. For instance, some lakes are especially adapted to trout. In many other trout cannot live, but bass or pike thrive. The conditions which enter into this differentiation are too numerous and complicated to mention here. After the lake has been carefully studied and the fish food determined it is still necessary to study the fish to determine the approximate number present and the rate of their growth.

This requires the catching of a large number of game fish and rough fish and it can be carried out either by hiring scientists to catch the fish for this purpose or you as Izaak Walton League fishermen with our motto "Save the Outdoors" can save these fish by giving us the data from all the fish you catch. You may all take a part in this important scientific work, help to preserve our fish and help us determine the fish best adapted to each lake without spoiling your sport or losing the fish you have caught.

We must have the correct weight and length of all the fish, but this will not necessarily spoil your fish stories as these data will not be given out to your friends. Then we want a record of each fishing trip, including the number and species of fish caught and the length of time you spent catching them. This should include the undersized fish returned to the water as well as the large ones. You can only estimate the size of those returned and do not take scales from fish to be returned to the water as the most of them will die from fungus growth if scales are removed.

Then we come to the most interesting part of the work and that is the deter-

This scale of a Chinook salmon shows that the fish was in its fifth year when caught, but the rapid growth of the last season had not started.

mination of the age of the fish from the scales. Each scale of a fish contains many concentric rings. When these are studied under the microscope the spacing between the rings is found to vary. When a fish lives in cold water it breathes more slowly, eats less and grows slower than when in warmer water. The rings produced during the winter or cold season are more closely spaced than those produced during the faster growing summer season. By counting the closely spaced areas we have the number of winter seasons the fish has lived or its age in years. By a little more detailed study it is possible to determine the rate of growth of the fish during any one year. It is also easy to determine the time of the year that the fish was caught.

The Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey with the aid of the United States Bureau of Fisheries has prepared kits which will be mailed to any fishermen fishing in Wisconsin. It is all in a heavy envelope which will go in any tackle box and the complete directions are printed on the envelope. It contains six franked mailing cards with spaces for recording the data of each fishing trip. There are also 24 scale envelopes, one to be used for each fish caught. These are to be returned in franked addressed envelopes which are also included. It will take about 10 minutes to measure and weigh a batch of fish and take a dozen scales from the **left** side of each. The data and scales should then be mailed at once. When additional kits are needed a franked card is inclosed for requesting them. We need the data and scales from 50,000 fish caught in Wisconsin this summer. Will you give us a record of each of your fishing trips and by so doing help to save the fish we have and help us to improve future fishing?

Write the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey, Science Hall, Madison, Wisconsin, for a Fish Survey Kit and **use it.**

Teal Duck Loses Fear with Radio

(Reprinted from Jefferson County Union, April 27, 1928.)

I read in some magazine, recently, of birds and animals being attracted by a radio set in the forest. They were said to gather around the instrument greatly charmed by the music. If this is a fact our game laws may hereafter have to prohibit radios in order to save our bird life, now disappearing pretty fast by the shot-gun route. I had a chance to see how music could charm a green-winged teal at the Black Hawk Club House last fall. It was a wing-tipped female that Fred Bitner of Racine brought in—one his dog had captured in the marsh. He let it loose in the gun room and it promptly hid behind a pair of hip boots. The radio was going with some good music at the time and finally the teal began to peer out and cock its head this way and that. I went over and picked it up and began to pet it. Scared and struggling hard at first, the music calmed it down and soon it would allow anyone to pick it up and pet it. Just 28 hours after being brought into the house, wild, it went to sleep in my lap, taking a nap of several minutes. Then it flew onto the radio and made everyone laugh by its efforts to see where the music came from. It had lost all its fear of humankind through petting and music in a single day.

—W. G. Ganong.

Stop Thieves!

THIEVES made a raid on the Ithaca Gun Company's booth at the Izaak Walton League Show in Omaha, April 21st, the night the show closed. The stolen guns were a little .410 Cal. 26 inch No. 7 Ejector double gun with single trigger, ivory sights, and gold inlaying. The number stamped on this gun was 448950, the value $400.00.

The stock and frame of a No. 4 Ejector double trap gun with a single trigger was taken, but the thief overlooked the barrels and forearm. The serial number stamped on this frame is 448929, value $100.00.

The third gun taken was a single barrel Ithaca trap gun, grade No. 4 Ejector, 12 gauge, 32 inch, serial number 401317, value $125.00.

A reward will be paid by the Ithaca Gun Company for information leading to the recovery of any of these guns.

One-hand control when needed, with lightning pick-up of slack line at a finger's touch. Palm wind; handy tension release. Safety and thrill always of hand control.

$5.00

New
Standard
Automatic

JOY in your fly fishing—real and plenty. Bass bug and strip casting, too. You handle the line so much better with your new Meisselbach Automatic Reel. Hook a Big One—let him *fly!* He gets no slack, no fouled line. Less trouble, more fish.

Ask your dealer for this fine new Meisselbach Automatic, only $5.00. Accept no other. Full description and Complete Catalog of all famous Meisselbach Fishing Reels of Quality mailed on request—FREE.

The A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.
2823 Taylor Street Elyria, Ohio

Meisselbach

Warmth *plus* Style!

No ordinary garment, this! No comparison with other outdoor jackets for sports and work wear. Here's a garment with *style*—neat, trim lines—that "tailored" look. And it *is* tailored . . . to fit and *feel* right . . . to wear and hold its shape . . . to stand the strain of strenuous service.

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keep you "warm as toast" in the coldest weather . . . made of pure Oregon wool plaid. Model shown has a patented inner vest that snuggles around the hips and stomach, keeping out the wind, keeping in the body heat. Overcoat flap pockets, real convertible collar, two-button adjustable cuffs, etc. Sizes 38 to 48. Choice of red, green or blue plaid. Also made in 3-pocket style without inner vest.

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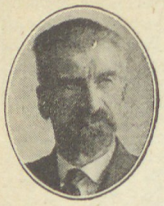


Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

"TODAY I begin my twelfth consecutive month of solitary camping. It has been a priceless experience," writes Murdo Gibson.

His utter content, winter and summer, with the simplicities of camp life in the wilderness reminds one of the story of Diogenes related by Izaak Walton in his Compleat Angler.

"Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!'"

So has Murdo Gibson eliminated the many irritating non-essentials of conventional existence and attained a serenity to be found only in the very heart of nature.

EDITOR.

Black Jack Island,
Lake of the Woods, Ontario,
June 1st, 1928.

DEAR Waltonians:

Today, I begin my twelfth, consecutive month of solitary camping. It has been a priceless experience. Benefits to body and mind were noticeable from the first day and have continued, almost without interruption, ever since.

My only unhappy days were caused by anxiety about long-delayed mail and my few visits to town. When I compare the total number of these with the long succession of miserable weeks and months I endured, before leaving civilization, appreciation of my present condition and environment fills my whole being. Truly, there is healing in the wilderness.

Spring came to this region rather late, but May was a delightful month for camping. On the third, the first frog and toad concert was rendered. On the sixth, the ice surrounding this island shifted sufficiently to allow a little canoeing. On the ninth, a mighty battle, between a strong, southwest wind and the main ice field, resulted disastrously for the latter and, on the eleventh, the steamer channel opened and enabled several boats to make the trip from Kenora to the eastern end of the lake.

Birches and aspens burst their buds and showed green crowns, on the fourteenth. Now, they are in almost full leaf and portions of the landscape have altered greatly in appearance. Wild cherries were in blossom during the last week and many species of flowers are now in bloom.

Most days were pleasantly warm but none were hot enough to make shade necessary for comfort. After sunset, a fire was always a luxury, though never a necessity. There have been no storms. The wind that vanquished the ice field came out of a perfectly clear sky and, in the lee, that day, the air was luxuriously mild.

We have had very little rain. Until yesterday, the forest floor was dangerously dry and scout planes of the Forest Service patrolled the vicinity every day. Last evening, however, a gentle, steady rain set in and continued until dawn, so the fire hazard is now greatly reduced.

Mosquitoes have bothered me very little, so far. Never has it been necessary to use either bed canopy or "dope." Whenever I hear or feel one, I know the fire needs replenishing. Mosquitoes hate artificial heat and light. As my tent is pitched so the lower edges of the walls are two feet above the ground, I can have all the heat I want without suffering from stuffiness.

This tent is much smaller than the one I used last month, so the stove had to be moved outside. Its front is now two feet from the threshold. A light canopy protects it and the cook from rain. Really, a summer kitchen on the front porch.

Evenings at this camp have been a constantly recurring delight. Generally, they are peaceful and mild. When paddling noiselessly along nearby shores, watching the sun sink beneath a radiant horizon, or drifting idly, while the brilliant afterglow fades into the darker shades of approaching night; hearing nothing, seeing nothing, except those sounds and sights natural to a forested wilderness, I feel an overwhelming sympathy for those unfortunates who are denied the inestimable privileges I am now enjoying.

This phase of camp life demands special emphasis tonight, because I have just come in from watching a rarely beautiful moonrise. As it followed, closely, an unusually fine sunset, I am experiencing something akin to the exaltation of a music lover, thrilled by a symphony of surpassing excellence.

While the sun was disappearing from view, a perfect calm prevailed and the varied colors of the northwestern sky were faithfully mirrored in the water beneath. When these had been completely absorbed in the sombre gray of dusk, a light breeze ruffled the lake's surface and the broad, gleaming highway, flood lighted by the newly risen moon, scintillated and shimmered like a rippling river of glistening silver.

Too much food has made my mind even more sluggish than usual. This morning, the coolness made me feel "bean hungry," so, after a hearty breakfast of fried cornmeal mush, I hung a pail of beans over the fire. No sooner had they commenced to simmer than a commercial fisherman I know came chugging toward my landing. He gave me a large duck and a black bass that had been drowned in a gill net. Both being "out of season" they would have been wasted had I not accepted them.

The bass was broiled, whole, for dinner, and the duck—also whole, but skinned—was put into the bean pail to simmer and steam until supper time. I ate every edible scrap of both fish and fowl, besides my usual allowance of biscuits, butter, cheese, etc., so, like any other gorged animal, I crave sleep. Good night.

June 2nd, Ten P. M.—

The cool, brisk wind continued all day but died down at sunset. Since then, I have been burning brush. Quite a lot of it had accumulated, as I didn't care to risk a large fire until after a good rainfall. It seemed a pity no one else was present to share my enjoyment of the spectacular conflagration. It awakened Mrs. Crow but,

"I want to do a lot of roving in the next few months. This lake contains at least a thousand islands I have never seen."

after a few, drowsy protests, she subsided and I heard no more from her.

Yes; the crows finally decided I am not such a bad fellow after all and they could safely commence housekeeping in the same old pine tree they selected before. It is only fifty steps from the tent, but they have not annoyed me, nor scolded me for more than two weeks.

Occasionally, when I happen to be doing something they don't understand, or making some unusual noise, they hop and flutter from branch to branch, muttering inquisitively, until their curiosity is satisfied. Then they go and attend to their own business. For the "Missus," that means a return to the nest, where she now spends nearly all her time.

I am learning something of their language and habits. For instance: they can start and stop, even a short flight, without making a sound. There is something uncanny about seeing such a large bird fly from tree to tree, right above one's head, and not hear a swish or rustle of wings. Owls do it habitually, and ruffed grouse, sometimes, even from a ground start, but it is unusual enough to astonish me, whenever I observe it.

The crows haven't disturbed the other birds. Perhaps, because the latter have nested too close to the tent. One, a Phoebe, has hers in the old tent I used last winter and which is pitched close beside the one I now occupy. Her spotless, white eggs, with their faint tinge of pink, are remarkably beautiful, both in shape and color.

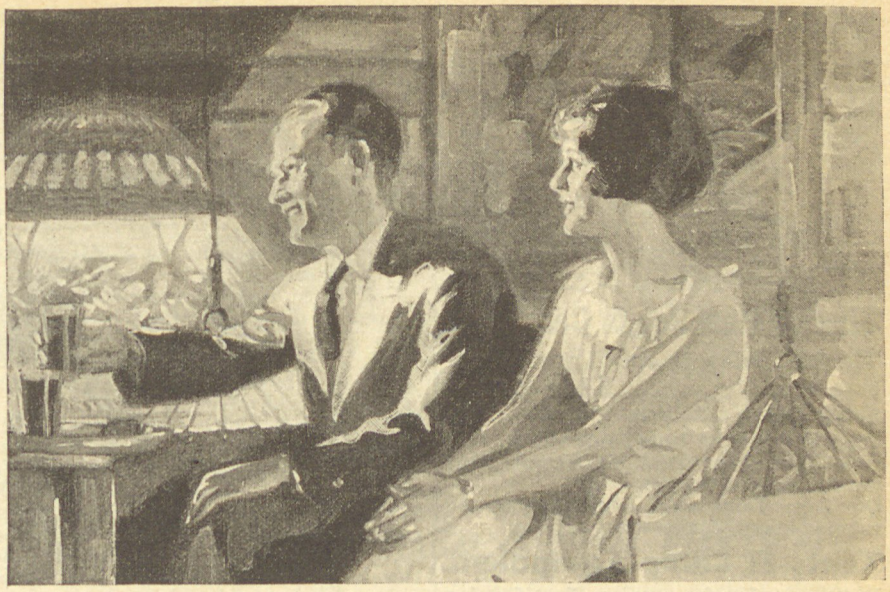
Last week, after a number of fruitless trips to Yellow-Girl for mail, I ended the suspense by paddling to Kenora. There I found a bushel-basket heaped with letters, papers and parcels. It was my first trip to town since January, but I was in no mood to enjoy the change. There was too much uncertainty about some personal affairs and too many letters to answer. The result was, I had neither time nor desire for shows or social visits, and I actually forgot to go to a barber shop. Having cut my own hair—with a safety razor—the week before, I may not have really needed the services of a tonsorial artist, but, had I remembered in time, I would surely have given one a chance to show his skill.

Although all my town friends welcomed me most cordially and did everything in their power to make my stay enjoyable, I was glad when it was done. My spirits began to rise the moment I shoved off from the dock. Every mile I placed between myself and civilization increased my happiness and, when I finally sighted Black Jack Island, and heard "my" crows announcing my return, thankfulness filled my heart. At the moment of stepping ashore, I felt a sense of relief such as an overloaded voyageur experiences, when unburdening at the right end of a hard portage.

During my six-day absence, the tent was left wide open, yet nothing had been disturbed. Even the bacon rind, left at the doorway for the benefit of hungry mice, was untouched. It seems as if I have exterminated them.

For a week or two after I made camp here, the place appeared to be overrun with mice and I kept my two wire traps set every night. After catching one short-tailed and twenty-four long-tailed mice and two moles, I could find no more evidences of their presence. Even cheese, left in places easily accessible to mice—though hidden from birds—has not been nibbled.

It was not my intention to catch them all. I wanted at least one pair of long-tailed mice to become friendly. From previous experience, I know them to be extremely agile and, when unafraid, very playful. If fed liberally, and always in



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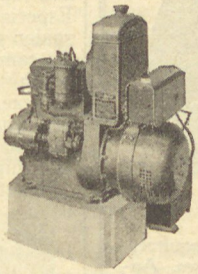

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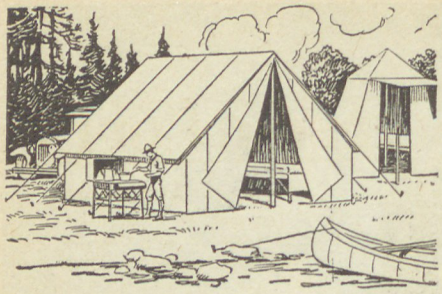

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the same spot, they are not likely to become a destructive nuisance.

As I approached the island, it amused and pleased me to note the friendly tone in which the crows greeted me. It was entirely different from the harsh "Ka-Kas" by which they formerly broadcasted the news of my obnoxious presence. While I carried the pack and bundles from canoe to the tent, they watched my every move and kept up a gutteral chatter that not only expressed their curiosity but a total absence of resentment.

Crows and women have some traits in common and my general attitude toward them is somewhat the same. En masse, they often irritate and sometimes anger me, but I have become very fond of certain individuals, both wild and tame.

For half a dozen consecutive nights, before going to Kenora, I spent the hours between dusk and dawn along the water's edge. The observation and study of beetles, snails, leeches, insects, frogs, toads, minnows and larger fish has long been a hobby of mine. I have no idea how the knowledge thus gained is going to benefit anyone, but I get a lot of satisfaction from learning more and more about the habits of these creatures.

The gasolene lantern was a great help. For night prowling, I know of nothing to equal it. I made a tin reflector for it, but found it unnecessary. I could see far enough without it and nothing seemed able to distinguish my presence behind its dazzling glare.

Quite soon, I intend to camp for a week or two near some marshy, weedy, lily-grown bay. In such places one can find an infinitely greater number of bugs, insects and reptiles than around this rocky strand. Especially, I want to study a long-legged spider that stays in the reeds and rushes. As camouflage artists, they are superior to anything else I know of. To see them "freeze," instantaneously, and become an indistinguishable part of whatever stem they happen to be on, is nothing less than amazing. I have watched them just enough to whet my curiosity regarding their other habits.

The total absence of animals on this island has its obvious advantages. But I miss them. Were it not for the birds, I wouldn't have stayed so long. I want to camp where I can see squirrels, rabbits, deer, moose, and an occasional bear, wolf or coyote. Even skunks are interesting to me. Several times I have cultivated their friendship and allowed them the free run of my tent or cabin and not once have they abused my hospitality nor made me regret my confidence in their good manners.

As a headquarters; a place to leave the bulk of one's outfit, this location is nearly perfect and I am planning to use it for that purpose. But I want to do a lot of roving, during the next few months. This is a big lake. It contains at least a thousand islands I have never seen. There are scores of deep, wide bays I want to explore and in which one can find almost every kind of fish, bird and animal native to the region.

My present mode of life is more like "shacking" than real camping. It is too easy. I have too many conveniences and not enough need to improvise makeshifts. Too much of my time is taken up with mere "office work." Answering letters is no job for summer campers. Almost anything, even writing such articles as this, is preferable to framing excuses and "sorry, buts" to importunate friends and creditors, who cannot understand my protracted absence from former haunts.

Summers here are too short to squander in that manner. Far better to keep moving, travelling light and living, as much as possible, "Off the country." That is what I mean to do.

IN the April number of "Canadian Forest and Outdoors" there is an article that will interest those who have written to me about light hiking equipment and, later, criticised my list, on the ground of inadequacy.

It tells of an Indian trader at a Hudson's Bay Company's Post, who volunteered to carry a message from the pilot of a wrecked airplane to the nearest telegraph station. The time was last January; the temperature was from twenty to forty degrees below zero and the snow, from four to six feet deep; the distance, about a hundred miles and no trail broken.

His complete outfit, excluding the clothes he wore and what was in his pockets, was: snowshoes, axe, and a "chunk" of moosemeat. He carried neither blanket, shelter cloth nor dishes, yet he made the trip in five days, which was considered a record for winter travel between those points.

Trips Afield with Boys

(Continued from page 37)

not blunder through the woods, hoping to scare one out, and shoot it as it runs, but must come upon it unawares. When you learn to do this, and take game with a bow and arrow, fashioned with your own hands, you can count yourself a real woodsman.

I hope that there isn't a fellow of you who has not devoured that inimitable book, by Howard Pyle, "The Merrie Adventures of Robin Hood." No other version compares with it to my thinking. Don't accept a substitute. "Sir Nigel," and its sequel, "The White Company," by A. Conan Doyle, are two rattling good stories, the latter of which you will probably find the more thrilling. Stevenson's, "The Black Arrow," and Scott's "Ivanhoe," are two other fine books of the period when the long bow was the weapon of the English yeoman.

If you are a beginner in archery, read Ernest Thompson Seton's "Two Little Savages," and the Boy Scout merit badge pamphlet on archery. Books for the grownups, but which you will like as well as Dad, are Dr. Saxton Pope's "Hunting with the Bow and Arrow," "Bows and Arrows," by James Duff, and "Archery," by Dr. Robert P. Elmer. These should be found in every public library. If you do not find them there, ask the librarian to buy them.

Archery is a sport which every year becomes more popular. It furnishes real exercise, developing arms and chest. The bow and arrow is not a toy. It is a deadly weapon, and must be reckoned as such. It requires skill and develops skill. The late Dr. Pope could keep seven arrows in the air at one time.

Learn to be your own bowyer and fletcher. Let the workmanship of the tackle made by your own skillful hands be second to none of your fellows, and thus help to revive and preserve the ancient tradition of the long bow.

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 35)

TENNESSEE ACTIVE

DURING a visit to Nashville recently, General Manager Fred Doellner helped Tennessee sportsmen organize a temporary state division of the League, pending an intensive expansion campaign and the formation of a permanent working unit.

Dan Wolf, Memphis, was made acting chairman of the organizing committee, and Henry Dickinson, son of Judge Jacob M. Dickinson of Chicago, past president of the national organization, was made acting secretary.

Mr. Doellner conferred with George Calhoun, state game and fish commissioner, who pledged the help of the commission in organizing a strong Walton group in the state.

Major R. A. P. Holderby, national organizer of the League, also attended the conference, and plans were made for immediate organization work.

Massachusetts Division

Annual Convention

Springfield, Sept. 7, 8, 9.

Wyoming Division

Annual Convention

Casper, September 14 and 15.

New York Division

Annual Convention

Jamestown, Sept. 20, 21, and 22.

Pennsylvania Division

Annual Convention

Harrisburg, October 8 and 9.

Indiana Division

Annual Convention

Fort Wayne, Oct. 18, 19.

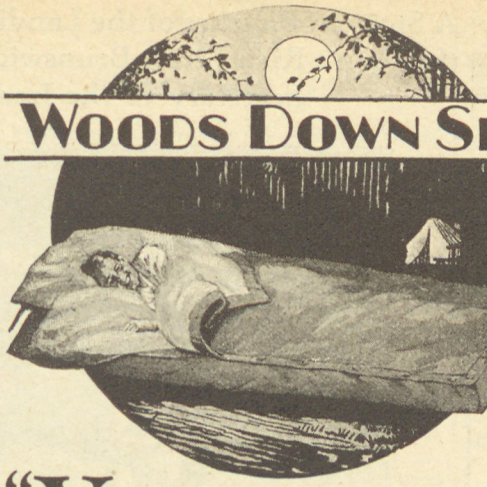
A LETTER FROM SWEDEN

Who says the League isn't becoming internationally known? Didn't National Headquarters get a letter from Sweden the other day asking about organizing a chapter? And to prove it, here's the letter:

We in Falun are a gathering of woodsmen who are very much interested in your worthy work, and are taking the liberty of writing to you to get information about your organization and its principles, as we would like to build a branch of same in Dalarna.

In the hope of getting the information I have asked for, I remain,

Harold Jorgensen,
Falun, Sweden.



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SOLID comfort and the finest, most perfect sleep every night in your Woods Down Sleeping Robe. You just *roll* in it. And what zing it puts in you all day!

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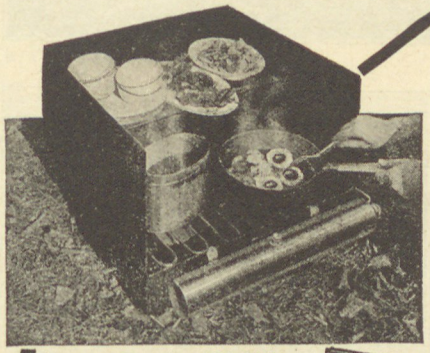

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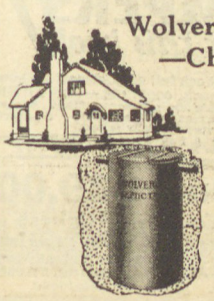

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8 Day and Night Lenses
Lifetime Service

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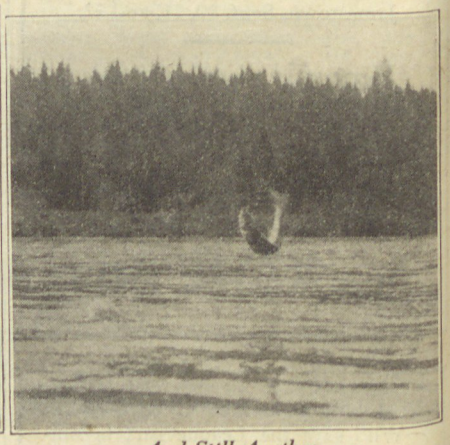
The Start.

The Strike.

The First Leap.

And Another.



And Still Another.

The Finish.

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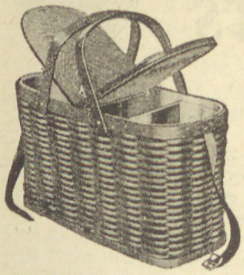

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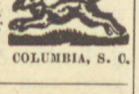

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Texas

(Continued from page 9)

guidance; but we trusted Chesley rather than the stars.

Jimmy had a flat tire, and we waited while he made repairs; and so went on. Then, toward the end of the second mile, Harry said:

"Dern it, I think I've got a flat now!"

And we stopped to see. The cars ahead saw us stop and turned to come back; and Harry alighted as they did so. Their headlights enabled him to see that the right hand front tire was flat, as he had expected. We in the rear seat descended so that he might come at the proper tools.

Then someone pointed out that the left hand front tire was also flat. J H attacked that one; Jimmy and Harry labored with the tire on the right.

I don't remember who discovered that the left hand rear tire was not only flat, it was entirely gone. We had been running on the naked rim.

So they stripped off the two flats and hung them on the windshield supports, one on either side. Then, on three rims, carrying our spare tire on the right rear wheel, we drove a mile across the prairie, and seven more to Chesley's farm; and on that baked and rutted road, under such conditions, we might well have been uncomfortable. But not even the rear seat noticed the jolts.

For we could see those gray and white geese festooned across the hood; and we could close our eyes and remember the hordes of them in the air. We were gorged with delight, beyond the assaults of any new sensation.

J H says it never happened before and never will again; but it happened twice, and twice is enough for any man!

It was my first visit to Texas; but hereafter I agree in advance to believe any tale a Texan tells.

Spare the Roadside

"LIVE and let live," is the plea of Brownie, director of The Milwaukee Journal Tour Club, to motorists.

"Summertime is when the army of pilfering, destruction, vandalism and wastefulness moves out from the cities and makes itself a pestiferous nuisance. As we drive forth we shall find the wasters of wild flowers leaving their cars, sometimes partially blocking the roads, while they pick great bunches of flowers.

"Some of them dig the flowers and trees up by the roots. Others operate along the roadside in the mistaken idea that whatever grows outside the fence is public property. If they would look up the statute on this point, they would be surprised to know that the farmer controls legally the land in front of his place out to the center of the road. Anything growing outside his fence, be it lilac, apple, plum or whatnot, is his property."

Further, it is unlawful to transport trees, a custom carried on so extensively by motorists, from the woodland to the city home lot. The law is really intended to prevent spread of tree diseases and pests.

"It is not worth while to be lawbreakers," Brownie concluded, "for few of the millions of little pine, balsam or spruce trees thus transported ever live. Let us leave the beautiful roadside things for others to enjoy; for us to see again in their glory another year. Let us not waste, destroy and steal. Let us not contribute to the disrepute of the 'Sunday driver.'"

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1924

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by
PAUL BURRESS

Avoiding Traffic

IF all of the grief accompanying the development of gasoline motive power and resultant from automobile traffic could be summed up and released at once, our beautiful world would be well in the hands of Satan and surely we would be breathing odorous blue air.

This memory keeps me company and moves from modern smiles to the tears of disappointment of a few years ago when our imaginary touring pleasures were fraught with vibrating and hesitating motors, inferior tires and the historical conflict between equestrian and *motestrian.*

Manufacturers of outboard motors have benefitted by the trying experiences of the makers of motor cars and the past few months have proved that our 1928 crop of new outboard motors are equal in performance and dependability to the modern automobile. Thousands of highway tourists who, becoming bored with the monotony of traffic and mutilated scenery, not to mention the expense, are turning to the outboard motor and small boat as the only practical conveyance into the retreats of outdoor America.

An outboard motor, trailer and boat, costing less than two hundred dollars, hooked behind your automobile will answer the Friday night question: "Where can we go this week-end to get out of the traffic jam and enjoy the open to ourselves?" River and lake shore scenery is incomparable to sign-boards, filling stations and hot canine products. There are no stop signals, filled parking spaces, reckless drivers nor worry about tires. You are the traffic officer of the day, guiding your party through quiet restful retreats that, unlike road traffic, produce a mental disposition that would become a saint.

Navigate your nearest waterway for a few days. Get away from the confusing buzz of men and cars and gaze upon more than a narrow strip of paved road or the stern end of a galloping flivver.

Advice on how to equip for a few days' cruise is now in order and the following requirements are intended for a trip into country where one must provide one's own camping comforts.

If you would enjoy the day, look well to the comforts of the night. This we all have learned from experience, but who among us has not rushed away on a long anticipated trip, somewhat intoxicated with enthusiasm to the extent that we neglected to provide ourselves with a few small pieces of equipment that meant a trip of pleasure or of pain.

Perhaps one of the most important considerations is shelter. Often you will hear the extremist back-to-nature enthusiast say that he does not need a tent, but most of us when cruising will enjoy the protection of a good tent and one that is well screened from mosquitoes.

The wall tent is one of the most comfortable types for the permanent camper who sets up his headquarters and only makes short trips of a day or two, returning after each trip or perhaps returning each night. On short trips from a central location, the wall tent serves as headquarters but on a continuous route, this type requires too much time and trouble to pitch every night and pack up each morning. The army "pup" tent serves very well for sleeping shelter under ordinary conditions, but in the event the weather forces one to lay over for any length of time this type of tent is too cramped for comfort.

Tent requirements for the small boat cruiser are, waterproof, fair room, light in weight and easy to pitch and pack. A light weight waterproof cloth such as balloon silk is one of the most suitable materials for light weight tents. This material will not absorb water, it is light in weight and the complete tent will pack in a small space. As an example of its compactness and lightness a wall tent 10 by 10 feet will weigh less than six pounds and pack into a space of one cubic foot. Of course this does not include pegs and poles. Silk tents are more expensive in price, but in consideration of above mentioned qualities and long life they are much the better equipment to purchase where lightness and compactness are essential.

Fortunately, individual tastes vary. The wedge tent is comfortable, easy to pitch and pack. When set up it has the appearance of a large wedge, having a pole at the front and back which supports the ridge pole. A tent of this type having a seven by seven floor space and a height of seven feet is suitable for two people, will pack in a small space and should not weigh over seven pounds. The weight depending upon the kind of material and waterproofing. The pyramidal or "miner" style of tent is similar in appearance to the teepee and is supported by a center pole or else two outside poles set in shear fashion or it may be supported from the apex by a rope made fast to an overhead limb. The suspension or support of this type tent has an advantage in that it is quickly set up and it really is not necessary to carry along tent poles.

"The water-motorist sees more than a narrow road or the stern of a galloping flivver."

For those who are not convenient to a large outfitting store, there are descriptive catalogues which give dimensions, weight and good picture reproductions of the various types of tents so that it is an easy matter to choose a tent that will meet with the requirements of your party and trip.

Many canoeists who necessarily must travel light, sleep on the ground. This makes the tent ground cloth or sod cloth a good practical addition to your tent. The writer prefers a ground cloth that is not sewed to the tent because it may be used for various good purposes during daytime travel as a tarpaulin cover for duffle, shelter, improvised sail, etc. Perhaps the best of all ground beds are those made of pine or balsam boughs or palmetto leaves. The leaves or branches are laid so that they will overlap in shingle fashion. The more boughs, the softer the bed. The ideal ground bed, however, is a mattress of boughs over which a light weight wool pad or air mattress is laid. In traveling through country where natural bedding is not available, then it will be necessary to carry a mattress. Most all mattresses are bulky but the air mattress seems to be gaining favor and is one of the easiest to carry.

Every woodsman knows that the wool blanket is the best. Cotton is inferior because it absorbs and holds moisture, not to mention the warmth of even damp wool. The wise camper never sleeps on the bare ground. He usually has as much under him as over him and furthermore insulates himself from ground dampness with a poncho or canvas sheet.

Cruising calls for systematic living. The old woodsman does it through habits gained by experience, and does it so easily and with little apparent effort. You see him throw a few things in a pack and he is ready, but he could tell you that a large part of his life has been spent learning just what should go into that pack. All camping equipment, besides being useful, should fit snugly into a packing arrangement, so that if there are several individual pieces of equipment there will be few bundles. This applies to cooking utensils especially, which at best are more or less bulky. There are several complete aluminum outfits which have folding handles and nest neatly into one small compact package. If you are not traveling via outboard motor and are far from a gasoline supply, then the folding grate and reflector oven cooking arrangement is best. Otherwise carry along a compact folding gasoline camp stove which is cleaner, quicker and doesn't violate forest fire laws.

Keeping duffle and food supplies dry is most important. Boats will upset, you may encounter rough water and it would not be a complete cruise unless you experienced a good rain storm. All foods should be placed in separate waterproof bags or friction top tins with an indelible label on each. If bags are used they are packed in large waterproofed duffle bags or packs. When packing up in the morning much time will be saved if the bags to be used for the next meal are placed on top.

If the cruise is to be taken in a more

seaworthy or less tippy craft than a canoe, then the duffle may be placed where it will be out of the way and the weight distributed so the boat will be in the best trim for headway. If, on the other hand, you are going via canoe and paddle power, the duffle must be carefully stowed. As a general rule the heavy articles should be next to the floor. Lay packs and duffle bags on their sides to keep the center of gravity as low as possible. The canoe when loaded with paddlers aboard should be on an even keel or with the bow a trifle higher than the stern.

A thorough knowledge of the country you are going into is necessary before preparing an equipment list. There are certain items not always used but when needed are important. The lack of them may cause much unnecessary discomfort. The more important are, first-aid kit, an extra paddle, mending material for the canoe, mosquito ointment, waterproof match box, compass, a length of rope, adhesive tape and cheesecloth. A folding candle lantern and flashlight are well worth their weight and space. Drinking water is best carried in a canvas water bag or in a pail that has a canvas draw string top. Lake and river water is satisfactory for cooking but it is not well to take the chance of drinking water that may be polluted. If necessary to drink river water, boil it for at least twenty minutes.

A good map of the water to be covered is a great convenience and should be given some study before starting. Compute the number of miles you expect to cover taking into consideration the number of days of your cruise. There are several good routes that have been well mapped showing portages, bad water and bases of supply. The United States government topographical maps, which may be had by addressing the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., contain valuable information on water routes within the United States. For maps covering Canadian waters, address the Canadian Geological Survey, Ottawa, Canada. The Canadian maps are among the best as they are large scale and show considerable detail. Chambers of Commerce in cities near the going in points, also commercial outfitters usually have complete maps showing small boat routes. This is particularly so in the state of Maine, the Superior National Forest and in the Adirondacks.

Common sense dictates many things to do and not to do on a small boat cruise, especially via canoe. It isn't well to pretend to be an old timer when in reality you are not. This applies in particular to the time of your "going in" when the whole water trip is before you. Ask experienced men in the locality about the best places to "unload and carry across" if there are portages to be made. To find these places when they are shown on the map or described to you is not as easy as it sounds. This you know to be true if you wait until dusk before trying to find a place to make camp. Groping along the water's edge with a flashlight and maybe a mile or more from good camping ground is bad business. Always view the sunset with the grub on the fire.

QUESTIONS

? ? ? ?

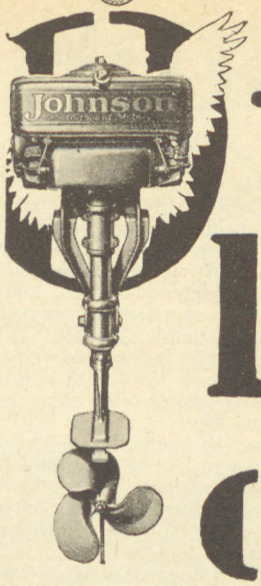
for readers about

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

will be gladly answered by

"JED" BURRESS

editor of this department.



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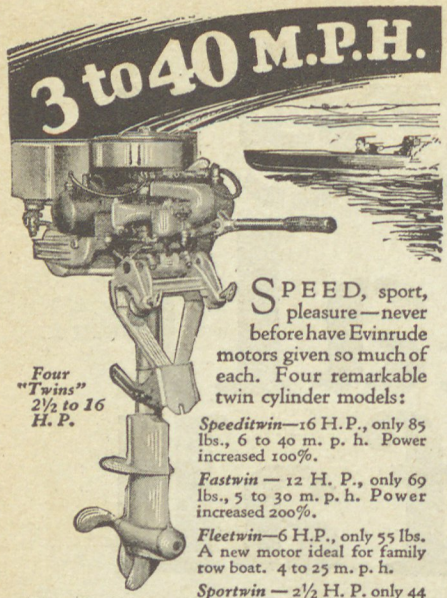

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My First Tarpon

By J. F. Oertel

IN this day we hear much about fishing at Miami, Florida, of "tarpon tournaments" held there and the big fellows taken with rod and reel in most approved style. Miami and vicinity is perhaps the best known, widely advertised, and most frequented by sportsmen of any place on our far-flung Atlantic seaboard. It has become a big and fashionable city. "Miami Beach" is now lined with beautiful homes, and speedy motor-boats skim the waters of Biscayne Bay.

It may be interesting to know what that country was like 38 years ago when I took what was, perhaps, the first tarpon caught with rod and reel in those waters—at least from what is now known as "Miami Beach."

In the winter of 1890 I was traveling over the state of Florida making for the government certain investigations as to the killing of alligators and plumage birds, and my instructions were to "go to Miami and learn what was being done in that line by the Seminole Indians of that section." Titusville was then the terminus of the east-coast railroad. From there I went by steamer down the "Indian River" to Jupiter Inlet and at that point took "the railroad" to Lake Worth.

When I inquired how I was to get to Miami I was told that there were two ways of reaching that far-away point: to "walk the beach (some 80 miles) or get a small boat and go to sea." Walking the beach did not appeal to me, as I was informed I would have some difficulty in getting across Hillsboro Inlet, and to "watch out, as sharks were mighty bad there." I scouted around for a boat for some days without success, but luck was with me, for in sailed a little sloop from Biscayne Bay which was to return in a few days, and on her I engaged passage.

My inquiries about Miami elicited the cheering information that I'd find nothing when I got there—"nothing but Injuns and old Brickel, who trades with 'em." I was also cautioned against putting too much confidence in what the said Brickel might tell me, as he was "the biggest liar in Florida," and, my informant added—"or anywhere else." I went on board the sloop and for some days we waited near the mouth of the inlet for the combination of a high tide and fair wind, without which we could not go out over the bar and buck the surf, which broke over coral rocks on either side, leaving a channel not over 25 feet in width. At last we had a chance to slip out, and coasted along the rest of the day and all night, going in the upper entrance to Biscayne Bay about daylight in the morning, and down to the little wharf at the mouth of Miami River. There was nothing to be seen here but scrub and jungle, but following a path through the brush I came to the house and store of friend Brickel, finding him all—and more—than he had been described.

As had been said, there was "nothing there but Injuns" who came down the Bay and River to trade 'gator hides, bird skins and arrow-root for such things as they wanted from the store. Tommy Tiger, the then chief, headed the delegation that morning decked out in his best suit, which consisted of a long-tailed calico shirt—this being the style of dress for the bucks, while the squaws wore skirts shorter than the present-day "flapper," and all the strings of glass beads they could wrap around their necks without choking to death.

A trip up the river to the Indian camp, to the Fort on the north bank, and a visit to Kirk Monroe at Cocoanut Grove, some miles below, completed my investigations, and then the question arose how I was to get back up the coast. Walking the beach did not look any better to me from this end, nor present less difficulties, and there seemed no prospect of getting water transportation. But luck was with me again. A small sail boat, with three men on board, bound for Lake Worth, came ashore to get supplies and water. Could I get passage? I could, and the matter was arranged.

After stocking up with necessary provisions we sailed over to "Bear Cut," one of the lower entrances to the Bay, and laid there that night. We intended to go on the next morning, but there was a strong northeast wind with heavy sea, and we decided that it would not be safe to try to beat our little boat against it, and prepared to devote the enforced leisure to hunting, fishing and exploring the beach. All of this we had plenty of time to do as the wind continued head for over a week, and right there we remained. As it was very hot we adopted the costume of Tommy Tiger as the most comfortable rig, and for hats wore some conical sponges picked up on the beach. Possibly there may be some persons there now who parade the shore with even less in the way of a costume, though the style of ours would hardly be permitted.

The crew of the boat consisted of Captain Cooper, who had chartered it for the cruise, "Captain" Cuddyback, the skipper, and "Uncle John," cook and general roustabout. We found the "Beach" a tangled jungle of palmetto and scrub-oak bushes with mangrove swamp along much of the bay shore. It was alive with coons, and as they came out at every low tide to forage along the shore, Captain Cooper's rifle was busy, and we soon had a fine lot of skins.

One day we ventured out off shore and trolled for kingfish, using as lure a strip of canvas tied to the hook. With this rig we caught not only kingfish but bluefish, dolphin and several other kinds we did not know. The water in the "cut" was swarming with fish of various kinds, and "Uncle John" spent most of his time catching "grunts" and other small fish.

We noticed that when the tide came in schools of big fish passed through, and I determined to get one—though I did not know what they were. Cooper had a rod and fairly heavy reel with about 75 yards of strong line. To this I rove a large hook with some copper wire for leader, baited with a small grunt, and when a school passed in cast out among them. Immediately there was a swirl—a strike—my line began to run from the reel—and after a mighty rush a fish shot clear of the water, his sides gleaming like polished silver. He made a run toward me, and I got back a little line, then he headed down the "cut," leaping as he went. I could not check his rush, and knew if all my line ran out he would just snap it and go on. The "cut" was narrow, and we were anchored about half way of its length. The fish must run one way or the other—so I jumped overboard and ran down the shore the way he was then going, holding all the time a tight line and trying to turn him. Away towards the inside entrance he sped in rushes and leaps, with me racing along the beach in pursuit. Almost all my line was gone from the reel—we were nearing the wider water

—and I thought he was gone, when he turned, ran towards me a few feet, and then back up the "cut"—and I "beat it" after him.

The others came running to see the fight and Cooper had his rifle ready to shoot if he had a chance, but though the fish jumped clear of the water many times he was not a good rifle target. Up and down the beach we went, and I managed each time we came near the mouth of the "cut" to turn the fish and head him for the other end. Evidently he was well hooked, as his leaps in the air —with shake of head—and all the contortions he went through to get rid of the hook failed to dislodge it. It must have been something like an hour before he showed any signs of weakening, though long before that I was tired, my breath coming hard from the exertion of running and fighting him.

At last he managed to get by the mouth of the "cut" on the ocean side, and I feared he would get a straight run—go to the end of my short line—and I would lose him. But that very move proved his undoing. He was getting tired and when he struck the rough water both the waves and the incoming tide gave me the advantage. At the heave of each sea I got back a few feet of line until I had him on my side of the "cut" and in shoal water. We had nothing in the way of a gaff, but Cooper, seeing the situation that was developing, ran to the boat and got an old net hammock, with which he and the skipper waded out in the surf, and when I brought my fish in between them they managed to get the net under him and we hauled him on shore. Of course I don't know what he weighed, but as I lay beside him on the sand Captain Cooper said he was longer than I—and I am 6 feet 2 inches.

That was my first tarpon, and I doubt if before that time one had been taken with rod and reel at "Miami Beach." If anyone did—let him speak now or else forever after hold his peace.

Ten Outdoor Commandments

By Seth Gordon

1. Everything belongs to the public or some individual. Well-defined rules govern its enjoyment, use or possession. Observe them.

2. Common decency demands thoughtful use and protection of the property of others. Obtain permission before camping, fishing or hunting on private property.

3. Extreme care should always be exercised in the use of firearms. Target or game shooting where dangerous to the lives or stock of others is inexcusable.

4. Carelessness with fires means barren wastes. Build small safe cooking fires; never larger than one-fifth the space cleared to moist ground. Drown camp fires and embers effectively with water before leaving.

5. Be sure to close gates and bars to prevent livestock from straying. Keep off newly seeded fields. Avoid short cuts through growing crops. A few extra steps will improve your relations with the owner.

6. Protect beneficial wild life and don't waste it. Observe open seasons and limits. No one steals a neighbor's milk from his doorstep; why steal his share of the fish and game?

7. Keep waters pure; don't pollute springs, streams and lakes. Depositing body discharges in streams is unforgivable.

8. Leave camp sites free of rubbish. Take care of your own wastes. Don't litter highways by throwing trash from autos.

9. Wild flowers, shrubs and trees are beautiful only when growing. Leave them for the enjoyment of those who follow you.

10. Help make the outdoors more beautiful for those who come after you, and so conduct yourself that you will always be a welcome future visitor.

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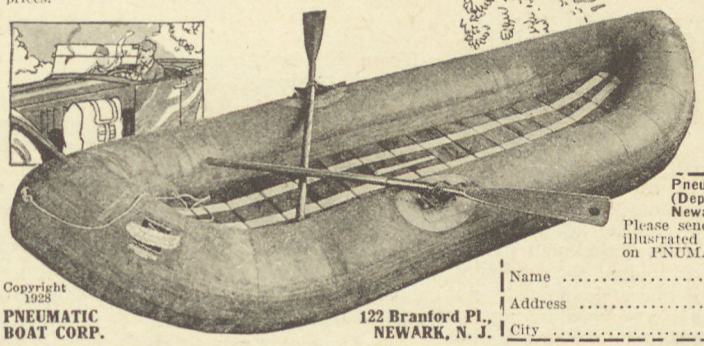

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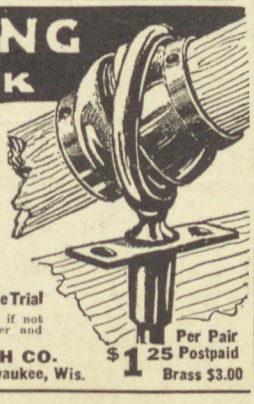

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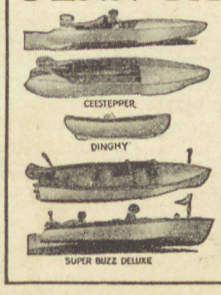

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Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

Edited by
ALEC MERMOD

Gun Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA

A Few Hints on the Care and Handling of Firearms

HARDLY a day goes by that we do not read of a fatal accident caused by the careless handling of a gun or pistol. Nine times out of ten the accident could have been avoided, had the man or boy been properly instructed in the beginning.

The man who deliberately points a gun or pistol at any human being, thinking that the gun is not loaded, should be placed in a mad house or the penitentiary, and the man who carelessly turns around swinging his gun in all directions, heedless of where the muzzle is pointing, should be in the next cell.

A small boy once told one of his playmates that a gun was dangerous without lock, stock or barrel; he had just received a whipping from his father who had used the ram-rod in lieu of a whip.

There is another old saying, "It's always the gun that was not loaded that kills people."

Every man who is fond of dog and gun wants his boy to grow up with a love for the outdoors, and when the boy shows no inclination to follow the trails traveled by his father, it's a disappointment, still the boy should not be blamed to any great extent, for there are many reasons why he does *not* take up the shooting game.

Game of all kinds is not nearly so plentiful as it was when father was a boy, and a great deal of the upland country has been posted, so it is difficult to find any open ground within a day's drive of any of the larger cities.

Duck shooting, except on club property, is a thing of the past, so it is not remarkable that the youngster is not very keen to pick up the hunting fever.

Besides all this there are so many counter attractions which afford a certain amount of pleasure without such strenuous efforts to obtain it.

But I am getting off my subject.

When the youngster *does* show a liking for the gun he should be thoroughly schooled in the idea of "SAFETY FIRST" before he is taken into the field or blind.

About the first toy a sportsman gives his small boy is a "play gun" and it is then that the lessons should be started, never allowing him to point the gun at any person or dog. When he is old enough to understand, explain to him just how the terrible accidents happen, and begin training him by taking him out in the yard on a "play hunt"; show him how a gun should be carried in the field, how to get over the fences, what to do when stopping to rest.

Establish a system of merits and penalize the boy when he gets careless and breaks a rule.

Boys between the ages of 6 and 10 absorb a lot more information than they are credited with, and never forget an object lesson they have once learned, especially if it is on a subject they like.

However, it is not only the boys who need to be taught the safety game, for some of the "grown ups" need a lot of coaching.

I am going to follow with a few "Don'ts," though the whole problem of safety in handling firearms may be summed up in six words: "Watch the Muzzle of Your Gun."

Don't take for granted that a gun is not loaded.

Don't point a gun at any person at any time.

Don't think that because a gun is at "safe" it cannot be discharged, for the safety catch on hammerless guns (with one or two exceptions) only locks the triggers, and it is possible for the gun to be jarred off by a fall or hard jolt. The safety on a hammerless gun is a misnomer, and in my opinion these so-called safeties should be left off the modern gun, they only tend to make a man careless.

Don't stand your gun against a tree or lay it on the ground when resting, unless you have removed the loads.

Don't get in a boat or vehicle until you have unloaded your gun, and then take a second look to make sure.

Don't climb over or crawl through a fence leaving your gun on this side to be pulled through muzzle first. The "Fool Killer" has caught many a victim by this method. When getting to a fence, UNLOAD your gun, if you have a companion let him do the same, then have him hold both guns while you climb through or over, and then let him hand both guns OVER to you.

Don't fail to remember to handle all firearms as if you KNEW they were loaded.

Don't (as I have seen many a boy and man do) place the muzzle of a gun on the toe of your boot, resting your arms on the butt. There is a man in St. Louis today who had this habit, and he is not at all happy because the loss of his foot prevents his enjoying upland shooting.

Don't lean on the gun with the muzzle covered by your hand or arms, many an idiot has lost part of himself by doing this.

Don't fire until the game is in plain sight; I lost a good rabbit dog because my shooting companion had no more sense than to shoot into the waving grass.

Don't shoot until you know the location of your companion. It is much better to lose a shot than to be regretting something the rest of your life.

I have been criticized for carrying my gun in the field, cocked and ready to shoot; that I do this is a fact, but I am a safer man to be with than he who carries his gun at safe and is careless in handling it, believing that it cannot be discharged; he swings the gun around in all directions, and when called to account, says, "Oh, it's all right, the gun is not cocked, it's safe."

I know that my gun is loaded and ready to shoot, and, consequently am careful as to where the muzzle is pointing.

So far, I have seen seven "UNLOADED" guns discharged, fortunately, no one was killed, though one man and a dog were wounded.

I have also seen as many as ten guns discharged that were supposed to be at safe, with a net result of two men wounded and one good dog killed.

The gun that killed the dog had been laid across a stump, and was knocked off by another dog, and as the gun struck the ground it was discharged and killed the owner's $500.00 setter. I was sorry for the dog, but had no sympathy for the man, as he was told to remove the shells as he laid the gun on the stump.

A very amusing incident in connection with the discharge of one of these "At safe" guns occurred several years ago while I was quail shooting in Western Arkansas. Three of us had stopped at a spring for lunch and a rest during the noon hour. Two of us removed the shells from our guns, but Tom Peters laid his gun on the ground, and started messing around with the lunch.

Sam Hoyt called out to him: "Take the shells out of your gun." Tom came back with, "Oh, it's all right, it's on safe."

Now comes the funny part; Sam was leaning over the bank of the creek washing his hands, when one of the dogs stepped on Tom's gun. The gun was discharged, the dog let out a howl, and started for tall timber, and Sam fell in the creek. As he crawled out, very wet and disgusted, he said, "Tom, I told you to unload your gun, and now see what your dang foolishness has done to me."

The whole thing was so laughable that we forgot the serious angle, and for several years we met for the early shooting and always enjoyed laughing about Sam's involuntary bath. But, now both of these men have crossed "The Divide" and I am left to laugh alone.

Care should be taken when shooting with a rifle in settled communities, for even the little .22 may be deadly at a distance of several hundred yards.

I recall an accident that happened some thirty years ago.

Several boys were walking along the highway, when one of them cried out, "Wait a minute, something bit me." On examination a small hole was found in the calf of his leg, and the wound had commenced to bleed quite freely. So the boy was taken to a nearby house and a doctor summoned, who said the wound was caused by a rifle bullet. None of the boys had a firearm of any kind nor had any of them heard the report of a gun.

This accident along with the doctor's statement caused a good bit of talk and argument, and the mystery was never solved in a satisfactory manner, though, several weeks afterward, a farm hand told of seeing a man shooting with a high power rifle, about a mile north of where the accident occurred, but the man was never located.

I have seen a duck killed at a distance

well over 300 yards with a bullet from a .22 short smokeless cartridge.

When a youngster is given a .22 caliber rifle he should be shown just how deadly this rifle can be when handled carelessly, for the smallness of the bore and the slight report tend to give the boy an idea that the rifle is more or less a toy.

The Care of Firearms

A SHOTGUN, rifle or pistol will last and be efficient for years if given a little attention, but if neglected, two or three years sees its finish.

Since the days of smokeless powder, the shotgun does not need the close care as was the case in the days of black powder, still the bore should be thoroughly cleaned before putting it away for the summer.

When I say *thoroughly*, I mean just that, for a gun half cleaned will pit and rust much quicker than if it had not been touched at all, for the present day smokeless powders, as a rule burn dry, and form a coating in the bore which keeps the air from getting next to the metal.

For a number of years I shot a brand of powder, which was colored by the use of graphite, and the inside of the barrel of my gun did not have a single spot of rust or a pit.

Besides cleaning the bore, the locks should be oiled and all the metal should be cleaned and wiped off with a greasy rag before the gun is laid away during the closed season. It is a good thing also to examine the gun in two or three weeks, and go over it again.

We who live away from salt water don't have much trouble keeping our guns in shape, but watch out if you take a duck hunt on the coast, for you will find it almost impossible to keep your gun from rusting.

The rifle requires much more care and attention than does the shotgun, and should never be left over night without being well cleaned; this applies especially to the .22 calibers, though now since the loading companies have brought out a new cartridge (each company having its own trade name) the danger of pitting is greatly reduced, and the different concerns are very emphatic in saying that it is not necessary to clean the bore after shooting, still I am in favor of doing a little work and being on the safe side.

A friend and myself purchased two rifles of a popular make some years ago, and at the end of ten years my rifle was still accurate and was in good shape. It still looked clean and bright inside and out, although during that time I had fired more than one hundred thousand .22 short smokeless cartridges through the barrel.

My friend took very little care of his rifle, and at the end of the second year told me that his rifle was no good. On examining it I found that the bore was so choked with dirt and rust one could hardly see through it. I cleaned the barrel as well as I could, but it was hopeless, no two shots would land in the same place, and nearly every bullet would "key-hole."

Since the .22 short smokeless cartridge with the greaseless bullet was in evidence I have not used the black powder or semi-smokeless with lubricated bullet, consequently have not been bothered with the bore fouling after a few shots and did not bother cleaning till I was through shooting, then I spent some time on it.

Before a rifle is put aside for the night it should be cleaned and rubbed till no dirt shows on the patch, then a loose fitting patch soaked with a powder solvent should be run through the barrel till you are convinced that the lands and grooves are well

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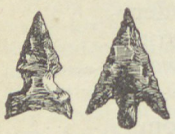

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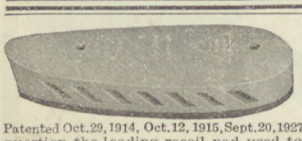

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coated. The next morning start in again, and you will find that you will soil a good many patches before one comes out clean.

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After you find the sights are set properly it is a good scheme to take an awl and make a scratch through the base of the sight onto the barrel so that you will be able to adjust in the same position if they have been knocked to one side. By doing this you will save yourself a lot of grief and waste of ammunition should your rifle receive a bump when packing into the big game country. Examine the sights every morning before starting out, for now shots at big game are not to be had every few minutes, and after you have missed that one good shot, it is too late.

It is not a bad idea to have with you, when in the woods, an extra main spring, for they do break once in a while, and when this happens you are left high and dry.

When in camp it is well to have some heavy grease to apply to the outside of your guns, which will prevent their rusting or spotting should they get soaked by an unlooked for rain.

Revolvers

Their Choice and Selection

By Bob Limbert

The first of a series of twelve articles by Bob Limbert, one of the best and most famous revolver shots in the world.

EDITOR.

REVOLVERS are made in great varieties of models and calibers. Consequently the choice of a weapon depends entirely on what you wish to do with it.

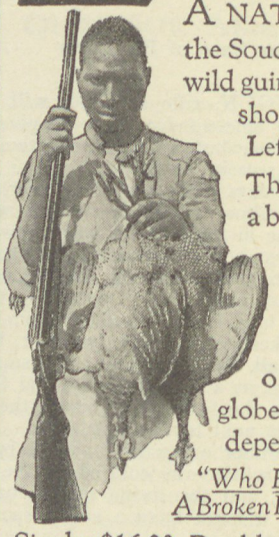
There are but two makes worth considering. At this point it might be well to state that when it comes to balance and workmanship American made revolvers have no real competition in European makes. On all of the foreign made guns the writer has examined, the line of sight was so high and the angle of the trip so awkwardly placed that the recoil cannot be taken up in a natural manner, something vitally important for accurate rapid fire shooting. This, of course, does not apply to one foreign made gun, which at its best is but a cheap reproduction of the better class of American made guns.

The statement concerning the awkward placing of the grip also applies to foreign made automatics with the single exception of one.

Of the American made guns there are but two makes worth considering, the Colt's and the Smith and Wesson. For all intents and practical purposes there might be but two revolver cartridges manufactured, the .22 and the .38 Special. Both of these calibers will be considered in detail with their good and bad points fully discussed in the different models.

Of single shot pistols I am not going to speak because first, they are not revolvers and second they are seldom used, except on the indoor target range. For all practical purposes a revolver so far surpasses them there is little or no need to discuss them. It is often times amusing to see the efforts made by some people to gain greater accuracy. I know of one man, a well known arms and ammunition writer,

The World-Wide Lefever



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who has gone so far as to have a buckskin cover made for his revolver barrel. This he loads with shot in order to gain more weight and as he calls it "overcome the flip" at the instant of firing. Imagine committing a crime like this on a work of art like the new Colt or Smith and Wesson guns of the .38 Special caliber.

If this man would experiment a bit, take a higher grip, flex his arm instead of holding it rigid and relax his body in the same manner instead of standing stiff, his troubles would disappear.

If a person can afford but one gun by all means get a .22 caliber. In this there are a variety of loads to choose from, shorts, longs, and long rifle and also the new N. R. A. long rifle as manufactured by all of our arms companies. This cartridge has surprising accuracy and power. Please do not think for one instant that the .22 caliber as it is loaded today is a toy or a plaything. I have a .22 caliber S. & W. revolver with which I have killed four bear and two deer besides a host of small game such as grouse and rabbits. In three of the instances in shooting bear, the bullet went completely through the animal. In the fourth it lodged against the hide on the far side.

By getting a .22 caliber revolver to start with, you can have a great deal of pleasure and sport at a minimum of expense. Shorts are extremely accurate up to 100 feet while with the .22 N. R. A. load I have both seen and done surprisingly accurate shooting at 200 to 500 yards. Personally I don't care to have anybody shooting at me at this latter distance if they are using a long rifle cartridge as it would do more than merely sting.

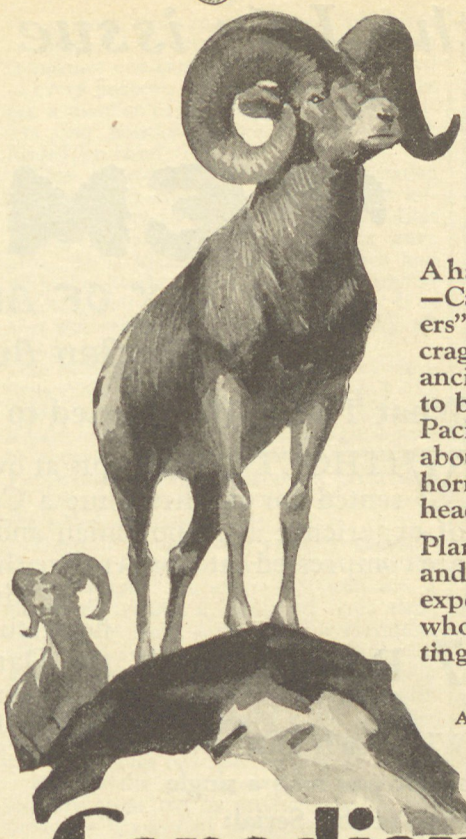
In regard to choice of make in a .22 revolver there is very little difference between the Colt and Smith and Wesson makes. The Smith and Wesson has a larger and better formed grip than the Colt's. This grip sometimes has to be ordered extra as many of the guns are not equipped with them as they are sent out. Just why the Colt people see fit to equip their .22 caliber revolvers with a small and undersized grip suitable for a woman's hand when about 95% of the users are men is beyond me. I have a very small hand and yet the stock on my Colt gun of this caliber is such that my hand in taking a natural grip throws my second finger against the trigger guard in a decidedly uncomfortable position. This could easily be relieved by putting on a large wooden grip with a bump on the forward part of the tang such as the Smith and Wesson people are doing.

It has always seemed strange to me why a small undersized grip should be put on a .22 caliber gun when all the other calibers have real man sized grips. When one does much shooting, especially exhibition work, changing from one sized grip to another is extremely annoying. If you will notice, many exhibition shooters have the front tang of their .22 revolvers built up with adhesive tape, a method which is unsatisfactory to say the least.

Fully 85% of revolver shooting is at ranges not exceeding 50 or 60 feet and for this distance the shorts are ideal besides being much more economical. If one enters aerial shooting they can burn up a surprising amount of ammunition in a very short time.

The Special Model Colt Target revolver has a heavier barrel than any other make and also has a front sight adjustable for elevation. Both the Colt and the Smith and Wesson have lateral adjustment on their rear sights.

If the reader decides on a second gun by all means get it in one of these two makes and in the .38 Special caliber. With



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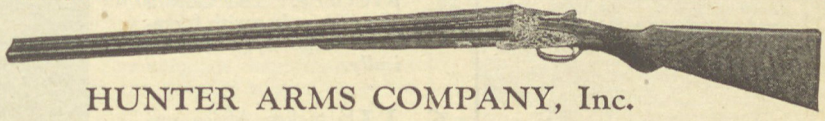

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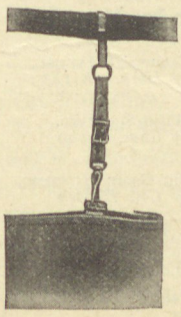

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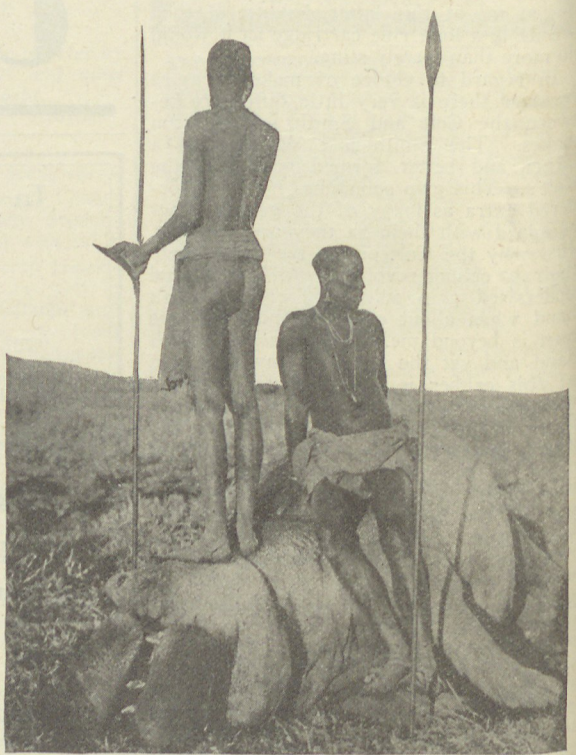

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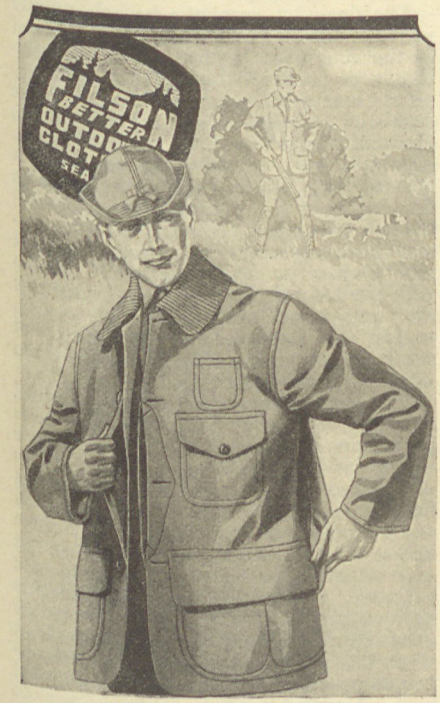

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the gallery, mid-range and standard loads as prepared by the various ammunition companies one can select a cartridge suited to every purpose. In addition to this there are a number of different weights of bullets and powder charges which can be loaded by hand if so desired.

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In this caliber, as in the .22, there is very little choice between the Colt and the Smith and Wesson. The six or six and a half inch barrel is best, although it may be secured in a longer length if desired. Personally I never could see a great deal of difference in the shooting accuracy of the added inch and a half.

The Colt people have recently placed a very fine gun on the market known as the Officers Model Target. This gun has a checkered trigger, a checkered front tang, and a front sight adjustable for elevation, also rear sights for lateral adjustment. The action of this gun is exceptionally smooth working. This gun and the Smith and Wesson Target Model in the .38 Special caliber are beyond all question the two finest guns manufactured in the world.

Perhaps the greatest defect which occasionally crops out in revolvers is the imperfect alignment of the cylinder with the barrel. Sometimes this is so slight as to defy detection, yet it proves itself by a scattering group on the target. I have examined many, many revolvers which had a cylinder movement of as much as 1/16 to 1/8 of an inch after the gun was cocked. Naturally when a gun of this kind is fired and the cylinder does not happen to be lined up with the barrel one side of the barrel is shaved off. This results in a flip or jump and cannot help but result in a loss of accuracy.

In selecting a gun, either new or second hand and especially the latter, cock the gun and then take the cylinder between the forefinger and thumb and see if it is possible to move it even ever so slightly in either direction. If you can, don't buy it, as you will only regret it.

In considering revolvers and revolver shooting it must be remembered that conditions which would at once be noticed and never allowed to exist by a "gun crank" become a commonplace happening when compared to the average soldier or police force.

Believe me or not, I recently had handed to me by a policeman a revolver which was in such condition I would have actually hesitated to fire it, yet this man was charged with guarding the ticket office in front of one of our large theaters and "in Chicago" too. A revolver is something which for defensive or offensive purposes you seldom need but when you do need it (may I say it), you need it damn' bad. Keep it in condition for you will want it to give you the very best it has in it.

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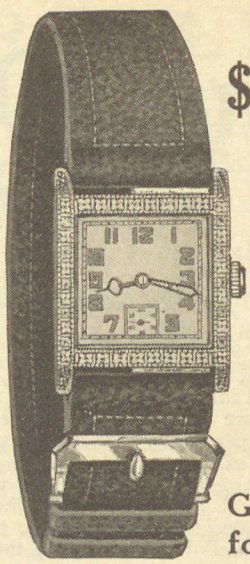

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Your Dog And Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Pedigrees and Patience

THE amount of space that writers on the subject of sporting dogs use in giving advice is practically limitless, and yet it seems practically useless, however much pounding of a typewriter is done, to get beginners to think seriously about the best prospect for their shooting dog. Their tendency is to decide before lots of the greatest of prospects have been given their rightful opportunities to prove themselves. It is a case of consistent repetition, over and over again, so condone with me if once more we refer to matters that have been gone over previously, just for the sake of aiding the contrary novice in starting right on this point.

The inevitable question is ever before me, and I could no more evade it than neglect a tempting meal after a long tramp in the fields, though the question cannot be answered by any set rules. I could answer better and with more intimacy if I knew the individual writing me and his likes and the dog at issue. To helpfully advise in the art of training and starting a dog in actual field work, I should be acquainted with the preferences of the would-be trainer, the character of the country and the going qualities of the dog.

Whoever writes on dog subjects is open to considerable criticism. His inability to penetrate the maze of everybody's private predilections and his ignorance of the type of youngster about which he is consulted make his task a difficult one. Without seeing the dogs personally, he has to visualize them and his counsel must necessarily be more or less general. "Drat it all!" as possibly Max O'Rell would have said. Anyway, a fellow can only do his best and thus the following text is written with what value it has backed by about thirty years' experience. At that it is probably redundant with the errors to which human beings are prone.

We are faced in these obviously diverging times of dogdom by the inability to make correct or near correct prophecies about the future of a dog from scanning a pedigree of blood lines. The pedigree of a fashionably bred dog is amazingly interesting, as well as elusive. The possibility of ramifications in a youngster are most tantalizing when we are unaware of the qualities of the dam or the sire or of the line of its dams and sires. We can only read between the lines or with arresting attention that certain dogs in its family were field trial winners. Because of this, we count on its chances of future greatness as a shooting dog. All at once, however, as we study the pedigree, we have to admit, whether we want to or not, that of the vital factors for perpetuating great hunting or bird finding instincts, everything is a total blank. The barbed wire entanglements which hold us to mere guess work are that, though we can gaze admiringly at the pedigree and pick here and there the performing stars of dogdom in it, there are numbers of individuals in the blood lines about which we have not the least information. We admit that this very factor is the worst tripping block in the entire matter, because we have no means of discovering the capabilities of an enormous amount of the ancestry in the field, or whether they were ever worth a darn in the field, or even had the slightest experience whatever on quails, chickens, ruffed grouse, "hunks," or "chinks."

The amateur declares, with almost brazen effrontery in his argument for his dog's pedigree, that like produces like, as his basis for optimistic prediction. "Like producing like" in breeding is a fact, but the little fallacy or the Ethiopian in the woodpile enters in through the laxity in which so many bird dogs are bred. Continually great bird dogs are bred to inferior matrons who have never been hunted and have noticeable faults. Continue this for a generation or two and the explanation of why it is so difficult to prognosticate the future of any dog immediately is clear.

In the vital matter of pedigree, the thing that seldom occupies the attention of the amateur is the probable fallacy of reports of ancestry handed down by a personal friend. It is a human trait to take yourself seriously, no matter how you grade in breeding, training and field experiences. One of the best materials I know of today to get anywhere in the field trial game is seriousness, though the amateur often loses his chance because he takes himself too seriously. The perplexities of the beginner are often increased by the information he gets from the serious chap, and he gets it ad libitum.

The serious chap whose parental dogs are the closest visible in a pedigree can see no faults with his canine belongings. They rank A-1 in his opinion, and the difficulty it brings about is that, whether they are poor, fair, ordinary or very good, he classes them all as great and actually believes they are, though their defects are glaringly apparent to others. Nevertheless, his estimate becomes biblical fact to the tyro in dogs and the latter credits them with authenticity. Think all this over, Mr. Amateur, and gradually you will see that this is a difficult hazard to surmount in the sporting dog and it is also one of the causes of so many dubs cropping out with blood lines ostensibly of the most fashionable class.

Spare no expense in procuring comfortable quarters for your dog when he travels.

In selecting youngsters, all of us are inclined to stamp approval for our own purposes on a very mediocre dog, and neglect bestowing the least interest on a dog that has real class, but fails to show it, because it has never been given sufficient chance. When I mention this I have in mind the typically kennel raised dog of immaculate ancestry all along his blood lines. He is shipped to an amateur and generally is contrasted with some product raised at home or one that from nearly the time the dark-blue scum came off his peepers had had the constant intimate attention of the master. The kennel raised dog with potential greatness usually becomes disqualified. He knows not a single command when he arrives, not even a name, while the home cared for one has automatically absorbed the meaning of ordinary commands since a wee bit of a pup.

The dog sent from the kennels usually is, if the ancestry is unimpeachable, a jewel in the rough, yet with none of the bristlingly obvious qualities that immediately attract his new owner. Contrasted with the sophisticated, yard-raised dog, he will be apparently outclassed in precociousness, simply because he does not yet know a darned thing. He has had no education so far, barring where the feed trough is and the hour when it is brimming with the contents his canine stomach craves. He knows how to play on account of daily contact with similarly inclined puppies, or fight as the occasion presents itself. But to play, so far, is his most noticeable desire, and many a new owner can not understand why pro tem this occupies him most.

The spirit for playing, too, with a kennel raised dog, shows itself the first time he is put down in a field with the youngster which has been daily under the directions of an interested master. Again, apparently, he is most ignobly shaded by sophistication and precocity. During the initiate moments he has not the least notion what to do, not even where to go, or why he is outdoors; yet, the exhilaration of this suddenly granted liberty gives him an indescribably ecstatic thrill without his knowing the least what it is all about. It is one big untrammelled opportunity to play, he reasons, and why not make the most of it?

The amateur who gives no thought to things except as they are inevitably finds himself being led by contrasts. The kennel raised dog recently sent him is apparently stupid, while the home product outshines him in every way. He knows his name, he recognizes the meaning of the blasts of the whistle, the words of the master, why he is taken out, and already this has occurred sufficient times for his hunting instinct to develop; so, right off, he sets about in his own way to find game or follows the in-

stincts that compel him to do this, while the kennel raised dog, nine times out of ten, is at a puzzle momentarily how to occupy the time and ultimately finding no other way than through play discovers a temporary solution by engaging in that droll, but none too entertaining pastime in the eyes of his new owner, of trying every feasible way to catch the tip of his own precious tail. Failing to do this, he chases the other dog and blunderingly interferes with the other dog's deportment.

Nothing has escaped the contrast-appraising eyes of the inexperienced amateur. He measures for the future what he immediately beholds and that is the very reason so many of the best kennel raised dogs, of every possible great quality, are often returned to the sender with the notation that they did not make good during the allotted tryout. Nothing so much militates against the young man interested in field dogs getting a good prospect for his future shooting as the custom of trying out the kennel raised dog with a local product, which fails to give the former the necessary opportunities to make good.

If you ever go to the trouble of getting a kennel raised dog or dogs, as your prospect from ancestors which have unquestionably delivered the goods on every occasion, be just to them and give them every chance. Under no circumstances take for granted anything which the few first days of possession indicate. Exert yourself into actually visualizing what is before you, the facts in your possession, and the limited knowledge of so many things of the new pointer or setter, springer or Irish water spaniel, Chesapeake or Labrador, beagle or foxhound that is before you for approval. Trying to measure their values by something that has already had some education bestowed on it and field experience is never a fair way of coming to a decision. The occasions to deceive yourself are far too numerous. Every dog before he shows possibilities of greatness or near-greatness must have the step-by-step attention of a responsible master, as well as knowledge on the part of the man trying out the dog that he is capable of judging correctly every indication which shows in a youngster that is to become a first class grouse, quail, chicken or duck dog.

Give every youngster time to show what is in him, ample time! Remember the difference between precociousness and true quality. Once more tell yourself that opportunities are the only tests for a young dog to show what is really in him. He may be a slow or a fast developer. Forget for the time being the attractiveness of the spectacle of a very young dog pointing in his first contact with game. This means only that his pointing instinct has developed early and indicates that he possesses good scenting ability.

The kennel raised dog may puzzle you and even strain the bonds with which you control your temper, but be patient and observe, though you may at first be sorely tried through many days when you see only a desire to frolic unobjectively. Almost before you realize it, the irrepressible blood of great sires will predominate in directing the dog in his new destiny. He will begin to reach out with intelligence, to go to good looking places, to show endurance and an easy, frictionless gait, which eventually, after the pointing instinct arrives, in every way will stamp him with the true class which every bird dog of true greatness will show.

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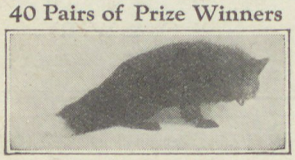

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Refer to page 76 for INDEX of ADVERTISERS

SPRINGER OR COCKER?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

We have quite a number of pheasants in Minnesota and also a great number of ducks afford us good fall shooting. Which of the two dogs, a Springer or Cocker Spaniel is the best for this kind of hunting?

Yours very truly,
HARRY E. ADAMS,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Adams:

Between the two breeds of dogs for pheasant shooting there is little choice when both are handled properly and given the same amount of experience on game.

The sole advantage a Springer has is his size.

Yours very truly,
OZARK RIPLEY.

RETRIEVERS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I would greatly appreciate some information about retrievers and their respective merits.

Does the Irish water spaniel ever get cross, or will he always make up with every stranger that comes along? Can this dog, if he has a good coat, stand as much cold water as a good Chesapeake? Which would cost the most, a small blocky built Irish Spaniel or a big rangy one, coat and breeding being the same? Would a California bred spaniel be much good in Nebraska the first season, or would the change in climate be too much for him until acclimated?

How does the Airedale compare with the spaniel and Chesapeake as a retriever and watch dog?

I want a good retriever and I need a good watch dog, but as I do not care to keep but one dog, am looking for a dog which has both qualities.

Sincerely,
PAUL McDONALD,
Berea, Nebraska.

Dear Mr. McDonald:

Most any breed of retrievers will make good watch dogs, but really the Chesapeake is the most outstandingly one man's breed that I know of. An Irish water spaniel is an excellent duck dog every way, and will stand as much exposure as any breed.

Feed it always yourself, and let it have no other companion, and you will thereafter have no need of apprehending its running around or taking up with others.

A California bred spaniel would quickly adapt itself to your climate.

As a retriever and general duck dog the Airedale does not compare with the water spaniel or the Chesapeake, though once in a while you find an individual that compares favorably with any sort of retrieving strain. But it is the exception and not a rule to be accepted as final.

Whichever you choose, Chesapeake or Irish water spaniel, you will make no mistake.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY

GREYHOUNDS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Which is the fastest dog—greyhound, stag hound, Russian wolfhound or whippet? Also will any of the four breeds take to rabbit hunting?

Very truly yours,
A. W. BURKHOLDER
Belle Fourche, South Dakota.

Dear Mr. Burkholder:

For any distance the greyhound is the fastest of the dogs you mention. None of these strains take to rabbit hunting well except by sight hunting, though they are used considerably on jacks for this purpose in coursing or very open prairies.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY

BOLTING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you kindly tell me the best way to break my male English Setter pup thirteen months old? He has a very bad habit of bolting or running out of sight. I can control him very nicely, but he goes off the minute he has the chance. Sometimes he comes back immediately and will work around for about ten or twenty minutes and then goes off again. I have tried keeping him in check cord about seventy-five feet long for two months at a time, but as soon as he is free he bolts off again. He is not a bit gun shy, and he likes to hunt.

Yours truly,
GEORGE A. CHAMPNEY,
Nashua, New Hampshire.

Dear Mr. Champney:

Evidently in your youngster you have almost a potential bolter. I would give him

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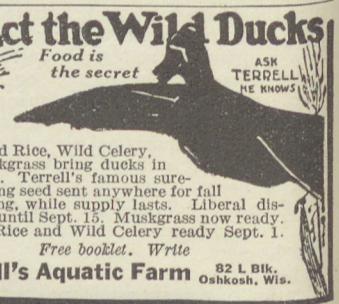

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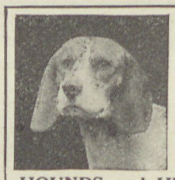

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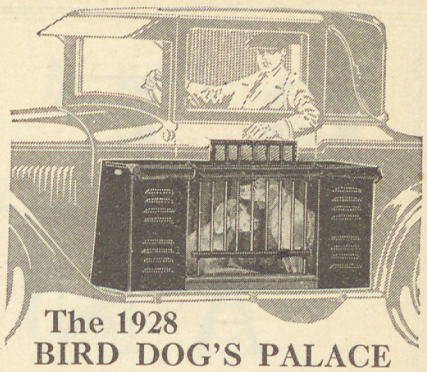

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THE WILD CAT INN
Opens May 15th
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STRIKE HARD IN

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KODIAK ISLAND BROWN BEAR
IN COMBINATION WITH
KENAI PENINSULA MOOSE.
Wire for bookings—a few left for this fall.
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Northern Wisconsin, Land of Lakes, for Muskelunge, wall-eyed pike, bass and trout. Lodge and rooming cottages.

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Dogs

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BUY a beagle puppy, sired by the Greatest Field Performer and producing Beagle of all time. Field Champion Sam Patch Grit. Send for puppy sale list and facts. Masterly Beagles Reg., Johnsoncreek, Wis. (3-9)

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BEAGLE Puppies, highly bred; registered. F. H. Sager, Tiffin, Ohio. (3-10)

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Dogs

Hounds—Continued

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PUPPIES sired by Bones (America's Greatest coon dog). Send for circular. Leon Robinson, General Delivery, Dunkirk, Ohio. (3-9)

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PUREBRED Russian Wolfhound pups, $10.00 and $15.00. Ray Brown, R. 3, Cresco, Iowa.

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BEAUTIFUL pedigreed Labrador retriever puppies. Real bargains. Howard Stone, New Rockford, N. D.

Miscellaneous Dogs

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Catalogue ten cents. (5x28)

HIGH class Springer puppies and grown dogs. Blue ribbon winners. Parents good hunters. $20 up. Trained Irish Setter, female, $50; registered. Warner Kennels, Willmar, Minn.

BAT eared fox terriers. Some natural bobbed tail hunting dogs. Also registered police pups. Deeter Kennels, Ira, Iowa.

ST. BERNARD pups, $25 to $50, with American Kennel papers. R. B. Colby, Loyal, Wis. (3-9)

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FOR Sale: Pure white spitz dogs and puppies, $10.00 and up. A. M. Long, Marshall, Mo.

BEAUTIFUL intelligent Newfoundland Puppies for sale. R. Cochran, Dewey, Ill.

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Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

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LLEWELLYN Setter Females and January pups; all papers. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wis.

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Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

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Dogs

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FOR Sale: Specializing in Michigan recreational lands from one to 10,000 acres, we have summer homes, private lakes, lake and trout stream frontage, lots, fur farm locations and hunting preserves. Memberships in hunting and fishing clubs. When writing advise locality desired. Kent Realty Co., 915 Michigan Trust Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-8)

2200 ACRES Adirondack Forest. Situated in Lewis & Herkimer Counties, traversed for two (2) miles by Moose River. Excellent Hunting & Fishing. 200 Acres cleared, having several buildings, and affording opportunity for Golf Course and Landing Field. Price on application. Address communications to Denton & Waterbury, Whitesboro, N. Y. (3-10)

BAY Lake Shores. Charming Bay Lake 118 miles North Minneapolis. Heart Lake region. Fine beach. Bass, wall-eyed and big boys. Pines, birch, health and recreation. Lots $75. to $500. For literature write John Campbell, 4507 Arden Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Pickerel River Lodge. French River District. An ideal summer home for a Sportsman, or a small Club. Completely furnished and the necessary equipment. Full particulars from F. C. Johnston, Pickerel River, Ontario, Canada. (3-8)

MINNESOTA Shore lots for sale. Heart of famous Ten Thousand Lakes; large perfect lots, heavily timbered; unexcelled bathing beaches, beautiful Ottertail Lake; finest trout, pike and bass fishing, good hunting. Terms. Luebben, 320 Endicott Bldg., St. Paul, Minnesota.

ISLANDS, lots, acreage, Lake Vermilion, Minnesota. Also Hunting Lodges adjacent Itasca State Park. Lowest prices. State your wants. Write today. Reuben C. Thompson, Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-8)

IDEAL Summer camp, heart of big game country, Pike County, Pa., near state road; 25 acres, 8 room house completely furnished. Ready for you. Think of it! $2300.00. W. A. Dunmore, Phoenixville, Pa.

WILDS of Pike Co., Pa. 400 acres, with good trout stream running through the entire tract; lumber land; 2 miles from Delaware River and Erie Railroad Station. Thos. F. Gunning, Newburgh, N. Y.

LAKE and river front lands at $5 to $50 an acre, and islands at $100 each, and up, in the playground of Northern Minnesota. Write for list. Church Land Co., Duluth, Minnesota. (5x28)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-10)

CHOICE Lake Frontage, Islands, Peninsulas, Fur Farms all thru the Arrowhead Country, Minnesota. Send for list. Bank, Madison Lake, Minn. (3-10)

80 ACRE tract in Aitkin. County ideal for fur farming. Price, $1000.00. 4 miles from town. Joe Lampert, 2005 Pied Ave., Duluth, Minn. (6-9)

40 ACRES land, only mile from large fishing lake in Northern Minnesota. $2 per acre. Church Land Co., Duluth, Minnesota. (3-9)

DESIRABLE Ozark ranch. Fruit, Poultry, Stock or Dairying. Write owner. A. Northcutt, 739 S. Jefferson, Springfield, Mo. (3-8)

FOR SALE: New cottage on Rose Lake. Best of fishing and bathing. Beautiful location. F. S. Voelker, Reed City, Mich. (3-8)

UNUSUAL opportunities for profit. Wisconsin Lands, lake properties. Hardy-Ryan, Waukesha, Wisconsin. (3-9)

NEAT little cottage on one of Wis. finest fishing lakes. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (4-9)

WIDOW must sell, 200 acre Muskrat farm. De Coudres, Bloomingdale, Mich. (3-10)

Stamp Collecting

BORNEO, Sudan, etc., 5000 diff. approvals ¾c each. References. Philatelic Exchange, Huntington, W. Va. (3-9)

100 STAMPS, all different. 2 White Metal Coin, 2 Crisp Notes and Catalog, 10c. Geo. Best, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-9)

UNITED STATES, 27 different, 5c, to buyers from 50% or 60% discount sheets. State size of collection. Leduc, Redlion, Penna. (3-9)

FINEST one cent approvals in America. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-8)

10 BARBADOES 10c. Also premium. Grant, 6317 18th Avenue, Brooklyn. (3-9)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-9)

Taxidermy

BETTER Taxidermy. Work that really reproduces nature. Scientifically correct and lifelike, according to approved and tested modern museum methods. Experts in charge of all phases of the work. Birds, game heads, fish, tanning, museum groups. Get our free circular and list of moderate prices. Wire or write to the largest natural history house in America. General Biological Supply House, 761-763 East 69th Place, Chicago, Illinois. (3-8)

TAXIDERMIST, Furrier & Supplies. Heads, rugs for sale. Lists, specify which. M. J. Hofmann, 989 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (6-10)

Tours

MINNESOTA-ONTARIO Canoe Tours. Day or month trips with best fishing in North America. Write for booklet. Coach Emil W. Iverson, Athletic Department, University of Minnesota. (3-8)

Wanted

WANTED: Twelve gentlemen to join twenty-eight others who have option on four thousand acres Adirondack forest adjoining State Preserve. Well timbered, excellent fishing and hunting territory, two lakes and several streams containing no other fish than brook trout. Club house erected. Can be purchased at ten dollars per acre. Hour and quarter drive from Utica. All state road but three miles. References exchanged. Communicate with Geo. H. Greenman, Foster Building, Utica, N. Y. (3-8)

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 73. (5-12)

Watches

WATCHES at a bargain. Genuine 21 jewel Elgins, Walthams, Hamiltons, Howards, Illinois and all other standard make watches, guaranteed to pass railroad inspection, for only $29.50. Slightly used but guaranteed as good as new. Other watches in proportion. Catalog free. Robert G. Parman, Arkansas City, Kans. (3-9)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

REAL Harris Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, hand-woven in medium and heavy weights for all sports wear. Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00 postage paid; duty 66%. Send now for latest patterns. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140 Stornoway, Scotland.

SWEATERS, remodeled, high turtle neck slipovers made V neck slipovers for $2.00; slipovers made buttoned coat style, $3.00. Send that old sweater today. Bullard Knitting Mills, Duluth, Minnesota. (3-8)

ON PATROL!

for Conservation

Who are these men?

The one on the right is Jake Pete; the one on the left is Oscar Heikkila. They are forest rangers in the Superior National Forest.

* *

They must be hungry.

They are hungry. They work hard. They're on patrol along the Minnesota-Ontario boundary. They travel by canoe for weeks at a time.

* *

Do they do it for fun?

No. It's their job. They're guarding the forest. They belong to the United States Forest Service.

* *

How big is the Superior Forest?

About three million acres.

* *

Do the rangers constitute the only patrol of this big wilderness?

No. There are more than 100,000 people on patrol there all the time—day and night, winter and summer.

* *

Don't be silly!

Who's silly? Don't forget that the Izaak Walton League of America is on patrol in the Superior Forest, just as it's on patrol all over America where protection of the outdoors is necessary. It's the most effective patrol you ever saw in your life.

* *

Does the Superior Forest need protection?

And how! There's nothing private interests don't want to do to it. They want to dam the rivers, flood the timber, and make a private millpond out of the whole shooting match.

* *

And the Walton League is watching them?

It is! The Walton League is on patrol in the Superior Forest just as surely as these forest rangers are. And just as surely as the forest rangers every place else are. The Walton League is on patrol all over America.

Then when a person joins the League, you could say he was sort of helping out, couldn't you?

Better than that! Members of the League are on patrol in the front line trenches of conservation. They give the strength of numbers. It is they who speak when the Walton League speaks. They *are* the Walton League.

* *

Are you a member of the League?

Naturally! And what's more, I'm doing double duty because I'm helping to get other members. I'll take your application now. You can't help in the great conservation battles of today, which will make a greater outdoors tomorrow, unless you either hoist a pack and patrol "by hand" or get into the League and patrol by remote control.

* *

AND NOW FOR THE COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE.

THE FOB

Award of Merit

The Walton League can do little if its strength is puny. It can do wonderful things if its strength is mighty. The things it can do—the things it is doing—are for you, for your boys, for the future.

Every member you put into your League means more strength for the League—one more member "on patrol."

To those who are willing to devote extra effort in building the League, the Merit Fob and the Founder's Button are offered. The Fob is awarded in bronze to those who turn in five new members, in sterling silver to those who turn in ten. The Founder's Button, of silver, is the highest award in Waltonism. It is awarded to those who organize a new chapter.

The Founder's Button

Izaak Walton League of America,
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Gentlemen:

I want to help. I want to do the things checked below. Please tell me how.

☐ *Win a Merit Fob*

☐ *Earn a Founder's Button*

Please give me all information.

I (am) (am not) a member.

Name .....

Town .....

State .....

What Would YOU Do?

LOST IN THE WILDS -- NO FOOD -- A RISING FEVER --

For Food

No one acquainted with Ernest Thompson Seton ever starves to death in the wilds. He tells you about dozens of emergency foods. Roots, berries, mushrooms, lichen growths, etc., etc.

For Medicine

The woods are a regular drug store for those who know the medicinal value of the various leaves, barks and roots. One of the forest remedies which Ernest Thompson Seton suggests for a cold or fever is the flowering dogwood. He tells you how to identify the remedies he recommends.

For a Fire

If your matches get wet and you are cold it is well to know the several ways of starting a fire **without** matches. Above is a drawing by Seton which shows the use of drill, block, tinder, bow and socket, all made from materials you will find in the woods.

I am lost. Help!

If you should break a leg in the wilds, if you were sick and were becoming worse every moment, you should use the S. O. S. of the forest—two fires about fifty feet apart which will send up two columns of smoke. Other means of bringing aid from considerable distance are also suggested by Mr. Seton.

The Library of Pioneering & Woodcraft will tell you what you should do and entertain you too!

If your strength was failing—your head full of tortured thoughts of starvation—your throat parched for water—what would you do? A seasoned woodsman would not get in such a position. He would know how to avoid it. Even in a strange country, he would know how to locate water, how to keep his bearings, what roots, berries and other wild foods would sustain him in time of need. But do **you** know how to avoid it? Do you know how to "carry on" if it **does** ever happen to you? Food is at your feet if you can but recognize it. Medicine is on a nearby bush but you must know which one. Help will come if you know how to signal for it.

Prepare **now** for this emergency. Prepare now to **avoid** any of the hardships of the wilds. Prepare to enjoy your outing or hunting trip **as you never have enjoyed one before!** Learn every secret of nature from Ernest Thompson Seton's **Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft.**

No other man knows animals, plants, Indians and pioneer life as he does. No one else can tell you about it all so entertainingly. You can virtually sit at this master woodsman's camp-fire and listen to him talk as you read these six wonderful volumes on life in the open. Here is every feature of outdoor life, from preparing your outfit to trailing animals and first aid.

READ THESE BOOKS 5 DAYS FREE

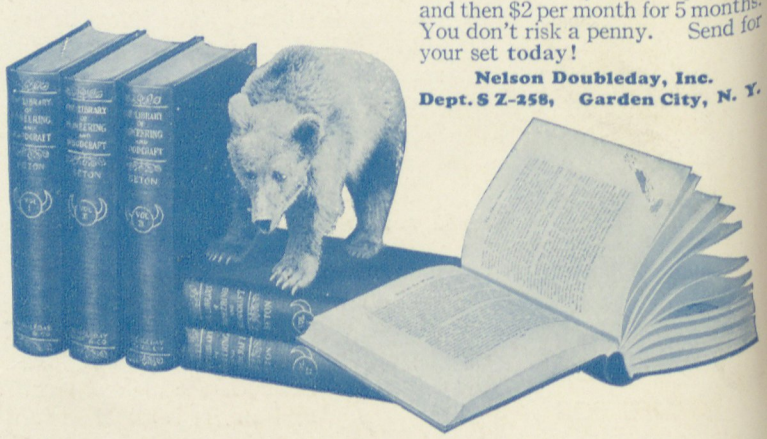
Then Return or Pay Low Price in Easy Payments

The six books of **The Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft** are illustrated with 1450 drawings and photographs by the author. The type is large. They are handsomely bound with royal blue cloth. 1700 pages of outdoor thrills and adventure. They come to you without a cent of cost.

See for yourself why Seton is so popular with outdoor lovers. See how he thrills you. Read the articles on woodcraft. Read story after story of wild life in the open. Spend five happy evenings with Seton. Then if you are not singing his praises at the top of your voice send the books back at our expense.

Mail the coupon now! Read the books five days. Then, if you can make yourself part with them, send them back. But if you can't bear to see them leave, if Mr. Seton has become your friend, remit only $1 first payment and then $2 per month for 5 months. You don't risk a penny. Send for your set **today!**

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. S Z-258, Garden City, N. Y.



Mail This Coupon!

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. S Z-258,
Garden City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me for free examination, the Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft (6 vols.) by Ernest Thompson Seton, illustrated with 1450 drawings and photographs by the author, and handsomely bound in National Blue Cloth. I shall either return the books within 5 days or send you only $1.00 as first payment, then $2 a month till the full price of $11.00 has been paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....